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Your affectionate old friend
Mary Howitt

MARY HOWITT

An Autobiography

EDITED BY HER DAUGHTER

MARGARET HOWITT

"Confide to God that thou hast from Him; oh, thou soul weary of wandering! Confide to the Truth, that which is from the Truth within thee, and thou shalt lose nothing."

ST. AUGUSTINE.

LONDON
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PREFACE.

How this autobiography gradually grew into shape can best be told in my mother's own words, drawn from the correspondence of half a lifetime.

In 1843 she thus addresses her elder sister, Anna :—

" Many tenderly endearing incidents came crowding into my mind of our young life in Uttoxeter, especially connected with thy unselfish, amiable, sweet spirit, which seems to me without a shade. Thou and I had been for years, nay, all our girlhood *one*, we had no thought or feeling unshared. There are little incidents which have occurred in my life, such as a look, a changing colour, nay, even a sigh, that will remain in my mind for ever. It is especially so as regards thee and those times. I remember so much, which, I dare say, thou hast forgotten, but which draws my heart, as by the most powerful attraction to thee. How I shall like to talk over these things with thee ! "

Endowed with a retentive memory, deep-rooted affections, and poetic feeling, my mother delighted to speak of the past with her children. We, in our turn, were always asking this, that, and the other question, when incidents especially charmed

and interested us. She had, in a little juvenile work belonging to her, "Tales for the People and their Children," and entitled "My Own Story," given us some details of her childhood. But as the autobiographical sketch ceased when she was ten, it did not suffice us. It seemed to us like a beautiful idyllic romance to hear of the two tender, poetical, enthusiastic sisters, Anna and Mary, as maidens on the banks of the Dove.

The very restricted, silent, almost conventual life which they led, even their quaint, plain attire, had a charm of original purity about it, with a vernal freshness and fragrance as of primroses and cowslips. We were always wanting a great deal more information of a girlhood distinguished by a keen love of nature, an insatiable hungering and thirsting after poetry and books, and an undercurrent of artistic impulse and vitality. We wished that all her graphic descriptions could be connected together in one clear, consecutive narrative.

In the summer of 1868, much, therefore, to our satisfaction, she wrote a chronicle of her parentage and early life, which, when completed, she read to our aunt Anna, receiving from her additional information aud useful suggestions. Then the memoirs remained in abeyance until after my father's decease in the spring of 1879, when her mind became once more steeped in recollections, especially of her husband's life and character.

In August, 1879, my mother, physically suffering from the shock of her bereavement, writes from Dietenheim, her summer home in the Tyrol, to her elder daughter, Anna Mary :—

"I sit in my upper chamber with the door open to the balcony, the awning up, and a pleasant gentle breeze refreshing me, as if an angel softly wafted an air-fan. I watch the shadows of the swallows flitting over the sun-lighted awning,

but the birds I see not, excepting such as fly past more distantly and leave no shadows. Through the iron railings of the balcony I see the pleasant landscape, and the people busy in their rye-harvest, the crops of which they are bringing home. How delightful it is! a quiet life, which the Heavenly Father permits, and which is so sweetened by the remembrance of all my dear departed ones.

"Then, in memory, I go back with you to the old times. I do not think I have forgotten any incident. I walk again amid the crocuses of the Nottingham meadows, by the full, flowing, placid Trent; wander with you under the old, yet ever new, elm-trees of Clifton Grove. We visit once more Hardwicke Hall, Annesley, and Thrumpton. We sit down as of yore in the friendly basket-maker's cottage at Wilford. All this morning and yesterday I have been occupied with the past, not, however, so much yours as pre-eminently mine, making in thought a little harmonious narrative of a still unwritten chapter of my youth."

To the same.

"*Dietenheim, September* 13, 1879.—What a most beautiful, accurate, and appreciative article on your beloved father's works is that in the July number of the *Edinburgh Review*, under the heading 'Rural England!' I wonder who the writer is. I think some one living in one of the south-eastern counties, from the familiar references to the country features and incidents of such a locality."

"*Meran, February* 1880.—Your aunt Anna is getting me all the information possible about our father's family. She is searching, for the purpose, through old Monthly Meeting

books, which have been lent her. I cannot tell you how kind and helpful she is. She never seems to feel it a trouble to be bothered by me."

"*December* 21, 1880.—I had quite forgotten many of my poems and tales, and have begun, when in the humour, to read them. It is just like perusing the works of some one else, so completely had they passed out of my mind. I had in earlier days such a constant, enduring sense of the struggle for life in my soul or in my brain, that I had not time, I regret to say, to elaborate my work, or to dwell upon it with any fondness and lingering. I am, therefore, quite thankful when I come upon any really good sentiment or bit of simple, true religion."

Towards the close of 1884 she writes to a friend :—

"My dear married daughter, Anna Mary, came to see us at Meran the beginning of May. It was nearly three years since we had met, and I thought it would probably be our last meeting on earth, I naturally supposing I should be the first summoned hence. She came to Meran at the time of the roses, bringing with her a collection of drawings and sketches which she had earlier made of her parents' 'Homes and Haunts.' She began at once to make sketches of our present surroundings, with a sense of their being needed. Towards the end of June we left for Dietenheim. There, too, she made many drawings and sketches, as she had always done on her visits to us, for the character of the place was kindred to her spirit. In July the weather was intensely hot. On the night of the 19th a violent gale suddenly came up from the north. The icy wind seemed to pierce her. She complained of sore throat, which rapidly developed into diphtheria: and on the night of July 23rd

she passed away. Now the sketches so thoughtfully and lovingly made by her will illustrate the 'Reminiscences,' which I have promised the Editor of *Good Words* to write for that periodical. It seems strange to me, after my long rest from all literary labour, and now devoid of all authorly ambition, to be thus engaged. I shall, however, have Margaret's co-operation."

To her friend, Mrs. Gaunt, she says, later, December 27, 1885:—

"It is very gratifying to us to find that you read those 'Reminiscences' with interest, for we desire that they who have known and loved us in former days should do so. I say *we*, because Margaret helps me. I drew up, some years ago, the original autobiography of my youth; and all that follows, being of later date, has to be filled in, and to receive its life-touches, so to speak, from old family letters, of which we have many hundreds. These letters are regular chronicles of long-past days, and naturally furnish the groundwork and the incidents of the narrative, which is, as you may believe, interesting, and often somewhat sorrowful. But the canvas on which our pictures are drawn is of a necessity so circumscribed, that we are often disheartened by being compelled to omit many portions which are interesting and curious, and even valuable, as being bits of real life. However, these are only 'Reminiscences'; and some time or other, if people like them, much fuller pictures may be given."

The desire being generally expressed for these brief "Reminiscences" to be expanded and amplified, my mother commenced gradually making the needful preparations. I read to

her letters for the purpose of selection; she also wrote down, under the name of "Gathered-up Fragments," past events as they might occur to her, and which her amanuensis had to incorporate in the narrative. This occupation, though slowly, was nevertheless steadily pursued to within a few weeks of her death, and when the framework was sufficiently completed for the autobiographic character to be maintained throughout. By the kindness of various correspondents and intimate friends placing her letters to them at her daughter's disposal, the work has been much enriched, and finally brought to a close; and it is hoped in her spirit.

MARGARET HOWITT.

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PORTRAIT OF MARY HOWITT (*from a photograph*) . *Frontispiece*

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MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER I.

1758—1800.

I can best commence my narrative with a few particulars respecting my father and his family. He, Samuel Botham, was descended from a long line of farmers, who had lived for centuries in primitive simplicity on their property, Apsford, situated in the bleak northern part of Staffordshire, known as the moorlands. It was a wild, solitary district, remote from towns, and only half cultivated, with wide stretches of brown moors, where the undisturbed peewits wailed through the long summer day. Solitary houses, miles apart, stood here and there. Villages were far distant from each other. There was little church-going, and education was at the lowest ebb.

The town of Leek, in itself a primitive place, might be called the capital of this wild district. It was the resort of the rude farmers on the occasion of fairs and markets. Strange brutal crimes occurred from time to time, the report of which came like a creeping horror to the lower country. Sordid, penurious habits prevailed; the hoarding of money was considered a great virtue.

The Bothams of Apsford, who had accepted the teaching of George Fox, might be preserved by their principles from the coarser habits and ruder tastes of their neighbours, but refined or learned they certainly were not. The sons, walking in the footsteps of their fathers, cultivated the soil; the daughters attended to the house and dairy, as their mothers had done before them. They rode on good horses, saddled and pillioned, to meeting at Leek on First-day mornings and were a well-to-do, orderly set of people.

Now and then a son or daughter married "out of the

Society," as it was termed, and so split off like a branch from the family tree, with a great crash of displeasure from the parents, and "disownment," as it was called from the Monthly Meeting. In the ancient records of the Staffordshire Monthly Meeting, preserved by the Friends of Leek, they appear, however, to have been generally satisfactory members, living up to the old standard of integrity of their ancestress, Mary Botham, who, a widow at the head of the house in the days of Quaker persecution, was imprisoned in Staffordshire jail for refusing to pay tithes. In Besse's "Sufferings of Friends" Mary Botham is also mentioned as set in the stocks and put into jail in Bedfordshire, leading to the supposition that she travelled in the ministry.

Years glided uneventfully on, generation followed generation, until 1745, when the rumour that "the Scotch rebels were coming" filled the scattered inhabitants of the Moorlands with terror. Even the quiet Friend, John Botham of Apsford, might have prepared to fight; one thing is certain, he hurried wife and children out of the way, and buried his money and valuables. But there was no need of fighting—hardly of fear. The Scotch soldiers, Highlanders, who came to that secluded spot, only demanded food. They sliced the big round cheeses and toasted them on their claymores at the kitchen fire. James Botham, the youngest son of the house, then a lad of ten or twelve, and who died at the age of eighty-nine, watched them thus employed, and talked of it to the last. I remember as a child being one of his most eager listeners.

John Botham, like another King Lear, divided his property during his lifetime amongst his children. But his eldest son, another John, although he received the comfortable old homestead as his portion, being naturally of a roaming, sociable disposition, removed in the year 1750, at the age of twenty-six, to Uttoxeter in the more southern part of the county. A small but long-established company of Friends, chiefly consisting of the two families Shipley and Summerland, resided there. William Shipley's sister, Rebecca Summerland, a comely well-endowed widow, between thirty and forty, living in a house of her own, may have been from the first an attraction to the new-comer from the moorlands.

She had married young, and had at the time of which I

speak two sons, remarkably tall and stout youths, both amply provided for, and quite ready to be their own masters. Many men had looked upon the widow as a desirable wife, but she had declined all proposals, until wooed and won by John Botham, six years her junior. She became his wife in 1755.

Their first son was born in 1756, and called James; their second, Samuel, in 1758, and he was my father.

My grandmother's second marriage brought her much disquietude. It was an enduring displeasure to her grown-up sons, and made a considerable breach in the hitherto united meeting. I use here the phraseology of Friends, "meeting" in this sense being equivalent to church or religious body. She speedily discovered, moreover, that her husband had no faculty for regular business. He was an amateur doctor, with a turn for occult sciences, and later on for animal magnetism—a system of cure by means of "sympathetic affection" between the sick person and the operator, introduced by Father Hehl, a Jesuit, at Vienna, about 1774. For this purpose my grandfather used Perkins's metallic tractors—two small pointed bars of brass and steel, which being drawn over the diseased parts of the body were supposed to give relief through the agency of electricity or magnetism. He also prepared snuffs and vegetable medicines. His roving sociableness, combined with a love of nature, caused him to spend much time amongst friends and acquaintances up and down the country. His accredited healing powers, his grave and scriptural way of talking, his position in the Society of Friends, he having been an acknowledged minister from about his twenty-fourth year, the interest he took in mowing, reaping, and other agricultural pursuits, perhaps in remembrance of his early years at Apsford, made him welcome in many a village farmhouse and Quaker's parlour, whilst he, on his part, cast aside his wife's anxieties and all needful forethought for the future of their two sons.

Rebecca Botham, therefore, took upon herself the entire management of affairs. She placed James with a merchant in Lancaster; at that time a place of greater maritime and commercial importance than Liverpool. She apprenticed Samuel to William Fairbank, of Sheffield, one of the most noted land-surveyors, whether amongst Friends or others.

Unfortunately the ever-prudent and affectionate mother died

in 1771, in the first year of the apprenticeship of her youngest son. Probably about the year 1784 or 1785 the latter returned to Uttoxeter to establish himself there in his profession. On his so doing he made an appalling discovery. His father had mortgaged the greater part of his wife's property, and a considerable portion of the income that remained was needful to pay the interest.

The ill-will with which the elder half-brothers regarded their mother's second marriage was increased by these after-circumstances. They considered that they had not only been robbed of their birthright, but that it had been squandered by their stepfather.

It was a joyless beginning of life to my father. He was, however, young and endowed with much of his mother's spirit and determination. He sold some of the less valuable property to free the rest, and was also enabled speedily to make money, being employed to enclose the Heath, an extent of common land to the north of the town; the appointment fell like a gift of God's providence into his hands. This and other professional earnings, together with the aid of his brother James, who had settled in Liverpool as a broker in West Indian produce, gradually enabled him to redeem the mortgaged estate. Yet even this praiseworthy success was clouded by the death of his brother, who was carried off by fever only six weeks after his marriage, in 1787, to a young Friend, Rebecca Topper.

My father seldom spoke of the sorrowful commencement of his career. On one occasion he related, however, what in a moment of weakness and failing trust in God he had been tempted to do. In those days a popular belief in the occult power of so-called witches prevailed. The most noted of the period and locality was Witch Hatton, who lived in the high moorlands, from where his father came. To her he went in the darkest time of his perplexity, when he could see no possible means of rescuing his father's affairs from their terrible entanglement. He did not reveal to us, his daughters, what the witch had said or done. He simply told us, with a shuddering emotion, "he had left the house with deep self-abasement, inasmuch as he saw that he had been in the abyss of evil."

He was a man of a singularly spiritual turn of mind, holding

with entire sincerity the Quaker doctrine of the indwelling influence of the Holy Spirit. He sought its guidance with the simplicity and faith of a child; and when disappointment and loss came, received them submissively as a needful discipline, and steadily persevering in his own legitimate calling, gave thanks in the silence of his spirit for the training which the Divine Teacher had vouchsafed.

The extreme accuracy of his work was appreciated by land-owners, and many large estates in Staffordshire, Shropshire, and South Wales were measured by him.

When thus employed in 1795, on Mr. Talbot's property, at Margam, he attended the First-day Meeting of Friends at Neath, and met, at the hospitable table of Evan Rees, Ann Wood, a convinced Friend, on a visit to Evan's wife, Elizabeth.

They saw each other frequently, and became well acquainted. On one occasion, at dinner, she suddenly learnt his regard for her by the peculiar manner in which he asked, "Wilt thou take some nuts, Ann Wood?"

She took them, saying, "I am very fond of nuts."

"That is extraordinary," he replied, "for so am I."

There was in those parts an aged ministering Friend of so saintly a character as to be regarded in the light of a prophet. One First-day morning, after they had both been present at meeting, this minister drew her aside and said, "If Samuel Botham make thee an offer of marriage thou must by no means refuse him."

Accordingly, he was before long her accepted suitor. In the year 1796, on the sixth day of Twelfth Month, they took each other for man and wife, after the prescribed simple form, "in the fear of God and in the presence of that assembly." They were married in the Friends' meeting-house at Swansea, where the bride's mother lived in order to be near her favourite married daughter and son-in-law. In the certificate the bridegroom is stated to be an ironmaster, so that he must at that time have considered the ironworks with which he was connected as likely to become the established business of his life. He was thirty-eight and she thirty-two.

My mother was attired in a cloth habit, which was thought suitable for the long journey she was to commence on the wedding-day. She travelled post with her husband into a remote

and unknown land, and as they journeyed onward the weather grew colder and drearier day by day. They were to set up house in the old home where he had been born, and his father was to live with them.

But now let me give some account of the Quaker bride before she arrives at Uttoxeter and is introduced to her new connections. She was the granddaughter of the much-abused patentee of Irish coinage, William Wood, who, as the Rev. David Agnew states in his "Memoirs of Protestant Exiles from France," was fourth in descent from François Dubois, who with his wife and only son fled after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in 1572, to Shrewsbury, where he founded a ribbon manufactory. By 1609 his descendants had anglicised their name to Wood. Removing to Wolverhampton, they purchased coal-mines there and built iron-forges, some of which remain in operation to the present day. In 1671, during the reign of Charles II., my great-grandfather, William Wood, was born, and became a noted iron and copper founder.

In the reign of George I. the deficiency of copper coin in Ireland was so great that for pence small coins, called "raps," and bits of cardboard of nominal value, were in circulation. The Government determined, therefore, to remove this pressing want by supplying Ireland with a much better copper coinage than it had ever before possessed.

William Wood, yielding to the corrupt usage of the day, gave a bribe to the Duchess of Kendal, the king's mistress, to procure him the contract. It was granted him in 1722-23, and he issued farthings and halfpence to the value of £108,000, superior in beauty and value to those of England. "They were," says Leake, "undoubtedly the best copper coin ever made for Ireland," and Ruding confirms the statement in his "Annals of Coinage." Dean Swift, however, audaciously asserted that the English were intending to enrich a stranger at the expense of the whole of Ireland, and amongst other ballads and lampoons, excited the people by the lines:—

> "The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing,
> There is an end of your ploughing and baking and brewing,
> In that you must all go to rack and to ruin."

He next anonymously issued a series of papers entitled "The Drapier's Letters," supposed to be written by a poor but inde-

pendent-spirited draper, who did not mean to be ruined without a good hearty outcry. He thus worked up the nation to the pitch of rebellion.

It was in vain that the Government published the official report of Sir Isaac Newton, then Master of the Mint, who tested the new coinage in 1724, and pronounced that, in weight, goodness and fineness, it rather exceeded than fell short of the conditions of the patent; in vain that it declared no one was compelled to take the money unless he liked. The excitable population would not receive it. Wood's effigy was dragged through the streets of Dublin and burned, whilst the portrait of Dean Swift, as the saviour of Ireland, was engraved, placed on signs, woven in handkerchiefs, and struck on medals. The ministry, having no alternative, withdrew Wood's patent.

The Dean had branded the unfortunate patentee in "The Drapier's Letters" as "a hardware man and tinker; his copper was brass, himself was a Woodlouse." He was in reality very wealthy, lived in a fine place at Wolverhampton called The Deanery, a venerable building, at present used as the Conservative Club, and surrounded by a small deer-park, now built over. He held at the time of the patent, as we learn from "Anderson's Commerce," vol. iii. p. 124, a lease of all the iron mines in England in thirty-nine counties. He was proprietor of seven iron and copper works, and carried on a very considerable manufacture for the preparation of metals.

After the withdrawal of the patent Wood appealed to Sir Robert Walpole for compensation, stating that he had six sons. The minister said, "Send your sons to me, Mr. Wood, and I will provide for them."

"Do me justice, Sir Robert," he replied, "and I will provide for them myself."

As an indemnification for his losses £3,000 per annum was granted him for a term of years.

Wood later wrote a remarkable work on the advantages of Free Trade, which he dedicated to George II. His extensive mines and forges were inherited by some of his sons. William, the eldest, had the Falcon Iron Foundry, at Bermondsey, and cast the iron railings round St. Paul's Churchyard.

Charles, the fourth son, and my grandfather, was born in 1702. He was appointed when quite young assay-master in

Jamaica, a lucrative post, as the gold, which at that period came to England from the Spanish Main, was taken there to be tested. The office was given him by Sir Robert Walpole as further compensation for the losses which the family had sustained by the withdrawal of the Irish patent. Former assay-masters had returned home rich, but being a man of high principle, he never soiled his hand or conscience by bribe or perquisite, and after thirty years of service in the island he came back in moderate circumstances, having merely amassed great scientific knowledge, especially about metals.

On December 13th, 1750, William Brownrigg, M.D., F.R.S. (through William Watson, F.R.S.), presented to the Royal Society in London specimens of platinum, a new metal hitherto unknown in Europe, and stated in an accompanying memoir:— "This semi-metal was first presented to me about nine years ago by Mr. Charles Wood, a skilful and inquisitive metallurgist, who met with it in Jamaica, whither it had been brought from Carthagena, in New Spain."

My grandfather, who was thus the introducer of the extremely useful metal, platinum, became the brother-in-law of this learned Dr. Brownrigg, who, descended from an ancient Cumberland family of position, dwelt at his estate, Ormathwaite Hall, in that county. He married Dr. Brownrigg's sister, Jemima, a lively and fascinating widow, and built Lowmill ironworks, near Whitehaven. From Cumberland he removed to South Wales, and became active in establishing the important Cyfarthfa ironworks, near Merthyr Tydvil.

My mother was the youngest of Charles Wood's children. He regarded her with intense affection, and chose to have the child with him in his private room, where he spent much time apart from the rest of the family, to whom pleasure was the object of life. Surrounded by his books, he read to her, heard her read, and taught her pieces of poetry, of which he was extremely fond; and when the sound of laughter, singing, and dancing reached them from a distant part of the house, would clasp her to his heart and even silently shed tears.

Seated on a low stool at his knee, she learnt his opinions on public events. He awakened within her a deep detestation of slavery, the horrors of which he had witnessed in Jamaica, where, possessing sufficient knowledge of medicine he had com-

pounded healing ointments for the wounded slaves. His wife and other children could never see the unchristian spirit and atrocity of slavery; nor did they feel any sympathy with his views, when, on the breaking out of the American War, he sided with those whom they deemed rebels. He taught Ann that the citizens of the United States rose to assert their rights as men in the resistance of tyranny, and inspired her with such admiration for Washington that he ever remained her ideal hero and patriot.

After my grandfather's death, the thoughtful Ann, who had thus lost her best friend and protector, occupying a painfully isolated position at home, resolved to become independent by taking a situation.

Kind friends approved of her determination; amongst them the wife of Dr. Samuel Glasse, rector of Hanwell, one of the chaplains to George III., and who kept a celebrated school for young gentlemen of position. Ann thus being recommended to Dr. Horne, the noted commentator on the Psalms, then Dean of Canterbury, later Bishop of Norwich, she was engaged by his wife to take charge of their children. She always retained a grateful remembrance of the amiability and kindness of the Dean, whose poem on autumn—

"See the leaves around us falling,"

had, from this circumstance, a peculiar interest for my sister and me, as children. The Dean's daughters, however, did no credit to their excellent parents. They were proud and imperious; she could not govern them, and was consequently dismissed.

She afterwards spent some pleasant months at the Glasses'; and whilst she became the especial protector of the fags, took a deep interest in all the pupils, amongst whom she was wont to mention the Earl of Drogheda. His mother "the ever-weeping Drogheda," was so styled, I believe, from her abiding grief at the loss of her husband and stepson by drowning when crossing from England to Ireland.

She met at the Glasses' amongst other celebrities, Dr. Samuel Johnson once or twice; and Miss Burney frequently, and used to relate how much people were afraid of her, from the idea that she would put them in a book.

Dr. Glasse procured for my mother the post of companion to Mrs. Barnardiston, a wealthy old lady of a very sociable dis-

position, although enfeebled by paralysis, who entertained judges, generals and admirals with their womankind at her town house near Turnham Green. These guests regarded my mother as little better than a servant, and often showed it. But on accompanying Mrs. Barnardiston to Weston, her seat in Northamptonshire, she met with much kindness from the neighbouring aristocracy and gentry, old Lady Dryden especially treating her with marked favour, and there was constant visiting between Weston and Canons-Ashby, the splendid home of the poet Dryden's family.

Towards the end of the summer spent in Northamptonshire my mother was recalled to South Wales, as her sister Dorothy was about to be married and to live at Swansea, and she must replace her at home.

Her solitary position in her own family, combined with an ardent craving for spiritual light and rest, had led her during her travels to inquire into the Catholic faith. She had come in contact with an abbess, and contemplated entering her community, but was deterred from taking the step by a young nun, who told her "all was not peace in a convent."

In South Wales, still searching for light and assurance, she yielded to an earlier influence. She had, as a child, attended with her father a public meeting held by a ministering Friend in Merthyr, and although she could never afterwards recollect the preacher's words, they had, in a vague but indelible manner, appealed to her inner nature. Her mother, discovering that she possessed a secret drawing to Friends, told her that her father had left it as a dying request, that if any of their children showed an inclination to join that body she should not oppose it, as he had himself adopted its religious opinions. Full of gratitude to her mother for this communication, Ann Wood sought and obtained membership.

My grandmother, deciding to reside near her favourite married daughter, soon found she could dispense with the society of Ann, more especially as the latter had united herself to a sect with which she had nothing in common. My mother, therefore, was at liberty to associate with her own people, and her life became most consonant to her tastes.

She resided chiefly at Falmouth, on the most agreeable terms of truly *friendly* intercourse with the distinguished family of

the Foxes; and with Peter and Anna Price, a handsome couple of a grand patriarchal type, but comparatively young. Her dearest friend was Anna Price's relative, Kitty Tregelles, a sensible, lively young woman, to whom she felt as a sister.

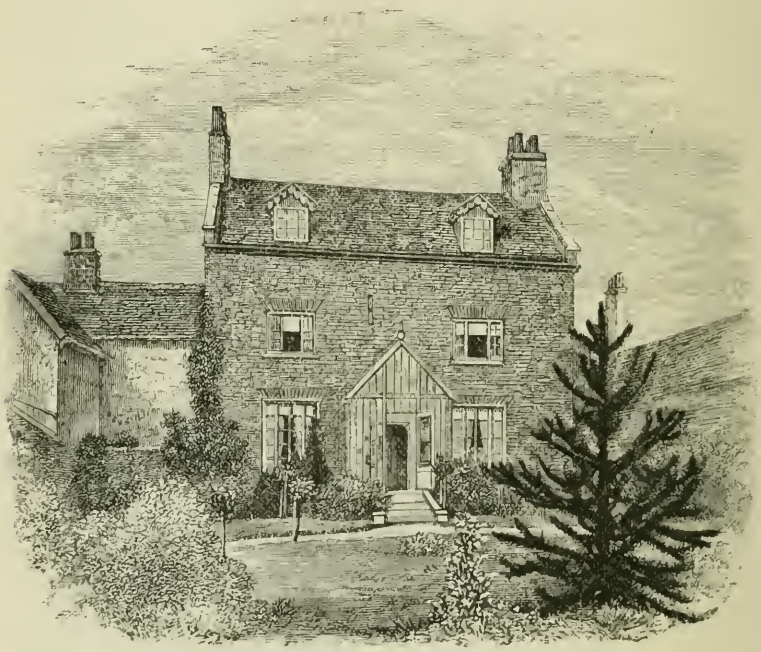
She always reverted with peculiar pleasure to her life in Cornwall. It was a time of repose to her, spiritually and mentally; whilst her natural love of the poetical and picturesque was fostered by the many grand, beautiful legends connected with the wild rocky shores and seaport towns, and also by the old-fashioned primitive life and simple habits of the people. She likewise treasured most happy memories of Neath, where dwelt her staunch and valued friends, Evan and Elizabeth Rees, under whose roof, in 1795, she met the faithful partner of her future life, as already narrated.

My father took his bride to an unpretending, roomy, old-fashioned house. We see the back of this home of my unmarried life reproduced on the next page, not exactly as it was in those days, when, instead of the present greenhouse, a large porch adorned with a sundial screened the garden-door. In the quaint, pleasant garden grew no modern species of pine, but hollies and arbor-vitæ, with a line of old Scotch firs down one side. This garden, sloping to the south, was separated by a low wall and iron palisades from a meadow, through which ran a cheerful stream, and it was crossed by a small wooden bridge that led into beautiful hilly fields belonging to my father. The house, built in the shape of an L, enclosed to the front a court, divided from the street by iron palisades, and paved with white and brown pebbles in a geometric pattern. At one time three poplars grew in the court, but were cut down from their falling leaves giving trouble. A parlour and bedroom, reached by a separate staircase, looked to the street, and were appropriated to my grandfather.

The arrangement of the home life would have been excellent had the father-in-law been a different character. His peculiar temper, ignorance of life outside his narrow circle, and inability to allow of dissimilarity of habits and opinions, made him undervalue a daughter-in-law from a great distance, who had chiefly lived among people of the world, and who after joining the Society had become accustomed to the more polished usages of the Friends in Cornwall and South Wales.

She came as an alien amongst her husband's kindred; for the little intercourse between the different parts of England made people meet almost as foreigners. Her cast of mind, manners, speech, the tone of her voice, even the style of her plain dress, were different from theirs. She was considered by the half-brothers, who remained irreconcilable, and their sons and daughters-in-law, to be "high," and was nicknamed by them "The Duchess."

The one really unfortunate circumstance in my mother's rela-



THE HOME AT UTTOXETER.

tionship to her father-in-law was her nervous sensibility to strong odours, which brought on intense headaches that affected her eyesight. His occupation of drying and pulverising herbs, by which the house was often filled with pungent smells and impalpable stinging dust, was not only offensive to her, but productive of intense pain. The old herb-doctor, who could not induce her to try his head-ache snuff, was obdurate, and made no attempt to abate the nuisance.

In September, 1797, a little daughter was born, the naming of whom was for some time a serious difficulty. The father wished her to be called Ann, after her mother; his wife demurred, not choosing there to be an old Ann and a young Ann in the family. The grandfather almost insisted on Rebecca, or Becky, as he called it, after the deceased grandmother. The parents would not acquiesce, and the grandfather made it almost a quarrel. Fortunately, just then came Ann Alexander from York, on a religious visit to Friends' families in the county of Stafford, and when staying in Uttoxeter took great interest in the mother and her first-born child. A sort of compromise, therefore, was made, and the child called Ann-a, which implied a compliment to Ann Alexander. The father was pleased to have the dear mother's name given to the little daughter, and the mother indulged her affectionate remembrance of her beloved friend Anna Price, though she kept this sentiment in her own heart.

In 1798 Samuel and Ann Botham went to Coleford, in the Forest of Dean, to commence a new chapter of life, trusting, with the divine blessing—it was thus that they spoke of their Heavenly Father—it would be the beginning of a prosperous career; and they took with them the lovely little Anna, who, in the quaint demure costume of her parents' sect, looked like an infant saint, whilst her attendant, a grave young Quakeress, resembled a nun.

Of the time spent at Coleford I will quote from a memorandum by my mother. She writes:—

"After I had been married about a year my husband received a proposal from his partners, the Brothers Bishton, to exchange his shares in the very advantageous iron-forges in which they were concerned for a principal share in some ironworks in Gloucestershire. He had already rejected the proposal when it was again renewed. Being naturally of a confiding disposition, incapable of taking any unfair advantage, and never suspecting others, especially his old friends, of being less upright than himself, he at length fell in with their scheme, and we removed to Coleford, in the Forest of Dean. I may say that from the time we left Uttoxeter everything went ill with us. All the money which my husband could command he embarked in this affair; and when he wrote to

his partners for an advance of money, as much on their account as his own, they held back on the plea of not being prepared.

"The winter of 1798-9 set in with unusual severity. Deep snows fell, which were succeeded by such heavy rains that the brooks rose like rivers, flooding the new works. In one night, so to speak, we saw our money swept away. Nothing could be more gloomy than our prospects, and it was our belief that the longer we stayed the worse matters would get. Some Friends who came there at that time on a religious visit said that 'we were not at home.' Truly we felt that we were not so. Nothing could be done with the Brothers Bishton. They seemed to care neither for the ruin of the new works nor the risk my husband would run by their recommencement.

"It was at this time, when our fortunes were quite at the lowest, a period of distress and great anxiety, that our second daughter Mary* was born, the twelfth of Third Month, 1799. Ruin almost stared us in the face. My husband was desponding, and nothing but a firm reliance on Providence supported me. I, however, never lost faith to believe that He who careth for the sparrows would in His own time open a way for us, and guide us where we ought to go.

"To add to the darkness of this time, I may mention that there were some amongst my husband's relations who, having heard of our troubles and disappointments, wrote to him, insinuating that 'his proud wife had brought this cross upon him; that if he had been satisfied to remain single, none of these calamities would have fallen to his lot.' This was a great sorrow to me, because I not only knew it to be most untrue, but because I feared it might sour his temper. However, my mind remained fixed on our Heavenly Father, and He did not fail us.

"One morning my husband came into my room, and desiring the nurse to leave it, I perceived an unusual cheerfulness and composure in his countenance and a greater kindness in his voice, as, turning to the bed, he thus addressed me:—'Ann, thou wast always averse to my entering into this partnership.

* I remember as a child our parents speaking of the peculiar significance of my sister's name and my own; she was Anna, in Hebrew, Grace, and the Lord at the time of her birth had been gracious to them. I was Marah, or bitterness, coming at a season of sore trouble and anxiety.

If I had followed thy advice I should have steered clear of this trouble and loss. But as it has come upon us, it behoves us to bear up as best we can. I have had this night a dream in which I have seen the course which we must pursue. I thought I was mounted on a very small white horse, so small that my feet nearly touched the ground, and that I was in the market-place of Coleford. I thought that I whipped and spurred the horse, but to no purpose; he would not move. The people came out of their houses and stood laughing. I then bethought myself to lay the reins on the horse's neck. I did so, and he set off at full speed, bearing me out of the town, so that I was presently half-way to Ross. On this I woke, and at once it was clear to my mind that we must sell our furniture, leave this place, and return to Uttoxeter. Those were the resolves suggested by my dream and when I went downstairs I found a letter from Imm Trusted, of Ross, who wishes me to survey his land, and to take up my quarters at his house whilst engaged in the business.'"

This seemed to my dear parents an indication of the Divine Will regarding them. My mother adds that they were "both drawn into a great stillness, feeling that nothing more was required from them but a firm reliance on Providence, who would assuredly open a way for them out of their difficulties." The next day being Week-day Meeting at Ross, my father went thither, and took lodgings for his family whilst he should be engaged in his surveying business; "and," says my mother, "we believed that meanwhile some way would open, under the best direction, for our future movements."

"In the course of three weeks," she continues, "our furniture was sold; our feather-beds, and such things as could be packed in hogsheads and large boxes were sent on to Uttoxeter, and we left Coleford with only £60 in our pockets.

"We stayed three weeks at Ross, the Trusted family, who were Friends, treating us with the greatest kindness.* Whilst we were there, three ministering Friends, Sarah Lumley, Ann Ashby, and Joseph Russell, came on a religious concern to families. In one visit, whilst sitting with us, Sarah Lumley

* A little daughter named Elizabeth had been born just about the time of my birth, and I am glad to record the firm, faithful friendship that exists between my warmly esteemed contemporary and myself.

said that 'the cruse of oil should not waste, or the barrel of meal fail, until the Lord sent rain on this barren waste, and that He would bless both basket and store.' One of them also said, in addressing me, that 'the Lord's hand was stretched out to help, and that neither the water nor the fire of this tribulation should overwhelm me.'

"These consolatory passages," continues my mother, "helped to strengthen us both, and enabled us to take sweet counsel together through the solitary path which we had yet to tread."

This fragment by my mother, written some years afterwards, is the sole record we possess of those dark times. In an interesting little work, however, entitled "Something about Coleford and the Old Chapel," published at Gloucester in 1877, reference is made, at page 24, to Coleford being my birthplace, and we learn that I was born in a small suburb called Whiteleeve or Whitecliffe.

"The house," adds the author, "is a mysterious-looking place, with a neglected appearance, as if it had seen better days, which was likely the case. In one of the windows of an evidently unused room stood for some time a beautiful cast-iron grate, or rather the back of a grate, for a large fireplace circular in shape, bearing date Edward VI., 1553.

"A few years after Mr. Botham's departure another foreigner came upon the scene. This was Mr. David Mushet. He had been for some years a celebrity in the scientific world; his writings in the *Philosophical Magazine* were well known, as was also his discovery that the Black Band ironstone in Scotland was not, as hitherto supposed, a wild coal, and despised accordingly, but an ironstone of the greatest value, containing with the ore a proportion of coal, which served in the furnace as fuel.

"It is no exaggeration to say that the Black Band brought many millions of profit to the Scottish iron trade, whose rise and progress, and the prominent rank it has since held in the ironmaking world, date from the era of Mr. Mushet's discovery.

"The Whitecliffe ironworks were not carried on long. After a time Mr. Mushet had grave reasons for being much dissatisfied with his partners, who had been introduced to him by one of the leading men in London, and he withdrew. Whitecliffe has been silent ever since."

CHAPTER II.

1800—1809.

My parents were again settled at Uttoxeter, and my father, humble and submissive after his adversity in the Forest of Dean, was speedily to see that God had not forsaken him, but was preparing for him a better lot in the old home than he had sought for himself in the new.

In 1800 a Commission sent out by the Crown to survey the woods and forests decided that "the Chase of Needwood," in the county of Stafford, should be divided, allotted, and enclosed. This forest, dating from time immemorial, and belonging to the Crown, extended many miles. It contained magnificent oaks, limes, and other lordly trees, gigantic hollies and luxuriant underwood, and twenty thousand head of deer. It was divided into five wards, one being Uttoxeter, and had four lodges, held under lease from the Crown, its lieutenants, rangers, axe-bearers, keepers, and woodmote court. To be surveyor in the disafforesting was an important post solicited by my father. Months of anxious suspense had, however, to be endured before the nominations could be known. In June, 1801, the Act for the enclosure was passed, one clause containing the appointment of the surveyors. Their names would be published in Stafford on a certain day; but my father felt he could not go thither to ascertain his fate; he should be legally notified if appointed.

On the day when any favourable decision ought to arrive by post, my mother, waiting and watching, saw the postboy ride into the town, then, somewhat later, the letter-carrier enter the street, deliver here and there a letter, and pass their door. She did not speak to her husband of a disappointment, which he was doubtless equally experiencing. But after they had both retired to rest, if not to sleep, they heard in the silence of the little outer world the sound of a horse coming quickly up the street. It stopped at their door. My father's

name was shouted by Thomas Hart, the banker. He hastened to the window, and was greeted by the words, "Good news, Mr. Botham. I am come from Stafford. I have seen the Act. You and Mr. Wyatt are appointed the surveyors."

It is still a pleasure to me to think of the joy and gratitude that must have filled those anxious hearts that memorable night. On the other hand, as a lover of Nature, I sincerely deplore any instrumentality in destroying such a vast extent of health-giving solitude and exuberant beauty in our thickly-populated, trimly-cultivated England. On Christmas Day, 1802, Needwood Chase, a glorious relic of ancient times, older than the existing institutions of the kingdom, older than English history, was disafforested. It was followed by a scene of the most melancholy spoliation. There was a wholesale devastation of the small creatures that had lived for ages amongst its broadly-growing trees, its thickets and underwood. Birds flew bewildered from their nests as the ancient timber fell before the axe; fires destroyed the luxuriant growth of plants and shrubs. No wonder that Dr. Darwin of Lichfield, the Rev. Thomas Gisborne, and Mr. Francis Noel Mundy, living respectively at the lodges of Yoxall and Ealand, in the forest, published laments over the fall of Needwood, descriptive of the change from sylvan beauty and grandeur to woful devastation.

For upwards of nine years the work of dividing, allotting, and enclosing continued. The rights of common, of pasture, of pannage (feeding swine in the woods), of fuel, and of making birdlime from the vast growth of hollies, claimed by peasants, whose forefathers had built their turf cottages on the waste lands; the rights of more important inhabitants to venison, game, timber, &c., had to be considered by the Commission of the enclosure, and compensated by allotments of land. On May 9, 1811, the final award was signed, by which the freeholders' portion was subdivided amongst the various persons who had claims thereon. Practically the two surveyors had to decide the awards It was, consequently, a source of deep thankfulness to my father, who had throughout refused gifts from any interested party, that all claimants, from the richest to the poorest, were satisfied.

From the date of my father's appointment as surveyor in

the disafforesting the clouds of care rolled away, more especially as the Messrs. Bishton unexpectedly paid their debt incurred by the losses at Coleford. With a light and thankful heart he planned with Mr. Wyatt the dissection of the forest. Some parts, the property of the Crown, were to retain their woodland aspect, but to be opened with ridings; some were to be laid out in woods and pleasure grounds surrounding the forest-lodges; some to be cut through with roads leading amid extensive farms. As he laid out the ground he sometimes permitted his children to accompany him, thus enabling us from infancy to become acquainted with the spirit of Nature. Indeed, a great amount of enjoyment came to Anna and me out of the forest enclosure. Our knowledge of the world around us became less circumscribed. Our mother, a good walker in those days, would sometimes take us to meet our father at certain points arranged beforehand, perhaps at the house of some forest farmer, where we could have tea, and return home pleasantly in the evening. Our father, always on foot over his land measurements, seemed never tired, and always glad to see us.

I remember particularly one Saturday afternoon, we had gone to the village of Gratwich, about three miles from Uttoxeter. We were seated at tea with a friendly farmer, his wife, and their little girl about our age, to whom our mother had that afternoon taken a pretty piece of pale blue print for a frock, and were all as cheerful and happy as could be, when in came Thomas Bishop, a clog and patten maker by trade, but who was constantly in our parents' employ to do all sorts of odd jobs. He had come in hot haste to announce the arrival of two ministering Friends, and as these worthies were always entertained at our parents' house, they were required to return as soon as possible. It was, I believe, David Sands and his companion from America, and Thomas Bishop was ordered to say that they had written beforehand to apprise my father.

Our little tea-drinking was abruptly terminated, and off we set. I remember being carried by Thomas Bishop, and must have fallen asleep, for after a consciousness of looking down upon hedges all was oblivion, until I found myself at home; and Anna and I were hurried to bed because of the ministers in the parlour.

Then I recollect a curious little epoch in my life, as we were returning one evening from a forest ramble with my father. It was the first evidence to my mind that I could think. I remember very well the new light, the gladness, the wealth of which I seemed suddenly possessed. It has curiously connected itself in my mind with passing a pinfold. That particular spot seemed like the line between rational and irrational existence; and so childish was I in intellectual life, that it seemed to me as if before I passed the pinfold I could only say and think "Bungam"—such was the expression in my mind —but that after passing it I had the full use of all intelligible speech.

Many a long happy summer day had we spent already in the forest, when, I being then five or six years old, our father took Anna and me with him to be out from morning till evening. Towards noon we were wearied by our long ramble, and were left to recover from our fatigue under the spreading shade of an enormous oak. Around us lay a small opening in a forest glade, covered with short herbage. This was enclosed by thickets of black holly, which, in contrast with the light foreground, seemed intensely sombre; under these grew the greenwood laurel, with its clusters of poisonous-looking berries, and whole beds of fair white stellaria. In other spots flourished enchanter's night-shade and the rare four-leaved herb-paris, bearing its berry-like flower at the central angles of its four leaves.

There was an undefined feeling, half of pleasure, half of pain, in being left alone in so wild a spot. We heard the crow of the distant pheasant, the coo of the wood-pigeon, and the laugh-like cry of the woodpecker. We watched the hare run past from thicket to thicket. At the same time we remarked a strange unceasing low sound, a perpetual chirr-chirr-chirring somewhere near us.

We asked a stout forest lad carrying a bundle of fagots to explain it. He seemed amazed to find two children, like Babes in the Wood, seated hand in hand at the foot of an old oak. Speaking in a low, but distinctly articulated whisper, he said, "It's my Lord Vernum's bloodhounds. They are out hunting, and yon sounds are the chains they drag after them." So saying, he dashed off like a wild stag. The horror that fell on us

was intense. Indeed, had we been left to ourselves and our terror I know not what would have become of us; but our cry of, "Father! father!" speedily brought him to us. "It is the grasshopper, and nothing more," he said, "which has caused this foolish alarm." Listening for a moment, he traced it by its sound among the short dry sunny grass, then held it in his hand before us.

My parents, on returning from the Forest of Dean, had temporarily resided in a small semi-detached house belonging to them, having let the old home on a short lease. By March, 1802, however, they must have removed to their usual habitation in Balance Street, with my grandfather for an inmate, as my very earliest recollection is a dim remembrance of the old man delivering, in the kitchen, some piece of intelligence which was received by the assembled household with expressions of joy. I was told later that it must have been his announcing the Peace of Amiens.

My grandfather did not long remain under the same roof, for having, in a moment of great excitement, wounded the little Anna with the large scissors he used to cut out the strong veins of the leaves, which he dried, and feeling it a sad mischance, he was made willing to remove himself and his medicaments. He took up his abode with some good, simple people in a comfortable cottage on the enclosed land, that had formerly been the Heath. At this distance he acquired for us children a certain interest and charm. The walk to his dwelling was pleasant. His sunny sitting-room, with the small stove from which pungent odours issued, the chafing-dishes, metallic tractors, the curious glasses and retorts and ancient tomes excited our imagination; in after years we perceived that it must have resembled the study of an alchemist. Here, amongst his drying herbs and occult possessions, he taught the poorest, most neglected boys to read, from a sense of Christian duty, which was generally regarded as a queer crotchet; for it was before the days of Bell and Lancaster, and when ragged schools were unimagined.

How well do I remember him! His features were good, but his countenance severe; over his very grey hair he wore a grey worsted wig, with three stiff rows of curls behind, and was attired in a dark-brown collarless suit of a very old-fashioned

cut, wearing out of doors a cocked hat, also of an old Quaker type, a short great-coat or spencer, and in winter grey-ribbed worsted leggings, drawn to the middle of the thigh. Although a stickler for old customs, he was one of the very first in the Midland Counties to use an umbrella. The one that belonged to him was a substantial concern, covered with oil-cloth or oil-silk, with a large ring at the top, by which it was hung up.

Having a reputation in the Society as a minister, he now and then paid visits to other meetings, but never very far from home; and considering himself connected with Phebe Howitt of Heanor, by the marriage of his step-son John to her aunt, felt it doubly incumbent to repair at times to that Derbyshire village. With Thomas and Phebe Howitt, the parents of my future husband, we had no personal acquaintance, merely a somewhat disagreeable association from his having obtained from them the plant asarabacca, which had caused my mother violent headaches and was the chief ingredient of his cephalic snuff.

In their society the simple, religious, and therefore the best side of his character was exhibited. He was consequently described to me in after years by my husband as a welcome guest, generally arriving at harvest-time, when he would employ himself in the pleasant field-labour, quoting beautiful and appropriate texts of Scripture as applicable to the scenes around him. This I can well understand, from an occurrence in my childhood.

Rebecca Summerland, the daughter of my half-uncle John, had married, in 1801, a Friend named Joseph Burgess of Grooby Lodge, near Leicester. She became the mother of a little boy—William—with whom, when staying at his grandparents', we were permitted to play. On one of these happy occasions, their rarity enhancing the delight, we were enjoying ourselves at aunt Summerland's when our grandfather unexpectedly arrived. Our parents were absent from home—probably at Quarterly Meeting—and he, wishful to look after us, had come to take us a walk. To refuse was not to be thought of. We very reluctantly left little William and started under his escort. But our grandfather was unusually kind and gentle, and to give us a treat, took us to see our father's small tillage farm at the distance of a couple of miles from home.

He talked about the trees and plants in Timber Lane, which, winding up from the town to the top of a hill, was hemmed in by steep mossy banks, luxuriant with wild flowers and ferns, and overarched by the boughs of the oak, hawthorn, and elder, having a clear little stream gurgling along one side. When we came out on the open breezy hill, with the high bushy banks of Needwood Forest extending before us in wooded promontories for many a mile, there were lambs and young calves in the fields, and primroses; and so as we went on our minds were calmed and interested. At length we reached the farm of eighteen acres, which we had last seen in autumnal desolation. Now all was beautifully green and fresh; the lower portion closed for hay, the upper filled with vigorous young vegetation; tender blades of wheat springing from the earth, green leaflets of the flax for our mother's spinning just visible; next, the plot reserved for turnips; the entire field being enclosed by a broad grassy headland, a perfect border of spring flowers, of which we had soon our hands full. Our grandfather showed us the tender, delicate flax, and contrasted it with the rougher growth of the turnip and the grass-like blades of wheat, and preached a little sermon about God making every plant and flower spring out of the dry, barren earth. As we listened the last shadow of discontent vanished. The walk back was all cheerfulness and sunshine, and we were taken to aunt Summerland's to finish the visit, happier than we had been on our arrival.

This walk gave my sister Anna her first taste for botany. She probably inherited from our grandfather her passionate love of flowers, and she learnt from his copy of Miller's "Gardener's Dictionary," which became her property after his death, to appreciate the wonderful beauty of the Linnæan system.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the stillness and isolation of our lives as children. Our father's introverted character and naturally meditative turn of mind made him avoid social intercourse and restrict his participation in outward events to what was absolutely needful for the exact fulfilment of his professional and religious labours. Our mother's clear, intelligent mind, her culture and refinement were chastened and subdued by her new spiritual convictions and by painful social surroundings. Our nurse, Hannah Finney, was dull and

melancholy, seeking to stifle an attachment which she had formed in the Forest of Dean for a handsome carpenter of dubious character and unconvinced of Friends' principles. Each of our reticent caretakers was subjected to severe inward ordeals, and incapable of infusing knowledge and brightness into our young minds. At four years of age little Anna had been unable to talk, and had therefore been sent daily to a cheerful old woman who kept a dame school, and in more lively surroundings had acquired the power of speech.

In fact, after we could both talk, being chiefly left to converse together, our ignorance of the true appellations for many ordinary sentiments and actions compelled us to coin and use words of our own. To sneeze was to us both *akisham*—the sound which one of our parents must have made in sneezing. Roman numerals, which we saw on the title-pages of most books, conveyed no other idea than the word *icklymicklydictines*. Italic printing was *softly* writing. Our parents often spoke together of dividends. This suggested to me some connection with the devil. I was grieved and perplexed to hear our good parents talk without hesitation or sense of impropriety of those wicked *dividends*. Had there been an open communicative spirit in the family, these strange expressions and misapprehensions would have either never arisen or been at once corrected.

Our mother must, however, have taught us early to read, for I cannot remember when we could not do so; but neither she nor our father ever gave or permitted us to receive religious tuition. Firmly adhering to the fundamental principles of George Fox, that Christ, the true inward light, sends to each individual interior inspirations as their guide of Christian faith, and that His Spirit, being free, does not submit to human learning and customs, they aimed to preserve us in unsullied innocence, consigning us to Him in lowly confidence for guidance and instruction. So fearful were they of interfering with His workings, that they did not even teach us the Lord's Prayer; nor do I remember that they ever intimated to us the duty of each morning and evening raising our hearts in praise and petition to God. Yet they gave us to commit to memory Robert Barclay's "Catechism and Confession of Faith," a compilation of texts applied to the doctrines of Friends, and sup-

posed "to be fitted for the wisest and largest as well as the weakest and lowest capacities," but which left us in the state of the perplexed eunuch before Philip instructed him in the Holy Writ.

It was the earnest desire of our father that our attention should be directed to Christ as the one great, all-sufficient sacrifice; yet, nevertheless, so entirely was the fundamental doctrine of the Saviour being the Incarnate God hidden from us, that we grew up to the age when opinions assert themselves to find that our minds had instinctively shaped themselves into the Unitarian belief, out of which we have both been brought by different means. As regards my sister Anna, she has said that she found in reading "Ecce Homo" the exact counterpart of her own youthful views of Jesus, which had grown up in the unassisted soil of her mind. A singular exhibition this of the natural untrained growth of a young ingenious intellect hedged round with the narrowest pale of religious observances, from which all outward expression was excluded, in the belief and in the silent prayerful hope that the Divine Spirit would lead it into all truth.

The Bible, being acknowledged a secondary rule and subordinate to the Spirit, had been neglected in many Friends' families. This led the Yearly Meeting, in the early part of the century, to recommend Friends everywhere to adopt the habit of daily reading the Scriptures; and my father, deputed by the authorities, endeavoured without success to induce the other members of our meeting to comply with the advice. He himself had ever set them the example, and whilst bearing his testimony that it is the Spirit, not the Scriptures, which is the ground and source of all truth, diligently studied the Bible, at the same time refusing to call it the Word of God, a term he only applied to Christ, the true Gospel.

His ardent desire to fathom the deeper teaching of God made my father value highly and read industriously the life and writings of Madame Guyon, those of Fénelon, S. Francis de Sales, Michael Molinos, and others, all of a mystical tendency. "Telemachus" was also to him a very instructive book, which he read, not as an interesting story, but as a work of deep religious truth; interpreting the aged Mentor, the guide of the young Telemachus, as the Divine Spirit, thus influencing

and directing the inexperienced human soul. It was a sort of "Pilgrim's Progress" to his honestly seeking spirit.

Each morning a chapter of the Bible was read after breakfast, followed by a pause for interior application and instruction by the Holy Spirit; the purpose of this silence being, however, never explained to us. In the long winter evenings Friends' journals, "The Persecution of Friends," and similar works were read aloud; and when gone through were succeeded by "Foxe's Book of Martyrs"—a large folio edition, with engravings that made our blood curdle; as to the narrative, we listened, yet wished not to hear, until, proving too terrible reading just before bed-time, it was set aside.

I had also to read to my father during the day, when some mechanical operation left his mind disengaged. Thomas à Kempis was a great favourite with him; not so with me, as I understood the constant exhortation to take up the cross to refer to using the plain language and plain attire of Friends, and our peculiar garb, many degrees more ungainly than that of most strict Friends, was already a perfect crucifixion to Anna and me. The New Testament never came amiss. On one such occasion I received from my father a stern reprimand for having, when reading the miracle of the loaves and fishes, as related by St. Mark, inserted, as he supposed, the adjective "green" in the thirty-ninth verse: "And he commanded them to make them sit down in companies upon the green grass."

He broke in sternly, "Mary, thou must not add or take from Scripture."

"Please, father, it is green grass," I replied.

"Let me see, let me see!" he exclaimed; and after looking at the verse, said in a surprised but appeased tone, "I had never noticed it."

We children went to meeting twice on First-day, walking demurely hand-in-hand behind our parents; and once on Fifth-day with our mother alone, if our father was absent in the forest or elsewhere surveying. These meetings were far from profitable to me. The nearest approach to good which I remember in these seasons of silent worship was the circumstance that the side-windows were reflected at times, probably owing to the sun's position, in a large window placed high above the gallery looking down the meeting-house and oppo-

site to my seat. These windows of light, seen through the larger one, in the sky as it were, represented to me the windows of Heaven. It was these or similar ones, I imagined, which were open in Heaven when the rain poured down for forty days in the time of Noah. The sight of these beautiful windows was a privilege, I believed, granted to me when good. This, I am sorry to confess, was the nearest approach to Heaven which those silent meetings afforded me. The blotches of damp on the meeting-house walls presented to me, however, wonderful battles from the Old Testament; the knots in the backs of the old wooden seats merely secular subjects, odd and grotesques heads and faces of human beings and of animals. How grieved would my parents have been at this want of mental discipline!

Our uncle, John Summerland, and his wife, lived on the same premises as the meeting-house, which was divided from their dwelling by a garden; and it was strangely interesting to us children, when paying them a visit, to go alone into our place of worship. Even now I remember the strange eerie effect of lifting the heavy iron handle that raised the ponderous latch and sounded through the empty building with a solemn response. It was most exciting to us on these occasions to be at liberty to sit even in the gallery, where the preachers, when they came, sat; to go over to the men's side and try how it was in our father's seat or in John Shipley's, and then to go up into the chamber where the "Women's Meetings of Business" were held.

William Burgess—the one boy we were permitted to associate with, from fear of contamination—was our companion in these bold explorations. He seemed, however, to be most attracted by the graveyard, a pleasant little green field into which the side-windows of the meeting-house looked, and where in the spring-time, a sheep, with her lamb or lambs, would be turned in to eat the abundant grass; often breaking the deep silence of some meeting for worship by their gentle bleatings. This ever awoke a peculiar feeling in our childish minds, a sort of sense of appropriateness from their relationship to the Saviour, the Good Shepherd, and the Lamb of God.

The visits of ministering Friends, men or women preachers from a distance, and who, as I have said, took up their abode at our house, sometimes for two or three days, always produced a

little home excitement. A ministering Friend was supposed to be brought into such close communion with the Divine Source of Light and Truth, that he or she was permitted to act as the mouthpiece of the Holy Spirit. We children, therefore, never lost a certain awe of ministering Friends, believing they were aware of the exact state of our souls. This was especially the case when their mission was what was called "paying family visits." Then they sat alone with each household, dropping into silence, probably at the close of the meal, and spoke, it was believed, directly to the individual souls of those present.

Sometimes a noted preacher came with what was called "a concern to hold a public meeting;" and this was to us children quite thrilling, for our father's factotum, Thomas Bishop, then delivered circulars from house to house: "respectfully inviting the inhabitants of Uttoxeter to attend a religious meeting of the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, at the club-room of the Red Lion Inn."

The excitement was still more increased to us by the Red Lion Inn being in a different part of the town from the meeting-house; for it was only as a matter of necessity that we children were ever taken through the streets. Our world seemed to enlarge itself simply by going out in an evening, walking through the market-place and the inn-yard, and through the inn itself, with our eyes wide open and our minds all astir; though meekly following in the wake of our father and mother, and the ministering Friend, male or female. Then, too, the sense of importance and suspense when we entered the large club-room, with its chandelier and its side-lights all ablaze, and the raised bench placed for the occasion, having a table in front, on which the minister might lay his hat when he rose to preach or pray—"supplicate," Friends called it—or if a woman, on which she might lay her bonnet, which she took off preparatory to rising to address the meeting. Thomas Bishop was always in requisition on these occasions, showing people to empty seats and preserving order at the door.

Sometimes these meetings, from being very large, the preacher earnest and eloquent, and the audience attentive to the end, notwithstanding the long silence with which they had opened, and even closed, were pronounced very satisfactory by our parents. I cannot but believe that the preparatory silence,

the peculiar style of preaching, the long occasional pause in the middle of a sentence, the high rhythmical tone into which the preacher rose as he or she increased in earnestness and fluency, and then the sudden transition by a return to the natural tone of voice, must have struck the unaccustomed listeners as at least very peculiar.

I am not, indeed, aware of any great or good effect ever being produced by these meetings, held in a room which often served as the stage for far more entertaining, and perhaps even instructive, spectacles to the townspeople. It was used as a theatre by the Stantons, a respectable dramatic company from Newcastle, and it was at the Red Lion that the celebrated Miss Mellon, afterwards Duchess of St. Albans, made her *début*.

When the preacher was of less repute, the gathering would be invited to the Friends' meeting-house, which our father and Thomas Bishop would then prepare for the occasion, by removing a set of large wooden shutters which separated the upper loft, that usually formed the "Women's Meeting of Business" from the meeting-room. Thus a large open gallery was formed capable of holding many persons, and which gave a full view of the preacher and the assembly below. On one such occasion a curious and rather awkward incident took place. The preacher was a woman-Friend, and concluded her discourse by describing the New Jerusalem, the inhabitants of which should no more say, "I am sick." With these words, as if impatient to make an end, she sank down into the seat behind her. On this one of the medical men of the town, who sat in the middle of the meeting, and who evidently had not been paying attention to the thread of the discourse, sprang up, and leaning forward in the crowd, said in a professional tone, "Is the lady ill? Can I render any assistance?" A dead silence prevailed—and we must suppose that the truth dawned upon the medical mind, for after repeating the question with the same result, he seated himself, amid the suppressed smiles of all who were not Friends.

Everything was education to us children, and we learnt much by the pleasant drives to Monthly Meeting at Stafford or Leek, that of Uttoxeter being every third month. I do not think it was a general rule for Friends to take their children with them to these meetings when held at a distance. But as our parents were most anxious to bring us up in the way we ought to go,

Anna and I alternately accompanied our parents, sitting between them on a small turn-down seat affixed to the gig for the purpose.

If bound for Stafford, we passed Henry Pedley's, the old weaver's, where our mother went every spring, taking us children with her, to choose the patterns in which he should weave the linen yarn which she had spun in the winter. Beyond the weaver's, the entire road was known to us only by these Monthly Meeting drives. First came the old handsome red-brick hall of Loxley, with its park; then what was called Parson Hilditch's, a pleasant parsonage standing a field's-length from the road; and just beyond, the little red-brick schoolhouse, where Parson Hilditch taught the village boys, who, coming or going, as we passed, made their bow. This was distasteful to my father, as savouring of "hat-homage." If a beggar or other petitioner addressed him bare-headed, he would say politely and kindly, "Put on thy hat;" but if the man, from a sense of duty, humility, or perhaps servility, did not comply, he would become almost angry and say, "Unless thou put on thy hat I shall not talk with thee."

The point of greatest interest, however, on the road to Stafford was the old castle of Chartley, standing close to the highway. It was an ancient, very grey pile of ruins, on the edge of a fine old park, in which were preserved the remains of the original wild breed of British cattle, similar to those at Chillingham. Chartley belongs to the Earl of Ferrers, and the new house, which had been begun several years before, stood unfinished, owing to a quarrel between the old Lord and his son, Viscount Tamworth. It was a strange, unhappy family, in which murder had at one time brought the head of the house to the gallows. Moreover, in the old castle Mary Queen of Scots had been confined. All this had been told us on the first occasion of our driving to Stafford, and once being told was sufficient. It furnished us with a great deal to think about. Chartley had a romantic history, though at that time we did not know what romance meant. It and its surroundings were all wonderfully weird and hoary. It was the oldest-looking place we had ever seen.

The next point of interest was Weston Hall, a tall-gabled, old Elizabethan mansion, standing a little apart from the road,

which was here a long heavy ascent, worn, rather than cut through the soft sandstone rock. We next looked out for Ingestre, the seat of Lord Talbot, standing far off in the park. We felt in some mysterious way as if the place almost belonged to us. We did not remember when we had not heard of Lord Talbot. My father had a great regard for the family, and knew every inch of their estates. Next came Tixall Hall, with its fine old Gothic gateway.

Of Stafford town itself we knew little, only that it had a castle and was famous for making shoes, which it was currently believed were manufactured for sale rather than for wear. The meeting-house was a queer place, older and not so nice, we thought, as that of Uttoxeter; the woodwork of the window-frames and benches was unpainted, and so old that the very grain of the wood stood up in ridges, the softer portions being worn away with time. The Friends were few and simple, and, with the exception of the family of William Masters, awoke no interest in us.

Sometimes in these drives we might chance to pass a personage for whom we children cherished the same high regard as our parents, and who seemed in a manner connected with us, from his wearing some of my father's cast-off garments. It was old Daniel Neale, the worthy Irish beggar. His figure was short and spare, and considerably bent forward; yet he walked with long strides and a firm step, his tall staff being rather a companion than support. A cheerful, contented old countenance shone forth between his bushy white locks, his coat was buckled with a broad leathern strap, and over his shoulder he carried a capacious wallet.

He was kindly received and entrusted with messages by the old Catholic families, who, surrounded by Protestant neighbours, at a time when religious differences made a wider separation than they do at present, lived in a dignified seclusion, yet in good-fellowship amongst themselves. I introduced Daniel Neale in "Wood Leighton;" a work that clearly indicates the effect produced upon my mind by the consistent piety of the Staffordshire Catholics.

The journey to Leek was considerably longer than that to Stafford. We went out of the town quite at the other end. We passed the village of Checkley, and never forgot having

been shown there, on the first occasion of a drive to Leek, the three tall gaunt-looking stones which met our eye. They marked the graves of three bishops slain in an ancient battle fought many long ages ago, at a place called The Naked Fields, from the circumstance of the three bodies being brought naked from the battlefield three days afterwards and buried there.

At the little town of Cheadle we stayed to bait the horse, and then going forward came to Chettelton, then to Whitly rocks, a wild district of the moorland country to which Leek belonged.

The Friends of Leek had all a cold, bleak, moorland character. They were not a well-favoured race, and were neither good-mannered nor affable. The one exception was Toft Chorley, a gentleman with very little appearance of the Quaker about him. He had a country dwelling on the moorlands, but was always at his town house in Leek on Monthly Meeting days to receive and entertain Friends.

One spot of surpassing interest to us children was "The Hall" at Uttoxeter. It was a large, irregular brick mansion, standing by the roadside outside the town, and though much dilapidated, must originally have been a place of importance. Here Mr. Thomas Copestake, the great jeweller and lapidary, had dwelt and carried on an important and extensive trade, which in the last century brought much wealth to Uttoxeter. The articles usually made were tiaras, silver buckles, and all kinds of jewellery. Small white pebbles could be abundantly picked up in the neighbourhood, which were purchased by Mr. Copestake, if without fault, at a penny apiece; but after they had been polished and cut, they had the appearance of stones of the first water. He was also entrusted by the Government with orders for "Stars of Honour." It took about three weeks to make one of these decorations, which when finished was worth about £100. Mr. Copestake, when at the height of his prosperity, employed a hundred and forty men, without reckoning apprentices. On the town side of the old hall was a large court, enclosed from the road by an ancient red-brick wall. Round the three inner sides of this court were erected workshops two storeys high, the upper storey having long casemented windows for the greater admission of light, and

here in old times Copestake's jewellers and lapidaries had worked. He had unfortunately damaged his great trade and his reputation by mixing an alloy with gold in the manufacture of gold lace. Birmingham, Derby, and even London began to compete with imitations and cheap inferior articles, and carried off the demand from Uttoxeter. In our childhood, therefore, the workshops had fallen into decay, the court was overgrown with grass, and the whole had a strange air of desolation about it.

Now and then, however, the courtyard was turned to account, as on an occasion which remains indelibly stamped on my memory. Here came an equestrian troop, and no doubt a better place for the exhibition of their feats could hardly have been chosen ; the old deserted shops, with their flights of steps outside and their large windows within, afforded tiers of boxes as in a theatre. We, the children of Friends, brought up with Puritanical rigidity, to whom the very mention of a play, a dance, or a horse-rider's exhibition was forbidden, were nevertheless conducted surreptitiously to the show by two young women-Friends who had been permitted to take us a walk. It was a summer evening, and passing through the weather-beaten door in the old red wall, we came into a crowd and could only get standing-places. I could not see much, only people laughing. There was a great deal of shouting and merriment, and a great deal of crushing where we stood. Nevertheless, it was to us little girls very exciting, and it was quite dusk when we got home, where we never spoke of the adventure.

Mr. Copestake's daughter, Grace, dwelt in the desolate old mansion, which had the reputation of being haunted. She was a tall, slim, middle-aged lady, attired in the narrow-skirted classical style of those days, which made her look still thinner. The townspeople, in half-wondering compassion, called her "Poor Miss Grace," from her want of conventionality. She was, in reality, a lady in reduced circumstances, who strove to maintain herself, and was certainly one of the earliest of that race of independent, clever women who have given a marked character to the present century.

She introduced the "lace-work," as it was called, into the town, and which, after the lapidary-work ceased, thus became the staple trade of the little town. Once I accompanied my

mother in a call on Miss Grace. After we had been seated with her in her own room, which was comfortable enough, lofty and wainscoted with dark oak, she led us into a huge barn-like apartment, whose walls, denuded of their original wainscot or tapestry, revealed rude unfinished masonry, than which nothing is more unsightly. Here the lace frames stood side by side, with girls busily working at them.

Miss Grace, I believe, did not find her establishment sufficiently remunerative to continue it many years. She retired from it, and the frames became widely scattered through the town.

To my sister Anna and myself Miss Copestake was a perfect heroine. There must have been some expression in her eyes or tone in her voice that drew us to her and made her lady-like form and face indelible, so that we both have remembered to old age her slim figure attired in black silk, with a large lace shawl held close in her folded hands, her upright carriage and firm step, and her gracious smile. The force of repulsion or attraction is most strongly felt when social intercourse is limited, and none in these days of free interchange of thought and opinion can understand the singular feeling produced on our childish minds by persons not "members of our Society."

In 1804–5 my father was employed by the Corporation of Leicester for the enclosure of the town fields. He laid out the race-ground and a new public walk, which has become a great improvement to the town, from its fine trees and shrubberies full of flowering undergrowth. The maps were very handsome, and, to our admiration, bound with blue ribbon, the colour of the Corporation. This commission, with surveying in the forest and for numerous noblemen and gentlemen, often necessitated his absence for days and weeks at a time. My mother, being thus disengaged, would require us to sew or knit for hours together at her side, whilst she busily plied her needle or her wheel in the parlour or the garden-porch. I particularly remember her spinning in the porch, because, it having a brick floor with a second porch below opening into the basement storey, the wheel gave a hollow, louder sound, which caused us to bring our low seats close to her knee, that we might catch every word of her utterance. Never ceasing our employment—for, to use her phrase,

"we must not nurse our work"—we listened with breathless attention to exciting tales of her ancestry and of her unmarried life. She repeated to us "Lavinia" from Thomson's "Seasons," and other poems she had learnt from her father. Her mind, too, was stored with verses which she had met with here and there, both grave and gay.

Of the former order were the lines written by Charles the First the night before his execution, and which both she and we greatly admired, "Auld Robin Gray," "Lord Rodney's Victory," "Upon yon Belfast mountains I heard a maid complain," &c. And amongst her jocular verses, "Amo, amas, I loved a lass," and "The Derby Ram," which had been a favourite of Washington's, and said by him to children for their amusement. It begins :—

"As I was going to Derby,
Upon a market-day,
I spied the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was fed upon hay.
Tow de row de dow,
Tow de row de da."

During these hours of unrestrained converse she would become lively, almost merry, even silently laughing. It was a revelation of her character quite new to us, and we were happy under its influence. There was a term of endearment peculiar to her, "My precious," and which had in it a deep tenderness not easily to be forgotten.

Self-withdrawal from her children had become, as it were, habitual to her, and we were still left an easy prey to whatever influences might be exerted on us by servants ; for by friends or acquaintance there could be comparatively none. Indeed the only healthy outlet we had was the garden and our love for each other.

Hannah Finney, our nurse, unable to conquer her attachment, had married the worthless carpenter, and plagued her own heart ever after. Our parents had sought long and anxiously for a proper substitute, which they believed they had ultimately met with in a country-woman about thirty, who knew her work as if by instinct, speedily expressed a desire to attend meeting, and by her irreproachable conduct, sobriety of dress, and staidness of demeanour, won their entire confidence. Nanny,

as she was called, equally pleased and, alas! ensnared us children. She had a memory stored, I suppose, with every song that ever was printed on a halfpenny-sheet or sold in a country fair, which she repeated in a wild recitative, that attracted us as much as if it had been singing. She was familiar with ghosts, hobgoblins and fairies; knew much of the vice, and less of the virtues of both town and country life; and finding us insatiable listeners, eagerly retailed to us her stores of miscellaneous—chiefly evil—knowledge, under a seal of secrecy, which we never broke. We trembled when we heard her utter an oath, but had no hesitation in learning from her whist—she always playing dummy and using a tea-tray on her lap as a card-table.

THE REV. ANNE CLOWES.

Nanny's wild, strange communications invested even our dull surroundings with a life and charm, and whilst causing us often to put our own or her construction on the actions of our neighbours, made us study their dispositions and sympathise with their needs.

With what excitement, for instance, did we note any interchange of civility between our mother and Mrs. Clowes, the wife of a clergyman, and who styled herself in consequence the Rev. Anne Clowes! After his death she continued to reside in Uttoxeter. She was known by everybody, and was an honoured if not an acceptable guest in the best houses of the neighbourhood; yet she lived without a servant in a narrow alley, and had neither bell nor knocker to her house-door, on which her

friends were instructed to rap loudly with a stone. She occupied an upper room, confusedly crowded with goods and chattels of every description picked up at auctions, and piles of earthenware and china, having the casements filled with as many pieces of rag, pasteboard, and cobwebs as small panes of glass. She slept in a large salting-trough, with a switch at her side to keep off the rats. This mean and miserable abode she termed, in her grandiloquent language, "The hallowed spot, into which only were introduced the great in mind, in wealth, or in birth," and on one occasion spoke of "a most delightful visit from two of Lady Waterpark's sons, when 'the feast of

MRS. CLOWES, ATTENDED BY TWO GENTLEMEN OF THE TOWN, RETURNING FROM AN EVENING PARTY.

reason and the flow of soul' had been so absorbing that one of the Mr. Cavendishes, in descending the stairs, had set his foot in her mutton-pie, which was ready for the baker's oven."

Each Whitsuntide we saw her marching at the head of the Oddfellows' Club, with a bouquet of lilacs and peonies blazing on her breast up to her chin, holding in one hand a long staff, her usual out-door companion. She was not insane, only a very original person running wild amongst a number of other eccentric worthies, all of whom left marked impressions on our minds.

In the summer of 1806 we felt brought into very close contact with the gay world by a visit from aunt Dorothy Sylvester. She accompanied our mother from London, where

the latter had attended Yearly Meeting. As they arrived late one Seventh-day night, she was first seen by us children the next morning, fashionably attired for church, which drew forth the involuntary exclamation from one of us, "Oh! aunt, shan't thou be afraid of father seeing thee so smart?" We soon perceived that he and our mother, whilst adhering to their rule of life, did not obtrude it on their visitor.

They offered her the best that their house contained, and in her honour gave little entertainments to "worldly people" of their acquaintance. She was driven by my father to all the pleasant places in the neighbourhood; into the forest, now in its progress of demolition, where at the royal lodges occupied by his acquaintance they were hospitably received. For myself, I only remember being taken on one of these excursions; and this was to Ingestre.

I have already said that my father was constantly employed by Lord Talbot. This was Charles, the second Earl of that name, who, holding serious views and greatly respecting my parent, had long conversations with him about Friends, their principles and peculiarities, and accepted from him Clarkson's "Portraiture of Quakers." My aunt was very handsomely dressed, and I in my best. My father would never allow Anna and me to wear white frocks; but to go to meeting in summer we might have little thick white muslin tippets. In such a cape, precisely like those still worn by some charity-children, a plain little bonnet, a print frock, the pattern so small as to produce merely a grave, sober colouring, with sleeves to the elbow, and opened behind, showing my drab calamanco petticoat; mits covering the arms, and shoes high on the instep like those of boys, though women and girls wore boat-shaped shoes—behold me arriving at Ingestre.

My father seemed quite at home at the Hall. Lord Talbot received him with kindness, and whilst they remained together my aunt and I were conducted by a servant to a magnificent room, where an elegantly attired lady welcomed us. Next we were led to another handsome apartment, where a splendid dinner was served. Lord Talbot was then with us, and my father, and all seemed very cheerful. Afterwards our host sent for his little son, Viscount Ingestre, then five years old, to make my acquaintance. I was dreadfully shy, and my aunt, doubtless,

was very much ashamed of my country breeding. But the little Lord was polite and gentle, and so by degrees I overcame my self-consciousness, and talked comfortably with him at a distance from the others.

We must have been some hours at Ingestre, and returned home delighted, bringing with us an immense mass of greenhouse flowers, amongst which were some splendid geraniums —a plant, I believe, just then introduced—a large bunch of hoja, the Carolina allspice, and the lemon-scented verbena. I mention these flowers because they were all new to us; and this lemon-scented verbena became so connected in my mind with Ingestre, that I never saw it even when a woman grown, and when life had produced many richer experiences, without its recalling the memory of my childhood, and that long, long passed away visit.

At length our aunt's stay came to a close, and a farewell party was given, at which a tall thin lady was introduced to our sober family circle as our aunt's travelling companion to London. How her mincing ways, sentimental drawl, and her gauzy transparent costume astonished us children! We approved of our aunt's appearance, her stately form being set off by her rich silk gown and elaborate turban of gold tissue. Nevertheless, we were most of all impressed by our mother's calm self-possession, and the quiet grace with which she maintained, in her modest attire, her peculiarities as a Friend.

Let me describe our mother as she was in those days. Not handsome, but of a singularly intelligent countenance, well-cut features, clear grey eyes; the whole expression being that of a character strong and decisive, but not impulsive. She was of middle height; her dress always the same. The soft silk gowns of neutral tints of her wedding outfit were carefully folded away on the shelves of her wardrobe, for her husband disapproved of silk. She wore generally a mixture of silk and wool, called silkbine, of a dark colour, mostly some shade of brown. The dress, being made long, was worn, even in the house, usually drawn up on each side through the pocket-holes; the effect of which was good, and would have been really graceful if the material had been soft and pliable, but the thread of both silk and wool was spun with a close twist, which produced a stiff and harsh fabric. A thin double muslin kerchief covered

the bust. Her transparent white muslin cap of the ordinary Quaker make was raised somewhat behind, leaving the back hair visible rolled over a small pad.

In the November of the year 1806 a great event occurred—a baby sister was born, and called Emma. We had hitherto been two sisters; now we were three. Our astonishment and delight over the sweet little blue-eyed creature were unbounded.

In the following May our old grandfather quietly passed away, in his eighty-third year, and was laid to rest in the green graveyard by the silent meeting-house.

A twelvemonth passed, and fresh surprises awaited us. One summer First-day, at the close of afternoon meeting, our parents were mysteriously summoned from the meeting-house door to visit our father's old half-brother, Joseph, whom, as he had been a confirmed invalid for many years, we children had never seen. An hour later we were fetched from home, and taken for the first time into a large gloomy house, along mysterious passages into a dimly-lighted chamber. Our parents were sitting there in solemn silence on either side of an armchair, in which reclined a large-limbed, but fearfully emaciated, pallid old man. We were taken up to him. He spoke to us in a feeble, husky voice; then, like an aged patriarch, placed a trembling hand on each of our heads and blessed us. We were then quietly led away, our parents remaining with him.

The next morning we were told that our uncle Joseph had died in the night. Again, a few mornings later, on July 9, 1808, we were told that a little brother had been born to us in the preceding night. In the midst of our amazement and yet undeveloped joy arose the question within us, "Will our parents like it?" for we had the impression that they never approved of boys. The doubt speedily vanished, for their infant son, who was named Charles, was evidently their peculiar pride and delight. Under these circumstances, surely there was no family in the county that was happier than ours.

Anna and I almost lived in the nursery, as we were devoted to our sweet little sister Emma, and our new treasure, baby Charles. The nursery, too, was one of the most cheerful rooms in the house, furnished with every suitable comfort and convenience. A light and rather low window looked over the

whole neighbourhood; there we sat for hours. Rhoda, the highly respectable nurse who had been engaged for Charles, was a new and interesting character to us. Her parents dwelt in the market-place, and she told us she had seen the bull-baiting there every year. It was a horrid, cruel sight, which we should never have thought of witnessing, and our father had tried year after year to put a stop to it. But Rhoda's description was like a traveller's account of a bull-fight in Spain: you disapprove, but read the narrative. Then she had her own books, which she lent us, "The Shepherdess of the Alps" and the "Arabian Nights," over which, as a matter of course, we sat hour after hour reading with unwearying wonder and delight. We, in return as it were for her good offices, brought up into the nursery for her to read the best books we knew of, namely, the "Life of Madame Guyon" and "Telemachus." The former work was our favourite, from the glimpses it gave us of what our father termed the "dark ages of Popery." I question whether Rhoda attempted either of them. Her head was full of private interviews with secret sweethearts. She wrote her love-letters, and we children must write ours.

I do not think that Anna, who was a year and a half older than I, was bewitched by the sorceries of this dangerous young woman; but I was so far captivated by her talk, that I wrote a letter about love and marriage at her dictation. When I think of myself, the simple child of nine, brought up, as my parents believed, in perfect innocence, my soul so pure that an angel might inscribe upon it words direct from the Holy Spirit, I feel the most intense compassion for myself. Poor child! Nanny had already dimmed the brightness of my young spirit's innocence; now came another tempter, and whilst our parents slept, as it were, sowed the tares and the poison seed in the fruitful soil of my forlorn soul. "Madame Guyon" lay on a shelf in one of the nursery cupboards, and between the leaves Rhoda laid my unholy letter.

All this had totally passed out of my mind, when one First-day, after dinner, my father inquired for the "Life of Madame Guyon." It was immediately brought, and he, dear good man! sat down to read it before going to afternoon meeting.

My heart aches to think of the dismay and the astonishment of sorrow that must have filled his soul when he came upon

the evil paper in my child's handwriting. He himself had taught me to write, and this was the fruit of that knowledge. What length of time elapsed after this painful discovery, he and my mother sitting together in grieved consternation, I cannot say. Summoned to their presence, I went down without fear or anticipation of evil. I was confounded by the revelation of my enormous ill-doing. Alas! poor father and mother, their sorrow was very great, yet not much was said. It was now time for afternoon meeting, and we must all go.

I suppose I felt something as our first parents did when God called to them in the garden. But, strange to say, I do not think I regarded my offence as the enormity my father and mother did. I was both ashamed and afraid; nevertheless, I had not written those evil, idle words out of my own heart, but at the dictation of another, and with small knowledge of what their meaning implied. A sad silence and solemnity lay on my parents' countenances; they did not, however, inflict any punishment. I was neither degraded nor humbled, only bitterly ashamed.

A Baptist minister, of the name of Stephen Chester, and his family were my father's tenants in the house adjoining our dwelling. With them lived a most excellent, highly cultivated lady, a Mrs. Parker, or Mary Parker, as she was called in our Friendly fashion; a woman of rare intellect and the highest endowments. She had a day-school of five-and-twenty or thirty girls, and my parents held her in high esteem.

That very First-day evening, I believe, whilst their minds were still agitated with irritation and sorrow, they requested a visit from her. They laid the whole affair before her. She advised that first and foremost we should be removed from the influence of servants. I think, too, that she must have seconded their own hope that I was but the instrument, and that, like a parrot, I had been made to repeat the offensive words without knowledge of their import. It was her advice to make no great matter of this ugly affair. Let it be forgotten; only guard against any further fall and all further influence of evil. It was the conviction of their own minds.

It was arranged that we should become Mrs. Parker's pupils. My father, still faithful to his idea of separation as a safeguard from evil, stipulated that we should sit apart from the

other girls, have no intercourse with them, and that she, the head of all, should have an especial eye upon us.

A happy, pure, and beneficial period now began for us. I was never reminded of my late offence. If my parents and teacher forgot it, so I might have, if the fidelity of my memory, and the knowledge both of good and evil which grew and developed as years advanced, had not kept it alive, and interpreted it like the words "*Mene, mene,*" on the wall. In the meantime the beautiful, lofty, and intelligible moral teaching of our beloved instructress opened my eyes to the loveliness of purity, the infinite richness of Nature, and so led me up insensibly to the Creator. Anna and I no longer mistook evil for good or good for evil; and we soon began to perceive the darkness and ignorance out of which we had come, and to rejoice in the large, bright, glorious world of which we also were denizens.

Our parents, too, were satisfied with our behaviour and progress. We were exposed to no danger; in going and returning we merely passed from our house to that adjoining. We sat apart from the other girls, but were friendly with all. Amongst various injunctions given when we commenced this school-life was the one that we should always leave on the Saturday morning before the scholars were examined in the Church Catechism, which concluded the week's lessons. Nevertheless, either this rule was relaxed, or the hour of instruction must have been altered from our excellent teacher discovering our benighted condition, and feeling it her duty to remedy it. We never stood up with the class, but by means of listening to it we first learnt by heart the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments.

Happy would it have been for us had Mrs. Parker been engaged from the first as our resident governess, and we committed entirely to her training for the next five or six years; she living with us in the house, taking us walks, and nurturing and cultivating those peculiar talents which afterwards became developed through difficulty, and at the best only imperfectly. It was a splendid opportunity for our training, spiritually and intellectually, which was disregarded by our parents, who only recognised Mrs. Parker's tuition as a temporary expedient until we could be sent to a Friends' school.

CHAPTER III.

1809—1821.

We had not been a year under her tuition when the change in our education came. Our governess was anxious to give up her school and leave Uttoxeter; and my parents therefore decided that we should immediately be transferred to the York school. This seminary for girls enjoyed a high reputation in the Society. It was, moreover, conducted by Ann Alexander, through whose involuntary intervention my sister's name had been decided upon.

Ann Alexander, however, informed my parents that she either wished to withdraw, or had already withdrawn, from the oversight. She recommended most warmly that her little namesake and her younger sister should be sent to a school just commenced at Croydon by two young women-Friends, Sarah Bevan and Anna Woolley, who had been educated for tuition at York school, and were in every way well qualified.

We children had never heard of Croydon. Mrs. Parker took the map of England and showed us where it was, above a hundred and fifty miles off; then by what route we should go. "How happy we should be at school," she said, "with companions of our own age; and what a pleasure and satisfaction it would be to be able to improve ourselves more than we could do at home!" We were very sorry that our schooling with Mrs. Parker was over; it had certainly been the happiest, most free and diversified portion of our young existences. Still, she promised to write to us and never to forget us. There was all the excitement of a journey to London before us, and our kind friend and teacher suffered more, I believe, in the prospect of the separation than we did.

How well I remember the garments that were made for us! Our little brown cloth pelisses, cut plain and straight, without plait or fold in them, hooked and eyed down the front so as to avoid buttons, which were regarded by our parents as

trimmings, yet fastened at the waist with a cord. Little drab beaver bonnets, furnished us by the Friend hatter of Stafford, James Nixon, who had blocks made purposely for our ultra-plain bonnets. They were without a scrap of ribbon or cord, except the strings, which were a necessity, and these were fastened inside. Our frocks were, as usual, of the plainest and most homely fabric and make. Besides our small wardrobes we had few possessions. Anna took with her Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns, as these praises of Creation and Nature were very sweet to her; but when, amidst new scenes, she longed to read those aspirations of a grateful and admiring heart, she sought vainly for the book in the contents of her trunk. It had privately been removed by our teachers.* I had with me Mrs. Trimmer's "Robins," which was a source of never-failing delight to me.

ANNA BOTHAM AT CROYDON.

On the 24th of Tenth Month, 1809, I being ten years of age, my sister a year and a half older, we left home for school, under our mother's escort. Perhaps our parents, in their unworldliness, had forgotten that on the morrow, the 25th of October, all England was to celebrate the fiftieth year of King George the Third's reign. Be it as it may, we children knew of the approaching festivity, and were thereby reconciled to the pain of leave-taking. We were glad we should be travelling, as in Uttoxeter we should have seen none or little of the rejoicings. The greatness of our curiosity made us eager to start; and as we drove through the outskirts of our town, by Tutbury and its castle to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where we had a fresh post-chaise, and then on to Grooby Lodge, where we spent the night, we had the delight of watching the busy pre-

* In a report of the great Friends' school at Ackworth for 1800 occur these words:—"The London Committee advised the introduction of Barbauld's Hymns and the 'Catechism of Nature;' but the Country Committee rejected them as unsuitable, and adopted 'The Rational Dame.'" It was this Country Committee that had imparted their views to our Yorkshire teachers.

parations. Even our Quaker relatives, the Burgesses, we found in a mild state of excitement in anticipation of the morrow.

Leicester, as we drove through it next morning, was all agog—bells ringing, flags flying, huge bonfires kindling. The jubilee had set the British population in motion, and the king's highway swarmed with peasants on foot and in waggons, farmers in gigs and spring-carts, gentlefolks on horseback and in carriages. All were dressed in their best, and sporting blue and red ribbons. In this town, bands of music were heading processions of school-children, militia-men and clubs were marching to church or chapel; in the next, oxen and sheep were roasting in the streets, and big barrels of ale were tapped, or ready to tap. Here, divine service being over, the congregations streamed out to feast: there, a smell of roast beef and mutton pervaded the inn, where we halted; with a hurrying to and fro, a clatter, laughter, singing, and hurrahing that was deafening. On we drove through villages and towns, where the lowest class, including the paupers, were being entertained at long tables in the open air, the families of the squire and clergyman looking on all smiles and good-humour. As the day advanced the madder grew the revel. We felt as if we were out to see the fun. Horses and chaises were not always ready at the towns where we expected relays, and as we waited people in their turn eyed us—the pleasant-looking Quaker mother and her two quaintly-dressed little daughters overflowing with ill-suppressed wonder and merriment.

During the evening the sight of drunkenness and sound of quarrelling, although accompanied by strains of the incessant music, somewhat damped our mirth. But it rose again as we entered Dunstable, our night-quarters. The effect was magical. One vast blaze of light, great "G. R.'s" shining forth everywhere, with a dazzled and enchanted sea of spectators. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood had dined at our inn, and a grand ball was about to begin. The obliging landlady led us to an upper gallery, whence we could look down on the arrivals. Our mother, who accompanied us, even permitted us to watch the opening dance. Perhaps she herself enjoyed this glimpse of the gay, moving scene, for she did not reprove me when, overcome by the day's

excitement, by the music and flutter, I was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

The next day we were in London—London! How the very thought transported us with joy and astonishment! But London was not half as brilliant as Dunstable had been—was, in fact, quite gloomy. Extinct crowns, stars and "G. R.'s" blankly met our gaze, and whilst bearing evidence to the glory that had been, suggested the ashes of a fire that had gone out, or the wrong side of a piece of tapestry.

We dined in London, and in the afternoon proceeded to Croydon. The house which Sarah Bevan and Anna Woolley occupied was at the West End, and, I think, No. 2, and opposite to the Rising Sun. It was at the entrance of the town from London; and, consequently we were no sooner in Croydon than we were at our journey's end.

We felt ourselves in a new world at school. I do not remember that we were unhappy, or had any longings for home. We were all in all to each other, and had been so through the whole of our lives, and could give to each other the comfort and sympathy we needed. But we very soon felt we were different from those amongst whom we were placed. Many indeed were the mortifications caused us as the children of rigidly plain Friends out of a remote midland county brought into the midst of London girls, all belonging to the same denomination, it is true, but whose Quakerly attire and life-experience were less precise, were even different from ours. There were ten or twelve girls when we arrived. I believe the number was to be limited to sixteen. We were the youngest, peculiar, provincial, but I do not think in general knowledge we were behind the others. We seemed to them, however, to have come from the uttermost ends of the earth; the very word Uttoxeter was to them uncouth, and caused laughter.

Each girl had her fancy-work. We had none, but were expected by our mother to make in our leisure moments half-a-dozen linen shirts for our father, with all their back-stitching and button-holes complete. We had never learnt to net, nor had we ever seen before fine strips of coloured paper plaited into delicate patterns, or split straw worked into a pattern on coarse net. Each girl could do this kind of work. It was one of our characteristics that we could do whatever we had

once seen done. We could hackle flax or spin a rope. We could drive a nail, put in a screw or draw it out. We knew the use of a glue-pot or how to paper a room. But fancy-work was quite beyond our experience. We soon, however, furnished ourselves with coloured paper for plaiting, and straw to split and weave into net; and I shall never forget my admiration of diamonds woven with strips of gold paper on a black ground. They were my first efforts at artistic work.

We had also the great happiness of being allowed our own little garden, which contained a fine holly-tree that belonged exclusively to ourselves. If my sister had a passionate love of flowers, I was equally endowed with a deep appreciation of trees. The Scotch firs in our garden at home, the spruce firs, arbor-vitæ, and Weymouth pine in a neighbour's; the group of tall poplars, which I never failed to see when sitting in our silent meeting, had been my dear familiar friends from infancy. It was splendid late autumn weather when we arrived at Croydon, and I do not remember any beginning of winter. It must, therefore, have been a fine season, enabling us to be much out of doors. What a new pleasure we had in finding skeleton ivy and holly-leaves under the alcove-shaped summer-house at the end of the general garden! This delight, however, was soon stopped, as Mary M., who had the character of being the black sheep of the flock, having spoken from the summer-house to some young cadets of Addiscombe College, that part of the garden was closed to one and all of us.

Brought south, and into proximity with the capital, we were met at every point by objects new to our small experience, whose beauty, grandeur, or perfect novelty stirred the very depths of my child-soul. We had both of us an intense love of nature and inborn taste for what was beautiful, poetical, or picturesque. Our souls were imbued with Staffordshire scenery: districts of retired farms, where no change came from age to age; tall old hedges surrounding quiet pastures; silent fields, dark woodlands, ancient parks, shaded by grey gnarled oaks and rugged, gashed old birch-trees; venerable ruins, shrouded by the dusky yew. The calm of this old-world and primitive scenery, together with the peculiar character of sunrise and sunset, and of each alternating season, had profoundly affected our feelings and imaginations. Now a fresh revelation came to

both of us equally, but somewhat differently, so that I had best confine myself to my own recollections.

Much that was attractive in our new surroundings, at the same time, troubled me, filling my heart with indescribable sadness, and awakening within me an unappeasable longing for I knew not what. It was my first perception of the dignity and charm of culture. My impressionable mind had already yielded to the power of Nature; it was now to feel and accept the control of Art. Yet I was at the time, in my ugly, unusually plain Quaker garb, no better to look at than a little brown chrysalis, in the narrow cell of whose being, however, the first early sunbeam was awakening the germ of a higher existence.

The stately mansions, with all their latest appliances of luxury and ease—their sunshades, their balconies filled with flowers, the graceful creepers wreathing colonnades, heavy-branched cedar-trees, temple-like summer-houses half concealed in bowery garden solitudes, distant waters, winding walks—belonged to a new, vast, and more beautiful world. No less interesting and impressive were the daily features of human life around us. A hatchment over a lofty doorway, a splendid equipage, with its attendant liveried servants, bowling in or out of heavy, ornamental park-gates, would marvellously allure my imagination. There was a breadth, fulness, perfectedness around us, that strikingly contrasted with the restricted, common, prosaic surroundings of the Friends in Staffordshire.

In our home-life Christmas had been of no account. It was neither a season of religious regard nor yet of festivity. How astonished were we, then, to hear the London girls anticipating a great deal of pleasure and social enjoyment, with much talk of Christmas good-cheer! We were familiar with plum-pudding and mince-pies, but not with Twelfth cakes, of which much was said, and which were to be brought back with them after the holidays. To our astonishment, the school broke up for Christmas, all the pupils going home except Ann Lury, of Bristol, and ourselves. She received from her relatives a goodly present of chocolate, Spanish chestnuts, and oranges, but we had no box of seasonable good things.

Although the school management was extremely defective and the tuition imperfect, there was an excellent custom of

making, during fine weather, long excursions of almost weekly recurrence. At about eleven the pupils, attended by one of the mistresses, set out, the train being ended by a stout serving-woman, who drew after her a light-tilted waggon containing abundant provisions for our midday meal. So through Croydon we went to the open country, to the Addington Hills, or as far as Norwood—all no doubt now covered or scattered over with houses: up and down pleasant lanes where the clematis, which we only knew as a garden plant, wreathed the hedges. Now and then we rested on some breezy common with views opening far and wide. Sometimes we passed through extensive lavender-fields in which women were working, or came upon an encampment of gipsies, with their tents and tethered horses, looking to us more oriental than any similar encampment in our more northern lanes.

Surrey breathed to Anna and me beauty and poetry, London the majesty of history and civilisation. From the highest point of the Addington Hills we were shown St. Paul's in the distance. It sent a thrill through us. Even the visits sanctioned by our teachers to the confectioner's for the purchase of Chelsea buns and Parliament gingerbread enhanced our innocent enjoyment.

Our stay at Croydon was prematurely ended by the serious illness of our mother. After leaving us she had caught a severe cold during a dense fog in London, which brought on an illness that had lasted long ere danger was apprehended. Then we were sent for. We returned home in the care of James Dix of Leek, a Friend whom we had known from childhood. He was the Representative from the Cheshire and Staffordshire Quarterly Meeting to the Yearly Meeting in London, and took us back with him after the great gathering had dispersed. Before our arrival at home a favourable change in our dear mother's condition had occurred. We found her weak, seated propped up with pillows in a large easy-chair, and suffering at times from a violent cough. Still, she was advancing to an assured recovery.

In August of 1810 my sister was sent to a Friends' school held in high repute at Sheffield, but owing to an alarm of fever in the town, was recalled in the depth of the winter. She then remained at home, whilst my mother took me to the same

school the following spring. It was conducted by Hannah Kilham, the widow of Alexander Kilham, the founder of the New Methodist or Kilhamite Connection, by her stepdaughter Sarah, and a niece named Ann Corbett, of Manchester; all Friends by convincement.

Hannah Kilham, an ever-helpful benefactress to the poor, devoted herself to a life of active Christian charity. She treated me as one of the older girls, I being tall for twelve, and often took me with her in her rounds. Once she sent me alone to a woman whose destitute condition so awoke my compassion as to induce me to bestow on her my last sixpence, with the hope uttered, "May the Lord bless it!" This was followed by self-questionings whether by my speech I had meant in my heart that the Lord should bless the gift to the sufferer or to me—then penniless. Another time, at nightfall, she made me wait in a desolate region of broken up ground and half-built, ruinous houses while she visited some haunt of squalor. It seems strange that a highly conscientious woman should leave a young girl alone, even for a few minutes, in a low, disreputable suburb of a large town. But she was on what she felt to be her Master's errand, and I doubt not had committed me to His keeping; for whilst I was appalled by the darkness and desolation around me, I saw the great comet of the autumn of 1811 majestically careering through the heavens, and received an impression of Divine omnipotence which no school teaching could have given me.

Sheffield never affected me as Croydon had done. The only point of extraneous interest was the fact that the way to meeting led throught the Hart's Head and over the doorstep almost of the office of the *Iris* newspaper, making me hope, but in vain, to catch a glimpse of the editor, James Montgomery. Hannah Kilham had advocated with him the cause of the climbing-boys, as the juvenile, much-abused chimney-sweeps were then called; and we had in the school the complete set of his poems. I greatly admired them, particularly "The Wanderer in Switzerland," and he was one of my heroes.

It was at Sheffield that I grew painfully conscious of my unsightly attire. The girls had, for fine summer Sundays, white frocks, and sometimes a plain silk spencer. I had nothing but my drab cotton frock and petticoat, small Friend's bonnet

and little shawl. On week-days, when they wore their printed frocks, I could bear it; but First-days were bitter days to me. There was no religion to me in that cross; and I rejoiced that the trying, humiliating day only came once a week, when I had to appear in the school-train, marching down to meeting, the one scarecrow, as it appeared to me, of the little party.

In 1812 I left this school, which was some years later discontinued. When the general peace came the benevolent Alexander of Russia visited England, and admiring the principles and usages of Friends, determined to employ members of the Society in his schemes for improving the internal condition of his Empire. This led to Sarah Kilham accompanying the family of Daniel Wheeler, when, in 1818, he emigrated, by invitation of the Czar, for the purpose of draining and cultivating land on the Neva. Her stepmother, in 1823, went as a missionary to Senegambia, in the company of two men-Friends, John Thompson and Richard Smith, taking with them Matemada and Sandance, two natives of Africa who had been redeemed from slavery by Friends and educated in England. From the intense heat of the tropical climate, the difficulty of communication by land and water, and other impediments, the missionaries had much to bear Debility and sickness ensued, and my former schoolmistress returned home to die.

Richard Smith remained in sole charge of their little establishment, labouring with inconceivable fortitude and patience, but after a few months of incessant toil and suffering he sank a victim to the climate, and died July, 1824, aged forty. He was a native of Staffordshire, and a convinced Friend, who occasionally attended Uttoxeter meeting; and we girls had little idea of the love of God, thirst for souls, spirit of self-sacrifice, and other Christian virtues which were hidden under his strange and, to us, forbidding aspect.

Before he embarked for Africa he came over to our house to take leave of my parents and sisters. Silence being the rule of his life, he walked into the parlour, sat in stillness with the members of the family for twenty minutes, rose up, shook hands with each, and so departed without uttering a word.

I must here briefly mention a circumstance which produced on Anna and me an effect similar to a first term at college on the mind of an ardent student. It was her visit with our

mother to relatives and friends in Wales, an effect which was as vivid and lasting on me as if I had accompanied them. It happened in the late summer of 1813. From Birmingham the journey to Bristol was made in a stage-coach, where, after being closely packed in the inside with our mother's old friend, Evan Rees, two other Quakers, Thomas and Sarah Robinson, bound, like themselves, for Swansea, and a sixth passenger, they arrived, after a long day, at midnight. The intention had been to proceed immediately by packet; but owing to contrary winds, they were detained for three days in Bristol, our mother, Anna, and Evan Rees being entertained the while under the hospitable roof of the Gilpins. Charles Gilpin, afterwards the well-known M.P., was then a little boy just running alone in a white frock. Joseph Ford, an old Friend, who considered it his duty to act as cicerone to all strangers, members of the Society, visiting the ancient city, kindly conducted them to St. Mary's Redcliff, in memory of poor Chatterton; to the Exchange, Clifton —very unlike the Clifton of to-day; down to St. Vincent's rocks and the banks of the Avon, where they picked up Bristol diamonds, which Anna brought home with her.

At length they went on board, but the wind remaining due west, instead of reaching their destination in twenty-four hours, they were tossed about for three whole days and nights. Notwithstanding the attendant fatigue and discomfort, Anna saw and enjoyed the rising and setting of the sun at sea, the gulls and other marine birds, the moonlit nights, the phosphoric light on the vessel's track—all new and wonderful sights to a girl from the Midland Counties.

At Swansea they parted from their three Quaker companions, and a life of liberty began for Anna. At our relatives', the Sylvesters, there was no longer any restraint in talk and laughter. Our uncle was jovial, witty, and clever in general conversation. Our aunt, who was always well dressed, was affable, and set every one at ease. Charles, our frank, manly cousin, of eighteen, and his young sister, Mercy, were most cordial.

The first week was spent in receiving calls from our mother's former acquaintance and from those of our aunt, who came out of compliment or curiosity to see the Quakeress. Then followed the return calls. It was a bright, free, gay existence, and my

sister enjoyed it. The visit to our mother's intimate friend, Anna Price, then a widow, living no longer at Falmouth, but at Neath Abbey, with her six grown-up sons and daughters, left still more golden memories. There was in the polished circle a freedom of intercourse which was cheerful, even mirthful, tempered by the refinement of a high intellectual culture. Quakerism had never worn to Anna so fair an aspect.

Christiana, the second daughter, took the young, inexperienced guest into her especial charge, and when walking with her in the beautiful grounds, most tastefully laid out amongst fine monastic ruins by the eldest son, Joseph Tregelles Price (who was, I believe, several years later, the first to introduce steam-navigation between Swansea and Bristol), she answered all her timid questions, and even anticipated her desire for knowledge. Edwin Price, who died at the early age of twenty-three, often joined them in these walks, spoke on literature, and recommended for perusal Rollin's "Manner of Studying and Teaching the Belles Lettres," which was just then engaging the attention of himself and his brothers and sisters—all lovers of literature. The young Prices were admirers of Dante, Petrarch, and Spenser, of whose works Anna and I were ignorant. They later fell into our hands, and we devoured them eagerly.

Deborah, the eldest daughter, edited the *Cambrian*, a periodical that dealt with all subjects connected with the ancient history, legends, and poetry of Wales—the subjects, in fact, which later gave such value to Lady Charlotte Guest's "Mabinogion." She was engaged to Elijah Waring, a Friend of great erudition and fine taste, then visiting at Neath Abbey. They became the parents of, amongst other gifted children, Anna Letitia Waring, the authoress of—

> "Father, I know that all my life
> Is portioned out for me,"

and other beautiful and favourite hymns; a patient sufferer, content, without much serving, to "please perfectly," and though filling what she might call "a little space," having love and respect bestowed upon her in no common measure.

A visit of a week or ten days to our uncle, William Wood, at Cardiff, gave a bias to Anna's mind which she never lost. She acquired a permanent interest in parentage, inherited qualities and characteristics, and the teachings to be derived

therefrom, by listening to our Uncle William's genealogical conversations; for he was well versed in the family descent and traditions, spoke much of our ancestors, Woods, Brownriggs, Annesleys, and Esmondes, and gave our mother some of the ill-fated Irish halfpence. His copy of "Lavater's Physiognomic Fragments" introduced her to a new, somewhat cognate field of study. She imparted the taste to me. We hunted out Lavater's work, in the possession of an Uttoxeter acquaintance, and adopting the system, afterwards judged, rightly or wrongly, of every one's mind and temper by their external form.

Through this visit to Cardiff, Anna and I became first acquainted with the romance of King Arthur. She had been taken to Caerleon, and told there the grand old story of the hero's coronation at that ancient spot, of the knights who were his companions, and the institution of the Round Table. Our uncle, William Wood, seeing the interest which she felt in the legend, gave her a printed account. It must have been brought out by some Archæological Society, for it was a quarto, containing fifty pages or so of large print. Caerleon figured in it largely. We both became perfectly imbued with the glorious historic romance, which never lost its effect on either of us.

Whilst at Cardiff an excursion was made one beautiful September day to the village-like city of Llandaff. Divine service was being performed in the chancel of the ruined cathedral. The cloisters and graveyard were fragrant with the scent of thyme, sweet marjoram, southernwood, and stocks; here and there bloomed monthly roses, the first Anna had ever seen growing in the open air.

The Quaker mother and daughter travelled home by coach through Newport by Tintern, catching a delightful glimpse of the beautiful scenery of the Wye. From Monmouth to Gloucester they had for fellow-passenger a clergyman of the Church of England. He spoke with our mother of the country, the war with Napoleon, and finally of religion. She, full of intelligence and earlier acquainted with much good society and fine scenery, surprised him by her replies. He asked how she knew so much. She answered, in a slightly aggrieved tone, "By conviction and observation." After a pause he said apologetically, "I thought the Society of Friends was too secluded and taciturn a people to interest themselves in worldly matters."

The episode resembled the stage-coach journey of the Widow Placid and her daughter Rachel in the "Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life," a religious novelette of that day.

I must now return to the time when our school-life was supposed to be over, and our education perfected. Our father, however, was greatly dissatisfied with our attainments. Our spelling especially was found defective; and though Anna, at Croydon, when failing to spell "soldier" correctly, had the spelling-book thrown in her face by the choleric Anna Woolley, yet it was I who offended most in this way at home. Thomas Goodall, the master of the only boys' school in the town, was engaged to teach us spelling, Latin, the globes, and indeed whatever else he could impart. He was a man of some learning, who in early life, when residing in London, had been brutally attacked in some lonely street or passage by a lawless band of ruffians, the Mohocks. His face still bore the marks of their violence, being scarred with deep wounds, as if made with daggers and knives.

Death having deprived us of this teacher, a young man-Friend of good birth and education was next employed to lead us into the higher branches of mathematics. He made himself, however, so objectionable to us by his personal attentions, that we very soon refused his instructions. Although we never revealed the reason, our father, perhaps surmising it, allowed us to have our own way, and being earnest students, we henceforth became our own educators.

We retained and perfected our rudimentary knowledge by instructing others. Our father fitted up a schoolroom for us in the stable-loft, where twice a week we were allowed to teach poor children. In this room, also, we instructed our dear little sister and brother. I had charge of Emma, and Anna of Charles. Our father, in his beautiful handwriting, set them copies, texts of Scripture, such as he no doubt had found of a consolatory character. On one occasion, however, I set the copies, and well remember the tribulation I experienced in consequence. I always warred in my mind against the enforced gloom of our home, and having for my private reading at that time Young's "Night Thoughts," came upon what seemed to me the very spirit of true religion, a cheerful heart gathering

up the joyfulness of surrounding nature; on which the poet says—

"'Tis impious in a good man to be sad."

How I rejoiced in this!—and thinking it a great fact which ought to be trumpeted abroad, wrote it down in my best hand as a copy. It fell under our father's eye, and sorely grieved he was at such a sentiment, and extremely angry with me as its promulgator.

When the summer days were fine and the evenings warm, we carried the school-benches into the garden, and thus did our teaching in the open air, on the grass plat, with borders of flowers and trees round us.

We were very busy girls, and had not through the day an idle moment. Our mother required us to be expert in all household matters, and we ourselves took a pride in the internal management being nicely ordered. Our home possessed a charm, a sense of repose, which we felt, but could not at the time define. It was caused by our father's correct, purified taste, that had led him to select oak for the furniture, quiet colours and small patterns for the low rooms. The houses of our neighbours displayed painted wood, flaming colours, and large designs on the floors and walls.

I feel a sort of tender pity for Anna and myself when I remember how we were always seeking and struggling after the beautiful, and after artistic production, though we knew nothing of art. I am thankful that we made no alum-baskets or hideous abortions of the kind. What we did was from the innate yearnings of our own souls for perfection in form and colour; and our accomplished work, though crude and poor, was the genuine outcome of our own individuality. Before speaking of some of these efforts I must mention a style of ornamentation which influenced our minds as the A. B. C. book of classic form and beauty. I refer to the paste or plaster decorations of mantelpieces which were made in Uttoxeter, although the taste for them had decreased. They were round or oval medallions let into wooden mantelpieces, which were mostly painted white; there were also border ornamentations, the design often floating nymphs bound together by chaplets of flowers, festooned from point to point with lovely medallions

and trophies. These elegant designs were perfectly classic, exactly in the style of Flaxman and Wedgwood.

Kindred to these chimney-piece decorations was the Wedgwood ware. The black Wedgwood inkstands and teapots, with their basket-ware surfaces, were in almost every house. The delicate blue vases and jugs, with their graceful classical figures, were less common. These we greatly admired, and borrowing one now and then from some friendly acquaintance, made in a very humble way a *replica* of the figures. To do this we took the thickest and finest writing-paper we could obtain, and laid it in boiling water, so that it became a pulp. Pressing the water out of it, we applied the soft paste-like paper carefully over the design, and leaving it to dry, we obtained a clean, fair copy of the admired group or figure; often extremely perfect, and which, being cut round or oval, made a sort of medallion. Of these we formed a considerable collection, which caused us great pleasure.

Again, we very successfully etched landscapes, flowers, and figures on pieces of glass. Although we could make no use of them, they might very well have furnished panes for a casement. We also made transparencies simply by different thicknesses of cap-paper. The best that I remember was after an engraving of Tintern Abbey.

In the summer of 1815 came the news of the battle of Waterloo, and with it terminated the long war with France, a time of conflict that had cast slant shadows over our childhood.

The great adversary of England was not spoken of as Buonaparte, but Napoleon, and many religious persons, our father probably amongst the rest, thought that he was the Apollyon, the man of sin, whose coming foretold the speedy approach of the Last Judgment. Our father restricted himself to reading one weekly newspaper, and did not communicate the contents to us children, and yet from our infancy upwards we were aware of the terrible war which became year by year more awful and menacing. News of bloody battles, ending in glorious victories, set the church bells ringing, and the tidings penetrated our house. Fast-days were proclaimed every now and then, but never being observed by our parents, remained unintelligible to us, and became associated in my mind with our neighbour,

Stephen Chester, the Baptist minister, and the people who attended his meeting-house, as we termed his chapel.

The chamber formerly occupied by our grandfather, but now empty, adjoined our playroom. The window looked into the street, and from it we eagerly watched the town lads playing at soldiers, and even young recruits being exercised before our house. The very air was full of soldierly, military excitement, and terror. An excellent woman once nursed our mother in an illness, whose husband was an English prisoner in France, and now and then she received a letter from him, smuggled out of the country, and arriving long after date. She dwelt in Uttoxeter, and the advent of such a letter quite entranced us.

Our parents took little drives in the pleasant summer evenings, mostly one of us children going with them. They talked together of the war, of fearful battles, the increasing price of food, the distress of the poor, the increase of the army, of the jails being filled with young men-Friends who were resolutely determined not to serve in the army. The hatred and bitterness against the French that rose up in our young hearts I cannot describe. We were frightened out of our wits at the prospect of an invasion; but I remember consoling myself with the thought, when driving through Lord Vernon's park at Sudbury, that at all events those frog-eating French would marvel at such magnificent trees, because they could have nothing like them in their miserable France.

For years I was thus the prey of a terrible anxiety, until at sixteen this incubus ceased, and I began to breathe freely and to take an interest in a new and prominent feature in the religious world.

It must have been in 1815 that our Uttoxeter Bible Society became a branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which had been established in 1804. To constitute it as such, the Rev. J. Owen and the Rev. C. Steinkopff, two of the secretaries and founders, came to Uttoxeter and dined at our house with Mr. Cooper, the clergyman of Hanbury, and an Independent minister of Tutbury, who had compiled an "Epitome of the History of the Christian Church." The Friend, William Masters, who accompanied the two latter guests, repeated some lines that had passed between the Dissenter and the Churchman on the road, when seeing a windmill and a church.

The Independent :—

> "Yon turning mill and towering steeple
> Proclaim proud priest and fickle people."

To which the Episcopalian replied :—

> "Yon busy mill and lofty steeple
> Provide with grace and food the people."

This was after some ready and witty remarks between the two ministers at table concerning immersion and sprinkling.

A public Bible meeting was held in the Red Lion, with Lord Waterpark in the chair ; and Anna and I were greatly puzzled what attitude to assume when prayer was offered and the doxology sung. Large circulars were distributed through the town, headed either with the royal arms or a portrait of George the Third, and below was printed his Majesty's desire that every child in his kingdom should read the Bible.

Our father was a most zealous and steady supporter of the Bible Society. This and other benevolent institutions brought him in contact with pious and excellent individuals of various religious denominations, amongst whom he ever behaved as a most strict and consistent Friend. He never spoke of a chapel any more than of a church—a word which he had a scruple in using excepting in its highest spiritual sense. He never, however, like some ancient Quaker worthies, called it "the steeple-house" or "daw-house," but would say the "parish meeting-house," or in a half deprecative tone, "the church so called."

The Methodists just about this time established themselves in the town, and had built a large and what was then thought a handsome chapel. Celebrated and eloquent ministers preached occasionally from its pulpit ; and the Methodists altogether made an impression in the town, more especially as they began to count every now and then some important conversion among the townsfolk.

They had first appeared in the neighbourhood in our grandfather's days, and this through a respectable family of the name of Sadler, dwelling at the old Hall in the near-lying village of Doveridge. These Sadlers were most earnest in the new faith ; and a son named Michael Thomas, not then twenty, a youth of great eloquence and talent, preached sermons, and was stoned for it. Sir Richard Cavendish and the clergyman of

Doveridge countenanced their farm-servants and some rough fellows who pelted both the boy-preacher and his listeners, which caused Michael Thomas Sadler to write a stinging pamphlet that was widely circulated. It shamed his persecutors, and almost, I think, wrung an apology from them. The ardent young man went to Leeds, which he represented later in Parliament. On one of his visits to Doveridge he came to Uttoxeter and called on my father, who greatly respected him. His gentlemanly bearing, handsome dress, intelligent face, and pleasant voice we thought most unlike the usual Uttoxeter type.

John Wesley was not equal, in our parents' opinion, to George Fox; yet his followers formed a worthy Christian body, and were less offensive than the state Church, from their demanding neither tithes nor rates.

A new mortification and trouble had in the meanwhile come into our lives, with the wearing of caps and muslin neckerchiefs. The fashionable young Friend's cap had a large crown, which stood apart in an airy balloon-shape above the little head, with its turned-up hair, which was seen within it, like a bird in a cage. This was a grievous offence in our father's eyes; our caps were accordingly small and close-fitting to the crown, which gave them to our undisciplined minds the character of a nightcap. Dresses in those days were cut low on the bust, and the muslin kerchief we were expected to wear, not being shaped to the form, required much pinning and folding. Anna having pretty, sloping shoulders, could wear her kerchief much more easily than I mine, which tore with the pinning, and looked angular in spite of all my pains.

In the autumn of 1815 or 1816 our parents went for a tour in North Wales. We greatly enjoyed their absence. The weather was stormy, and I remember our taking off our caps and running in the garden with our hair flying, and a sense of delicious freedom came to us as the wild wind lifted our hair. The few leaves that were left on the apple-trees were sere and blown about with every blast, and a few frost-touched apples still hung on the boughs.

Susanna Frith, a young Friend, who was considerably older than ourselves, and possessed independent means, much general knowledge, and refined manners, was now residing with our

widowed aunt Summerland, also her near relative. Sympathising with us in our insatiable love of reading, she came constantly to see us during our parents' absence, and read to us some manuscript poetry of a pastoral character, which, as it described the declining autumn, we greatly liked. Two lines alone remain with me:—

> "In this sick season at the close of day,
> On Lydia's lap pale Colinetta lay."

We had a feminine love of dress, to which we gave vent in a very innocent manner. We could not make pretty, fashionable gowns for ourselves, as we should have liked; for we had only one style cut from a permanent paper pattern. Our friend, Miss Martha Astle, however, although poor, might wear a dress in the height of fashion, and being no needlewoman herself, whilst sewing was to us second nature, we made two summer gowns for her in the privacy of our own chamber. We could not wear muslin collars, but we indulged ourselves by drawing pretty patterns and embroidering them for Martha. Once she went to the subscription ball, and what interest we took in her attire!—a white muslin and green satin bodice, which we thought elegance itself.

Oh! those balls given at the White Hart, the chief inn of the town; what a trial they were to me! I confess to a jealous feeling of repining that we likewise, beautifully dressed, could not be conveyed in the one post-chaise of the town, which I heard rapidly careering from house to house, bearing the ladies to the ball, and have thus our share in the general enjoyment. The wife of Squire Hodgson lent her private sedan-chair to her intimate female friends; but to that honour I did not aspire.

We took Martha Astle with us on our botanical rambles, for we pursued the study of botany with the most ardent undeviating industry. She had no taste for it, but liked our company.

We had been on terms of civility with the Astles from our infancy. Martha was about our own age, and dwelt with her mother, Jane Astle, as we called her, in lodgings. There was also the husband, Captain Astle, who lived alone with the son Edmund in another part of the town. "Daniel Astle," in

Friends' parlance, was one of the oddities of the locality; yet he was a very clever man, had been an acquaintance of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and was the artist of the sketch of the great lexicographer and himself inserted in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," edited by Hazlitt. Captain Astle, although trained for the Church, had entered the army and served in America, but was said by my parents, and every one else in Uttoxeter, to have run away at Bunker's Hill and hidden in a pig-sty. The very street-boys would shout at him, "Bunker's Hill, Bunker's Hill; run, the cannon-balls are coming." This made him very irate. He had on his return to England entered the Church, and though generally called Captain Astle, was the incumbent of Bromshall. He never could read the lesson from the Old Testament if it referred to the pathetic history of Joseph and his brethren, the clerk performing that duty in his stead.

Although our parents had usually next to no acquaintance with the vicar of Uttoxeter, yet an exception was made in the case of the Rev. Jonathan Stubbs, from his joining our father in the attempt to suppress bull-baiting, one of the most popular amusements of the wakes. He was a good and learned man, who met with his death about 1812 in consequence of being thrown out of his gig. The grief of his parishioners was great, that of our parents no less sincere. My mother felt drawn, in tender sympathy, to call on his afflicted widow, and took me with her. When we were ushered into the room where Mrs. Stubbs and her only child, little Jonathan, sat sorrowfully side by side, and I found myself for the first time in the company of a widow in weeds, it was to me a most solemn occasion. What my mother said I know not, but she and the widow wept together, and were ever after friends. And when our eager, persistent system of self-education had begun, when we borrowed books wherever we could, and spent many hours every day and late into the night reading, Anna and I found Mrs. Stubbs of the greatest assistance. She lived near us, and retained her husband's library of the classics, the best English and foreign divines, and standard works on history and topography. They were all beautifully arranged, "ready," as she said, "for Jonathan, who was to be educated to walk in his father's footsteps. In the meantime the books were at our

service, with one proviso, every volume taken out must be restored to its place."

I can never sufficiently return thanks for the unrestricted range of that scholar's library, which not only provided us with the best books to read, but made us aware of the beauty of choice editions—Tonson's "Faerie Queen" and other important works, handsomely bound in quarto and embellished with fine plates, at which we were never tired of gazing, some of the landscapes remaining in my memory still. Nor have I ever forgotten Piranesi's magnificent engravings of Rome, brought from that city by the Evanses of Derby, and lent by them to their friend Mrs. Stubbs.

Our father having been induced again to speculate, had done so, fortunately for us, in partnership with Mr. Bell, the banker, with whose two charming daughters, considerably older than ourselves, we were permitted to be intimate. We loved Mary Bell for her brightness and amiability, and we admired Dorothy more particularly for the delicate beauty of her features. Intercourse with these superior and intelligent young women and their parents was doubly an advantage and a comfort to us, from our peculiarities as Friends never making any difference with them, whilst they treated our craving for knowledge, our love of flowers and all that was beautiful, as a matter of course. They resided in a fine old house, where the Duke of Cumberland had been lodged and entertained on his way to Culloden. The bed he had slept in remained in the tapestried chamber he had occupied. From the shelves of the handsome well-furnished library Mary lent us the first novel we ever read, "Agatha; or, The Nun," written by her cousin, Miss Rolleston. Possessing the current literature of the day, the Misses Bell supplied us with Scott's metrical romances and Byron's poems.

It was from their maternal uncle, Mr. Humphrey Pipe, if I mistake not, that we borrowed Dugdale's "Monasticon" and Camden's "Britannia." These heavy volumes could not be hidden away, like many borrowed books, in our pockets, and thus being seen by our mother, afforded her the same intense pleasure as ourselves, she spending many hours, I believe, in conning their pages and in studying the grand illustrations of the "Monasticon."

Our associate, Susanna Frith, lent us "Elizabeth Smith's Life and Letters," with a few similar works. She was a distant relative of the Howitts of Heanor, and told us much of the sons, especially of William, who possessed remarkable talent and great learning.

In the winter of 1815—16 our cousin, Martha Shipley, was married to our cousin, John Ellis, of Beaumont Leys, near Leicester They likewise were related, but not so closely as to make the union objectionable to our Society. Before the wedding an unusual event occurred, inasmuch as Anna and I spent a couple of days with the bride-elect. During the visit, launching forth into our favourite topic, poetry, she in response took us into her bedroom, and producing out of a drawer from between her shawls a small volume, read to us the "Hermit of Warkworth." Fascinated by the delightful ballad, we likewise procured it, but not without difficulty, and what appeared to us a great outlay.

The Ellises, like the Shipleys, had never been on very intimate terms with our family, from the elder members having imbibed the old prejudice against our mother as proud. A better understanding was now brought about. In the early autumn of 1817 Anna and I paid a delightful visit to our warm-hearted cousin, Rebecca Burgess, at Grooby Lodge.

Going on First-day to meeting in Leicester, we thus saw and were seen by the family at Beaumont Leys. They invited us to their house, and the visit extended for weeks. Cousin Martha had died the preceding January in giving birth to a little son. The widower's mother, a quiet, consistent Friend, kept his house. His sister, Anne, a very agreeable young woman, devoted herself to the motherless baby, Edward Shipley Ellis, who, like his father, became in after years so prominently connected with railways.

Cousin John Ellis and his intimate companion, a handsome young man from the north, named Daniel Harrison, who was to him as a brother, were, to our agreeable surprise, truly intellectual. We became in consequence extremely communicative, and many times since have I hoped that we girls did not make ourselves absurd by our display of knowledge. We were deep in history at the time, and soon perceived that in many branches of the vast subject we were better read than they. Our cousin

John delighted in the acquisition of every kind of knowledge. Daniel Harrison was especially fond of eloquence. He carried in his pocket a little book, "The Constellation," out of which he enjoyed reading aloud fine passages. He was somewhat troubled with religious doubts, warred desperately against the eternity of punishment, and induced us to study Scarlett's "Translation of the New Testament," in which "age-lasting" is put for "everlasting." It was a work that met with our father's disapproval.

Amongst the many subjects on which Anna and I expressed ourselves very fully at Beaumont Leys was our low estimation of the endowments and culture of ordinary young men-Friends, amongst whom we had, be it said, would-be suitors. Anne Ellis declared us mistaken, and mentioned some shining lights. "There was," she said, "the young Irishman, Thomas Knott, whose speech at a Bible-meeting at Southampton had been printed and greatly admired. There was David Drape; but neither of them equalled William Howitt. She had made his acquaintance at an excursion of young Friends to Kenilworth, after Warwick Quarterly Meeting. He was more than a scholar—a born genius, and most agreeable."

Her brother and his friend made merry at her eulogy of William Howitt. We had, however, received a similar testimony from Susanna Frith, and took her part.

The news of the death of the Princess Charlotte at Claremont, on November 6, wrung the heart of all England. It was like a thunder-clap at Beaumont Leys, where the young wife had met with the same death ten months earlier. Our cousin John, who for the last few weeks had astonished every one by his cheerfulness, bowed under the public sorrow as if it had been his private grief. A gloom fell over the household. Cousin Anne, Daniel Harrison, Anna, and I heard the funeral sermon delivered on the occasion by the celebrated preacher and writer, the Rev. Robert Hall, then pastor of the Baptist congregation at Leicester. It was the first time I had attended other public worship than that of Friends.

Again it was autumn, twelve months after our Leicester visits, when William Howitt came to Uttoxeter to see his cousin, Susanna Frith. We were delighted to accept her invitation to meet him.

He addressed us with great cordiality, and spoke in gratifying terms of his desire to make our acquaintance, having learnt much of our tastes and pursuits from his cousin.

Botany was the first intellectual topic on which Anna and I ventured to open the treasures of our knowledge to our new acquaintance. It was in a walk which he took with his cousin and us that same afternoon. Crossing pleasant pastures, where we had gathered in the spring the meadow fritillary, a peculiar and beautiful flower, which this accomplished botanist told us he himself had never found, we went by the banks of the sweet, placid Dove to the old mill, where all around was peaceful and picturesque. It is nearly sixty-seven years since that walk, which comes back to me with such fresh, fragrant memories as I write. Thanks be to the blessed Lord, the great Botanist, for the simple, natural tastes which He had given me! It was the first link in the golden chain of His providence which united my life with that of one of the best and purest of men.

Before the close of the year I became the affianced bride of William Howitt. He was six-and-twenty, and I nineteen. My father, although he never allowed his emotions, or even his affections, to evince themselves, to our surprise, almost laughed when the important matter was settled, hiding his pleasure by the remark, "It was all in the usual order! The young women of Uttoxeter Meeting were always sought in marriage, those of Leek but seldom."

The tastes of my future husband and my own were strongly similar, so also our mental culture; but he was in every direction so far in advance of me as to become my teacher and guide. Knowledge in the broadest sense was the aim of our intellectual efforts; poetry and nature were the paths that led to it. Of ballad poetry I was already enamoured. William made us acquainted with the realistic life-pictures of Crabbe; the bits of nature, life, and poetry in the vignettes of Bewick; with the earliest works of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley; the first marvellous prose productions of the author of "Waverley," the *Edinburgh Review*, and other works of power and influence. I say us, because Anna was, as it were, the very double of myself, and shared in every advantage that came to me.

We had always enjoyed walking, but girls alone cannot tramp the country as boys and men can. With William as a

most delightful and efficient companion, we could enjoy to the full the Arcadian scenery that surrounded us. We took him to our favourite Alton Towers, that wonderful region of beauty and romance, which was growing up year after year under the Earl of Shrewsbury's taste and religious ardour; to the secluded ruins of Croxden Abbey; to the airy heights of the Weaver Hills; to the ancient lordly oaks and birches of Bagot Woods; to the still more hoary fragment of nature's antiquity, Chartley Moss; to Tutbury and Sudbury.

It was a happy time, yet accompanied by some little clouds and rufflings of the smooth current of daily life, which must always be the case when strong characters are brought into juxtaposition.

Opposition to my father was never thought of by his family, which consisted entirely of submissive women, with the exception of his young son, who, strange as it may seem, had his will in all things, and would, seated on the hearth-rug, laugh and talk all sorts of boyish nonsense unreproved.

William's family, on the contrary, consisted of but one female, the mother; whilst the father and his six sons, who were not of a rigid type of Friends, talked freely, laughed loudly, and maintained their own opinions, each differing more or less from the rest. His character was fortunately aimable, unselfish, but full of strong individuality, originality, and dislike to all coercion. This caused him to examine and discuss every subject with a freedom of thought and expression that surprised Anna and me.

I recall one First-day evening in the early days of our courtship—one of those long silent First-day evenings when we sat with our books round the table; my mother looking weary, as if she wanted her knitting, an occupation which beguiled many dull hours on a week-day. My father was seated apart in his arm-chair, with a candle on the mantelpiece shedding its light on the pages that he was perusing in "John Woolman" or "Madame Guyon."

It was in such a scene that I was shocked and startled by William suddenly bursting out with, "Mary, what is thy opinion of the Godhead of Christ?"

I knew not what to say. I had, in fact, never thought of it. My mother looked up with a kind of quiet astonishment. My

father closed his book, and remarked with solemn gravity of tone, "We have nothing to do with such subjects, William."

Had the latter attempted to argue the point, it would have been felt a profanation—a touching of holy things with unclean hands. Religious discussion was never heard in our family, where the aim, as I have said, was to preserve the soul in passivity for the divine inward revelation, which was not to be subjected to the natural reason of man.

On the 16th of Fourth Month, 1821, we were married, I wearing my first silk gown—a very pretty dove-colour—with bonnet of the same material, and a soft white silk shawl. Shawls were greatly in vogue, especially amongst Friends, and my attire was thought very appropriate and becoming. For a wedding-tour my husband took me to every spot of beauty or old tradition in his native county—romantic, picturesque Derbyshire.

CHAPTER IV.

MY HUSBAND'S NARRATIVE.

1792—1821.

I WILL now impart to the reader some characteristic traits and incidents which my husband wrote down of his family and his youth, as they form a fitting prelude to the history of our married life. He tells us:—

The Hewets dwelt in the reign of Henry the Eighth on their estate of Killamarsh, which was situated three miles from Eckington and ten from Chesterfield. Of the two sons, William, the eldest, went up to London, became an opulent mercer, and dwelt at his shop on London Bridge. In 1547 the nursemaid of his only child, Anne, when playing with the infant at an open window, accidentally dropped her from her arms into the Thames, flowing sixty feet below; but the prentice-lad, Edward Osborne, leaping instantly into the river brought the child safe to land. She grew up, and was given, with large estates purchased by her father, then Sir William Hewet, in marriage to her preserver. Osborne was knighted in 1582, when Lord Mayor, and became, with his wife Anne Hewet, the progenitors of the ducal house of Leeds. Sir William Hewet, likewise Lord Mayor of London, whose name still survives in his munificent charities, shines forth the one bright example of prudence, industry, and benevolence; for the descendants of his brother were, from generation to generation, a rude, jolly carousing lot. The property of Killamarsh passed to the Osbornes; whilst the junior branch of Hewet, from whom I am descended, obtained through marriage Wansley Hall, Nottinghamshire, and other estates. When dwelling at Wansley, the family changed the name from Hewet to Howitt.

My great-great-grandfather, Thomas Howitt, married, in 1680, Catharine Charlton, only child and presumptive heiress of Thomas Charlton, of Chilwell, Esq. Chilwell is a village a few miles from Nottingham, on the Derby road, and the

Charltons had possessed property there for generations. Thomas Howitt, then of Eastwood, Wansley Hall being already sold, so disgusted his father-in-law by his drunken, rollicking life, that Mr. Charlton told his daughter, if she would consent to leave her husband he would settle the estate upon her and her children. The daughter refused to part from her husband, worthless as he was; and the old squire, cutting her off with a shilling, adopted Mr. Nicholas Charlton, a barrister, whose name he had seen in a trial case, and left him his property. The prodigal, thus suddenly ousted, did not seem to resent the intrusion of the stranger in his place, for my father used to relate that the disinherited man frequented the house of the new proprietor at Chilwell.

The Charltons still flourish at Chilwell. The present squire, Thomas Charlton, married a daughter of the late Mr. Walter, proprietor of the *Times*. I well remember not only his father, William Charlton, a captain in the Nottinghamshire militia and county magistrate, but his grandfather, a colonel in the same regiment. This Colonel Charlton came frequently to our house, my father being the manager of a colliery at Heanor, the joint property of Colonel Charlton and of Edward Miller Mundy Esq., of Shipley Hall, about a mile from Heanor, the moiety of Mr. Mundy being leased to Colonel Charlton. He was a well-bred county gentleman, easy and unaffected in his manners, and, according to my conceptions as a mere boy, extremely well informed. He would get me to read the newspaper to him, correcting my pronunciation of proper names, which I uttered as they were spelled; "Strachan," for instance, which I did not give, as customary, "*Strawn*," but as if spelled "Stratchan." He also strongly recommended me to read the works of Pope, whose poetry, he asserted, was by far the most perfect in the English language. To my father, "Tom," as he always familiarly called him, he was uniformly kind and even generous, and always anxious "to make some reparation for the injury inflicted," he said, "on you by *your* ancestor, not mine."

The Howitts had continued by their jollifications to dissipate their property, and the broad lands had fallen away piecemeal. Younger sons had been rectors of Eastwood. They were hunting, feasting parsons, persecutors of Quakers and other religious vermin. In its turn Eastwood was sold, and the

Howitts, reduced by the extravagance of their roystering forefathers, possessed hardly more than the roof over their heads.

A spirit of thrift, economy, and sobriety came into the race with my father, Thomas Howitt; and it was a maxim with him, that "a man who gives his children habits of truth, industry, and frugality provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money." In 1783, when twenty years of age, he was received into the Society of Friends at Codnor Breach Meeting, in the county of Derby. Three years later he married, at the same meeting-house, Phebe Tantum, only daughter of Francis and Elizabeth Tantum, of The Fall, Heanor.

The family bearing the singular name of Tantum, the Latin for "only," is the *only* family that I ever heard of possessing that cognomen. The first we know of is Francis, born in 1515, and dwelling in Loscoe, a neighbouring village to Heanor. The Tantums were amongst the first to embrace Quakerism, and that probably directly from George Fox, who came preaching thereabouts in the days of the Commonwealth.

They resided for upwards of two hundred years at The Fall, cultivating their own land. The estate which had derived its name from the steep descent from the village, had considerably diminished in course of time, and when my grandfather had it, was reduced to a mile in length.

At the period to which my memory runs back, my grandfather Tantum must have been near the close of his life. I was only in my third year when he died; yet I have a vivid recollection of him as a man of middle stature, but of substantial build, dressed in a dark Quaker suit and broad hat, and with gentle, kindly manners.

From my mother's account of his character, he was decidedly of an intellectual turn and poetical taste; and I have no doubt that my brother Richard's literary idiosyncrasy, as well as my own, were derived from him. He occasionally wrote verses, but they were rather satirical squibs on the follies of some of his neighbours than any more ambitious attempts. His love of the best English writers was intense, and furnished him with the greatest enjoyment of his life. Addison's "Spectator" was an immense favourite with him, and I still possess his copy. He was very fond of Shakespeare; of all writers, however, Milton was his admiration.

About The Fall, which was an old grange, there were always dogs and guns, for shooting and coursing appeared from time immemorial to have been pursued with much gusto by the Tantums; and my mother's only surviving brother, Richard, was in my boyhood the great sportsman.

I and my three older brothers (Tantum, my parents' first child, died in his fourth year) were born in the same parish, at Heanor Wood, the house of our paternal grand-parents; my three younger brothers at the house my father bought, with about thirty acres of land, in Heanor.

HOME OF WILLIAM HOWITT AT HEANOR.

This village of Heanor, the scene of my childhood, boyhood, and youth, is photographed, with every house, field, wood, common, footpath, and dell, with the most absolute and familiar distinctness, on my memory. It is, in reality, dreadfully metamorphosed by the increase of population and the dismal devastation of smoky collieries. My memory only commences at the house my father purchased. It was a rambling old place. The portion of it looking up the sloping village street was much more recent than the half overlooking the garden and

country. The view on the garden side was very airy and pleasant. It included the ample vale of the Erewash, with Eastwood, formerly the abode of our family, and its church lying opposite on the hillside at two miles' distance.

My paternal grandfather, William Howitt, died on November 6, 1799, when I was nearly seven years of age. I remember my father coming in greatly distressed, having just witnessed his decease. He sat down on announcing the event to my mother and gave way to a paroxysm of tears. I was much affected by the scene; and certainly moved by some influence beyond my childish mind, I went quietly away into a distant room, got a chair, and reached up to a bookcase containing a large Family Bible. I took it down and carried it, as a considerable load for me, into the room where my father was sitting sunk in his grief. The book seemed to open almost of itself, and I began to read the first words that caught my eye. They were in the 14th chapter of St. John: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." I was carrying the book away, when my father stopped me, took and opened it, and read the verses in evident astonishment. He then said, "I was not aware there were such words." He dried his tears and seemed wonderfully comforted.

My mother was one of the most truly pious and affectionate women that ever lived. Wherever there was distress her immediate desire was to relieve it. At home the love of her children was ever lively, ever on the watch for their welfare and comfort. Amongst the poor she was a general mother. In all their troubles and sicknesses, night or day, she was the first person who came into their thoughts and for whom they sent. Very little ghostly comfort was to be derived from the clergyman, and till the Methodists got a strong footing in the parish, she was the only person to whom the villagers could have recourse on their beds of sickness or death. But no friend could they have on such occasions who could more sincerely strengthen and encourage them. She had the most fervent love of the Saviour, the most profound faith in Him and in His promise that whosoever came to Him He would in no wise cast out. She would read to them from the Gospel the most

beautiful instances of Christ's all-embracing regard for His people. The lost, the erring, the long-time denier and rejecter of Him, she showed them, were still welcome to Him. His pardon had no narrow limits, His love no scantiness; these were infinite, like all the Divine attributes; and the inimitable parable of the Prodigal Son showed that God was ever ready not only to forgive the most abundant sin, but to run to meet and welcome back the sinner, when he came home truly penitent. Great was the solace of her constant declaration that Christ said that He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.

The blessing she was in the long-benighted parish it is not easy to conceive. People of all sorts sent for her as freely, and without any idea of apology, as they would send for any minister or doctor whose duty it was to attend them. In the most winterly nights she would be called up to people taken ill, and often she had to go for a mile or more through the dark solitary fields, crossing the single plank of the brook, or wading deep through the miry lanes often in frost and snow, often in deluging and pelting rain, or roaring and whistling winds. Nothing could prevent her going. She would put on a thick cloak and hood and strong shoes, and with her maid-servant, Sally Wilton, equally muffled up and carrying a lantern, away they went.

But though my mother was firmly convinced that Jesus Christ was the certain and unchangeable Saviour of sinners, she was the last to attempt to salve over unhealed wounds. She was plain and uncompromising in her denunciations of the hardened impenitent. Many a combat she had with the wicked ones of the parish, and spoke thunder and lightning to them, which often made them tremble.

Boyhood in the country! Paradise of opening existence! Up to the age of ten this life was all my own, and I revelled in it. My mind and faculties were so far expanded as to be conscious of all the charms of rural life, and I took in its pleasure and attractions in unlimited draughts. These and succeeding years in the same scenes stamped on me for ever an indelible love of Nature and all her objects, and an intolerance of long abode in towns. Those early days and habits modelled the whole of my existence, and exerted an

indomitable influence on my fortunes. With that charming country all around me, I was as Adam in Eden. All within that horizon had an attraction for me. I knew of no other world, and therefore cared for nothing beyond.

I was allowed to range about very much at my own will, in a manner at which I am now astonished. I wandered far and wide, through fields, woods, and by streams, without any care or fear. I have no recollection of any of my brothers being my companions in these rambles ; some of the village boys often attended me, bearing the familiar names of Chicky Pig, Tom

ACKWORTH SCHOOL.

Spink, Ned Newton, and so forth. They were always under my command, and each daring feat was left to me, such as climbing the loftiest trees, scaling high walls and the precipitous sides of stone-quarries after birds' nests. My grey pony, Peter Scroggins, and my white terrier, Pry, made a large figure in my life. Peter I rode far and wide, and Pry was always my attendant. I was finally sent to the great Quaker school at Ackworth, near Pontefract, in Yorkshire. Though the boys and girls occupied the opposite sides of the main building, and had their schools in the opposite wings, during play-hours brothers, sisters, and cousins were allowed to walk together on the central pavement; and it was generally

understood the bonds of relationship were pretty widely extended on this common walk. The boys had gardens below their wing, and a playground also behind, surrounded by a wide colonnade, where they could resort in wet weather, and where on a bench were ranged the boxes containing their books and play-things. There was also a little field behind the main building, to which the boys, and I suppose the girls, were occasionally admitted for variety, but on different days. Thus, though the children were not allowed to go out of bounds, except once a month, for a long country walk, or for a half-day's play on the common, they had abundance of room for exercise and amusement. Parties of boys, too, were drafted off to work in the gardens in summer, gathering peas, weeding, and the like. Others were selected to work on the farm. These were boys who were from the country, and knew something of agricultural labour. I was often one of these detachments, the farmer, Samuel Goodwin, having been at my father's, and knowing my liking for such employments. In fact, the days thus spent out in the fields were to me the most delightful of holidays.

The establishment had been originally a foundling hospital, but not having answered, it had been bought by Friends as a school for a plain English education for all members of the Society. In fact, we got there a very excellent English education. We were well grounded in English orthography and grammar; for our superintendent, Dr. Binns, had published a spelling-book, and Lindley Murray, a member of the Society, a grammar. There was also a succession of reading-books, compiled by Lindley Murray, through which we went; but that was about all. At that time provision for teaching geography, history, or natural history was very defective, or rather was non-existent. There was no attempt to supplement arithmetic with mathematics or algebra. Neither Latin nor French was taught. This was a great loss to the children, and occasioned an awful waste of time. Since my Ackworth school-days, however, the plan of education has happily been much extended and improved. Long before I left I had learnt all that was then taught, and used to spend a great portion of my school-hours in reading any books that I could borrow; and these were all such as had undergone

a strict examination by the superintendent or committee of the masters; and it may be supposed what was the Quaker rigidity of this censorship when, long years afterwards, my "Book of the Seasons," being sent to one of the boys by his parents, it was taken away by the superintendent on the plea that it was "a worshipping of Nature."

Of the details of the life at this school, I have given a full and true account in my "Boy's Country Book," which is a real transcript of my youthful life. Of many of the most striking characters who then lived at Heanor and its neighbourhood, and impressed themselves on my imagination by their originality, independent humour, and oddities, I have also written in various places.

I was about three years and a quarter at Ackworth. In that period I acquired an intense love of reading, which always remained with me, and wrote poetry, such as it was; some stanzas on Spring being afterwards sent by my Tamworth master to the *Monthly Magazine*, the same journal in which Lord Byron's first production appeared. This juvenile effort of mine was given with my name and as written at the age of thirteen. Somebody afterwards showed it me, to my great surprise.

On returning from Ackworth I remained a short time at home, resuming all my rural amusements and employments with undiminished zest. I extended my miscellaneous knowledge by the perusal of the translations of Homer, Virgil, and Horace, and of Fénelon's "Telemachus," of the "Spectator," and "Guardian," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Hudibras," an edition with woodcuts, which I found most amusing. I had, moreover, learnt the inhumanity of robbing birds'-nests, though I never lost the admiration of their beauty, and even now am fond of peeping into one and luxuriating on the loveliness of their construction and of their eggs. I was soon after, despatched to a Friends' private seminary at Tamworth.

The master, Joseph Hudson, was a very young man, scarcely older than some of his pupils. In his school were youths who would be called to engage in business of considerable extent, but I do not recollect any teaching likely to prepare them efficiently for such occupations. One thing, however, was taught, and which I most absurdly omitted to avail myself of,

and that was French. Monsieur Bruno Hamel, a French *émigré*, who kept a shop of sundries not far from the school, including a good assortment of walking-sticks, canes, and fishing-tackle, was the teacher, and was naturally anxious that I should join his class. But my father had put it to my option, and, like a young simpleton, I declined! I thought to myself, "I am an English country lad. I am not likely to go to France. I have no inclination to do so. Why should I learn the language?" My resolve was one that I have severely rued ever since.

For the rest, that twelve months at Tamworth remains in my memory as a most pleasant time. Our master, Joseph Hudson, if he was neither anxious nor qualified to carry on our education to any great height, was extremely desirous that we should enjoy ourselves, and have abundance of healthy action. Again the "Boy's Country Book" gives a perfect picture of our doings there—our long walks in the bowery lanes of the country round to distant villages and past old halls; our delicious bathings in the Anker and the Tame; our nut-gatherings; our visits with some of our schoolfellows, the Fowlers, to Alder Mills, cotton-mills and pleasant villas inhabited by the Fowler brothers, about a mile from the town; Gemgate and Briggate, and the old toffy-woman's shop opposite to the school, and my fishing from the bridge at the bottom of Briggate for perch amongst the broad leaves of the water-lilies. These are all living, delicious pictures, as it were, of a long-gone and other life; with wanderings on the slopes of the old castle, all set round with escutcheons of the Ferrers, Lords of Tamworth, from the simple horse-shoe, the sign of the original profession of the family, *ferrieri*, or smiths. But oh! that insane neglect of French; it lies like a black spot amid all the boyish pleasures of that epoch.

Between leaving Tamworth, when about fifteen, and going out 'prentice at seventeen, I returned to rural occupations at home. From my eldest brother Thomas, who was the principal manager on the farm, I had contracted a taste for shooting and angling. In the winter days we used to wade through the deep snows of the fields, with one gun betwixt us, after redwing or Norway thrushes, fieldfares, and now and then a hare or a partridge, which then were neither so numerous nor so rigidly watched over as now.

In our winter evenings we used to amuse ourselves with "fox-and-goose," draughts and dominoes. Cards were interdicted, and by Friends looked upon as devil's books. We also spent much time round the kitchen fire, where many a country tale was telling, in making beehives of straw, sewing the rounds of the straw together with split blackberry briars. We made mole-traps also, and wove nets for bird-and-fish catching. Books also we got, the "Spectator," in which Roger de Coverley, Will Wimble, and the wanton widow doing penance by riding backwards on a black ram were never tiring favourites. "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pilgrim's Progress" had many a reading, feasting our eyes on all their personages represented in the quaint wood-cuts; so, too, Philip Quarles' "Emblems." The "Eccentric Mirror," in several volumes, illustrated, in which all the odd characters of various countries figured, was an immense favourite.

But of all the books that ever fell into our hands, none had so bewitching an effect as Winterbottom's "History of the United States." It was a book that fired us up to a spirit of emigration, that, had we been as free to act as we were willing, would have carried us over to America, and turned us all into Republicans of the thoroughest grit. We were clamorous that our father should sell his property, take us over, and buy a "wide, wide world" of his own—Howitt County at least. In fact, had he taken our boyish advice, it would have been the wisest thing he ever did.

Fond of rural occupations, I never had the idea of becoming really a farmer. Indeed, I had no particular inclination for any profession. How few boys have! My father began now to say I must learn a trade. He had imbibed the notion of Rousseau, that every lad, whatever his position, should be set to learn a mechanical trade, so that, if everything else failed, he could always get his bread by the labour of his hands. An absurd idea, because it must take up a certain number of years just at the time that a boy should be learning the profession, to which, after all, he would have to devote himself; and because such proper professions, in nine cases out of ten, would be found amply sufficient to keep a man from absolute starvation. In short, the case is so plain that the sophisms of Rousseau have long fallen in this matter before common sense. Yet how

many men at that time suffered from them! I had once occasion to call on Mr. Davenport at Wotton Hall, Staffordshire, where Rousseau had found a home when in England, and on mentioning the name of Rousseau, Mr. Davenport said, "That is to me of all names the most odious, for I had the misfortune to be brought up on his principles by my father, who was a convert to his opinions."

I do not believe that my father ever read a line of Rousseau's, but he had adopted his opinions from hearing them discussed and applauded, probably in the Liberal newspapers, but more probably by Colonel Charlton. Be it as it might, my father was bent on carrying out Rousseau's theory amongst his six sons. It was thought that the profession of an architect or builder would suit me. Heaven knows on what data or ideas of my particular fitness for such a profession this conclusion was arrived at. I had not the slightest fancy for such an occupation; I had not the slightest fitness for it. Calculation, so necessary for an architect, was my aversion. In fact, I had never seriously employed a thought on the future. All that I knew was, that I was very fond of the country and of books. Well, to be an architect, according to my father's notions, I must first be a carpenter. I might just as well have been a bricklayer or a smith; they are also mechanical trades, without which houses cannot be built; and I have no doubt that it was a mere chance that I did not commence life by wielding a trowel or a sledge-hammer. Rousseau would have approved any of the three.

My father was acquainted with a Friend at Mansfield, one Richard Hallam, who carried on the mixed business of builder, carpenter, and cabinet-maker. He had a great respect for him as a man who had come into the Society by convincement, according to the Quaker phrase; and it was arranged that I should go thither for four years, *i.e.*, till I was twenty-one. I made no resistance. I had not the slightest intention of following any such business, and I went to this *pro tempore* employment regardless of the awful waste of time that it was.

Mansfield was a quiet old town, which formerly lay in the heart of Sherwood Forest, the great haunt of Robin Hood and his merry men, and the extensive remains of the forest still

came up near it. It was a place that, by its agreeable memories and the spots and traditions connected with it, pleased my poetical imagination and rural tastes. I went, therefore, mechanically through my daily duties, and spent my leisure hours in early mornings, long summer evenings, and on Sundays, in rambling about and making myself acquainted with the local amenities of the neighbourhood and their historic memories. The forest, a vast waste of heather, undulating with hill and dale, scattered with spreading oaks, and enlivened with clear trout streams rippling away over bright sands—the whole region was sandy—amongst freshest grass and flowers; the larks carolling overhead, and the linnets of different kinds twittering and singing in the gorse and broom; with here and there a wood, such as Harlowe Wood, and a clear lake or dam, as that of Inkersole, abounding with wild fowl, made it an enchanted region to me, where I nursed my poetic feelings and left behind me the real world as completely as Robin Hood and Little John, Will Scarlet and Friar Tuck, had done there long before. Was there not Fountain Dale, where Friar Tuck and Robin Hood had their lusty encounter? Were there not ruins of a hermitage still, by the Rainworth Water? Was not Newstead Abbey, with the dawning fame of Byron already upon it, not more than five miles distant, in the very heart of the forest; and Annesley and Mary Chaworth just beyond?

On the road from Mansfield to Sutton-in-Ashfield, which was three miles distant, about half way was an old water-mill, celebrated as the scene of the ballad of the King and the Miller of Mansfield. The actual mill of the ballad had long disappeared, but this was also a very old mill standing exactly on the same site, at the head of a great dam, and which brought back to the mind the King riding up from the chase in Sherwood, where he had lost his attendants, and the many adventures with John, dubbed by the King Sir John, and with dame Cockle.

On another side of the town, at about a mile or a mile and a half's distance, was the village of Mansfield Woodhouse, its name sufficiently indicating that it had ages ago been simply a house in the woods of Sherwood Forest. The name of the place was familiar to me from George Fox, always one of my greatest heroes, having preached to the people from the churchyard, and having been thrown by the mob, instigated by the parson, over

the church wall on to the road, and severely injured. There was an old hall, once the property of the Digbys, with grand old gardens, having old-fashioned alleys, quince and medlar trees, and sundials, all things exciting my admiration. There were also, not far distant from the village, in the fields, the traces of a Roman villa. There were the foundations of walls, and remains of tessellated pavements in highly coloured patterns, retaining their original colour perfectly. No care, however, had been taken by the proprietor of the field, or the archæologists of the neighbourhood, to protect the remains, and the people who had visited it had very much destroyed the pavement by taking away some of the cubes.

When my twenty-first birthday arrived I had gained a good deal of skill in a profession acquired only to be abandoned. I received my indentures from my worthy master, accompanied by commendations and good wishes, took my way homeward over Sherwood Forest, and as I went, tore up the indentures and scattered them on the winds.

I had now a new profession to select and acquire, but I felt no urgent haste, and my father felt none. I suppose he thought he had discharged his duty towards me, and was content that for a while I should work on the farm. Four of us six brothers were at home; two were at school. Whole days from early morning I used to spend in angling. Izaak Walton was become one of my fanatically favourite authors, and thus angling and sauntering along the banks of streams amid the grass and flowers of spring and summer made my Elysium, as they made his.

During the seven years betwixt my return from Mansfield and my marriage, my whole time was not spent in rural labours and amusements. I was constantly studying and continuing my education. I devoted much time to the acquisition of French and Italian. Of course, as I had no instructor, my pronunciation must have been unique; but my object was chiefly to read the best works in these languages, and so far I succeeded very well. I read many French authors, and procured from Derby a pocket-set of the Italian classics, including Dante, Tasso, Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Guarini's "Pastor Fido."

I was at the same time an indefatigable student and experimenter in chemistry, botany, and the dispensation of medicine.

I also learnt Latin of an Independent minister at Ilkeston, the Rev. Joshua Shaw, who had been a fellow student of Dr. Pye Smith, Dr. Bennett, and other leading Independent ministers. He was a great advocate of the Bible Society, and had established a local branch. The circulation of the Bible was a thing that I thoroughly accorded in as a self-evident duty in a Christian nation. I began now regularly to attend and speak at Bible-meetings and committees, the benefit of which, as training for public speaking, I felt at an after period.

Mansfield still remained one of my most pleasant resorts. I used to enjoy my rides by Annesley and over Sherwood Forest thither. On one of these occasions, returning home, and about a mile from Newstead, I saw a young gentleman approaching, leading his horse. Looking attentively at him, I observed that he limped on one foot, and it instantly occurred to me—Lord Byron! As he came up I took a close survey of him, and saw that it was really he. I could recognise him not only by his limp, but by the portrait I had seen at the abbey. He was coming from the direction of Annesley, and had probably been indulging some sad remembrances by a ride round by the residence of Mary Chaworth. He had now published the first cantos of "Childe Harold," and was in the zenith of his fame.

During this period the "Sketches of Geoffrey Crayon," by Washington Irving, had appeared. These produced the liveliest impression of pleasure on me. Here we had the scenery and people of England delineated by a foreigner in a manner that threw over them a new and poetic light. He had seen everything in England, especially its rural scenery and life, through the poetic atmosphere of a reverential affection for the land of his ancestors. All was Arcadian beauty and dreamy legend, as of Rip van Winkle and the loves of village life. I was very much inoculated with the spirit of this book, and making a pedestrian tour through the Peak of Derbyshire, I felt that my model of style and sentiment was in the pages of "Geoffrey Crayon." This tour I printed in a quarto literary paper, called the *Kaleidoscope*, published by John Smith, one of the editors of the *Liverpool Mercury*, under the title of "A Pedestrian Pilgrimage through the Peak," by Wilfrid Wender. I have no doubt, if I were to read it now, I should be astonished at the little wonders made into great ones, hills into mountains, and the like.

In the autumn of 1818 I paid a visit to a relative, Susanna Frith, at Uttoxeter, and thus first saw Mary Botham, destined to become my best friend, truest companion, and wife.

Whilst Susanna and I were talking of old family affairs, in came a very comely and bright young lady-Friend, to whom I was introduced. She was Anna Botham. I was greatly pleased with her grace and intelligence. Very soon came in another sister, whose lively and clever appearance charmed me. I had heard much of the Botham family, though the only member I had ever known was the old Friend, John Botham, these young ladies' grandfather. I accompanied them home to call on their parents, who received me most cordially.

My visit to Uttoxeter proved an actual piece of idyllic life. We had a series of tea-parties, of walks in the very pleasant country round, and excursions to distant places of beauty and interest; and the result was, that I felt persuaded that in Mary Botham I had found the true future companion of my life. Soon after my return home I proposed, and was accepted.

During the next two years frequent were my visits to the quiet old town of Uttoxeter. Many charming rides and rambles we had. My bride-elect and her sister were extremely fond of botany, which gave an unwearying interest to our walks. They were enthusiastic lovers of poetry, especially of the ancient English and Scotch ballads, and were, besides, extremely well read in English literature in general. They, like myself, wrote poetry. In a word, we were extremely congenial in our tastes and pursuits.

Early in 1821 a chemist of Derby, who had opened a concern at Hanley, in the Staffordshire Potteries, wished to dispose of this business. As a commencement, though with no view of permanent settlement there, I purchased it; and on April 16, 1821, I married Mary Botham in the little meeting-house of Uttoxeter, and we went to reside at Hanley.

W. H.

CHAPTER V.

1821—1830.

I was not elated by the change in my circumstances when I accompanied my husband to our home at Hanley, in the Staffordshire Potteries; nor, I think, was he. William, however, simply regarded the business he had taken as a temporary concern, with which he should part as soon as he could assure himself of a good position elsewhere. It was speedily discovered by some of the more active spirits of the place that he was not a mere tradesman, but a man of talent, bold independence of thought, and great originality, and they flocked around him, eager to engage him as a champion, both in public and private.

I am astonished, when I remember the strict observance of our religious duty which prevailed at my home, that my father made no objection to my going to reside at a place in which there were no Friends, and where the nearest meeting was at Leek. I likewise ought to have felt it a melancholy change, and should have done so if the religion in which I had been educated had taken vital hold of my soul. As it was, I do not remember, during the seven months that we dwelt at Hanley, that either William or I went on the Sunday to any place of worship. Our life and education as Friends had not, it seems to me, in recalling years of spiritual deadness, even excited any curiosity about other forms of faith.

The Staffordshire Potteries were strongholds of Dissent. Of course, the Church of England was there, but though probably some of the richer master-potters might be members, the great body of the people were Dissenters of every variety of opinion. Large chapels abounded, and to the Potteries came the wildest experimenters in religion; amongst others, Thomas Mulock. We had been told much of this extraordinary man, who had been private secretary to George Canning; and, as an exception, we went to hear him. Lord Byron mentions him in a

letter to Moore, December 9, 1820, as "Muley Moloch, the lecturer," who had endeavoured to convert him to some new kind of Christianity.

The place of worship was a large, bare, whitewashed upper room in a china-factory. Seated on benches made of planks, supported on piles of bricks, were about fifty persons; there were several ladies of wealth present; the remainder of the congregation consisted of potters in their working clothes, their wives and children.

A round three-legged deal table served as pulpit and reading-desk, placed in the middle of the great room. At it stood Thomas Mulock, a young, handsome, well-bred man. He was clad in a blue dress-coat with gilt buttons, a buff kerseymere waistcoat, then the fashion, and white trousers. His linen was beautifully fine and clean; his hands adorned with rings, and delicately formed.

In his harangue he plainly intimated to us that since the days of the Apostles the true faith had been revealed to no one but Thomas Mulock. All preachers, all missionaries were engaged in an occupation they knew nothing about. The only honest man he had heard speak was the clergyman of Stoke, who candidly confessed that he "knew not God."

When he had ended, a very tall working potter, in his long white apron, knelt down and prayed that our hearts might be changed, and returned heartfelt thanks to the Almighty for having sent amongst us such a "burning and shining light." Yet no sooner had he resumed his seat than the preacher rose and severely reproved him.

He declared the potter's prayer an astonishing instance of the blindness of the human understanding. He had been for a long period teaching and explaining the real nature of the Christian religion; now he heard a prayer put up that our hearts might be changed. Had he not told them a hundred times that our old hearts could never be taken away? A new heart might be given us; but the old Adam's heart would still remain within us, and be perpetually trying to corrupt the new heart.

The poor potter looked down in humiliation at this reproof, and the ladies wept.

Mr. Mulock grew to be greatly admired in the neighbour-

hood; he married a rich wife and had a handsome chapel built for him at Stoke. It was later purchased by the Society of Friends, and became their meeting-house.

There was at the period of our sojourn at Hanley a small body of Unitarians, who were endeavouring to introduce their opinions to the great mass of chapel-goers. My husband, whose mind had a tendency to Unitarianism, was eagerly sought after by them, particularly as he was discovered to be an able disputant. He had no little pleasure in advocating their cause against the vast majority of Nonconformists, who, he thought, showed a spirit of intolerance towards them. In this way he was not without an agreeable excitement in a life otherwise uncongenial. He had besides the enjoyment of authorship, furnishing to the *Kaleidoscope*, and still under the pseudonym of Wilfrid Wender, some papers on Uttoxeter, which he called Deckerton.

After a summer and autumn spent in Hanley, my husband advantageously disposed of his business, and we proceeded to Heanor, where my parents-in-law had invited us to reside with them, until we could suitably establish ourselves in Nottingham.

I was very kindly received by my husband's relatives, who, I speedily noticed, were not only hospitable but clannish. Thus, any member of any branch of the family, be it ever so remote, was welcome. The house was roomy, if not large, and three or four additional persons sitting down to table made no difference.

The father, Thomas Howitt, was a large, important-looking man, with a personality not easily forgotten. He sat for hours at his old high desk, or near it, sometimes busy writing, and sometimes poring over old manuscripts, copies of old wills, and deeds connected with county families. He took immense interest in pedigrees, and was considered an authority upon them, even by lawyers. He knew the most remarkable instances of longevity in the county of Derby, and could relate endless anecdotes.

Phebe Howitt, exercising the greatest self-sacrifice, was also gifted with a singular talent for the study and practice of medicine. Thus the constant treatment of the sick and the preparation of vegetable medicines, carried on most efficiently at Heanor, made me quickly perceive what a fascination the place and its mistress must have had for my old grandfather, Botham.

My husband, inheriting the same taste from his mother, ought to have been educated for a physician. Now, however, deploring for himself the time lost in his training, he had determined that the future of his youngest brother, Godfrey, should be provided for. He had become his tutor, and after educating him in all the preparatory branches, had induced the parents to send Godfrey as a medical student to Edinburgh.

THOMAS HOWITT OF HEANOR (WILLIAM HOWITT'S FATHER).

In the spring of 1822 we resolved to visit Scotland, whose scenery, history, traditions, and literature had become part of ourselves; and as Godfrey had just very successfully completed his studies at Edinburgh, pay him a well-merited compliment by joining him in that city, and accompanying him home.

Supplied, therefore, with absolute necessaries in a light valise, and attired in clothes that defied all changes of weather, we started from Heanor one April morning at five o'clock, seated

on saddle and pillion, which proved a most easy and sociable mode of transit, and rode through ill-kept lanes, overhung with thick trees, and across open commons to Derby. The next day it snowed as we travelled on the top of a coach from Derby to Liverpool. On April 11 we set sail from Liverpool, and had our first experience of a steam-packet and the sea.

On the 12th we were put ashore by a ferry-boat at Dumbarton, and set foot on Scottish ground with an emotion of pleasure.

On Monday, April 14, we started on foot for Loch Lomond, up the beautiful Vale of Leven; saw on our way the monument erected to Smollett's memory, and the scenery of his "Roderick Random," by which name this native poet is chiefly called here. In the afternoon we sat down on a sunny bank at a short distance from Loch Lomond, and were joined by an old merchant, who travelled from Renton to the different villages on the loch-side, supplying them with the staff of life, cakes and ginger-bread. He carried on the top of his basket of good things what he deemed the greatest necessity and luxury of all, a well-worn Testament, out of which it was his wont to read a few passages, and expound and dialogue upon them with the good dames and hoary shepherds to whom he administered his temporals; and from the specimen he gave us, we thought he had a very extraordinary gift of discernment that way. He strongly recommended us to lodge at Rowardennan, where there was "a very fine, clever, discreet woman, who bought bread of him."

We took tea at Luss. With the exception of the inn and one or two other houses, it consisted of a cluster of genuine Highland huts amidst a group of trees, then covered with a profusion of blossom. Our walk after tea led us along the margin of the lake, which slept, still and beautiful, in the last rays of the sun. By the time we arrived at the ferry of Rowardennan it was deep twilight, and the ferryman, snugly seated at his whiskey, desired us to "wait a wee." Not being inclined to wait, we applied to another proprietor of a boat, who ordered a boy to take us across. The lad had his cows to milk, and he therefore desired us "to wait a wee." It was only by force of menaces that we got him off at length, and then, either to revenge himself or alarm us, or both, he led us down

through a rough hollow, across a deep-ploughed meadow into a wood, where it was too gloomy to discern anything many yards; here he stopped and whistled, but seeing we discovered nothing but a desire to get over, he at length led us to his boat, and out we pushed into the lake. If ever we were in a scene of gloomy grandeur it was then, paddling at nine o'clock across the water with scarcely enough light to discern our course, but enough to perceive the savage cliffs that rose around, and which seemed to cast down from the sky a deep stillness upon us.

The inn at Rowardennan we found after some stumbling about in the dark, every window and door being closed; and on entering, discovered a goodly family, father, mother, and a troop of children, seated round a blazing wood-fire. Our appearance seemed to excite that sort of surprise and anxiety which unprepared-for guests occasion. A candle was lighted, and we were requested to walk upstairs; but having full assurance that we were then by the only fire in the house, there we determined to seat ourselves. Our landlord had much the air and attire of a gamekeeper, and our landlady was a comely matron of superior stature. She begged to know if we would wait for a "fool" to be cooked. Declining this offer, we managed to make a supper of their oat-cake, their whole stock of eggs, three in number, procured a glass of whiskey toddy, none of the best, and added a supplement out of our own budget.

Our landlord's conversation made us some amends. He had been up Ben Lomond as guide to Sir Walter Scott; like everybody else, he had read his works; and it was in this very house that young Rob Roy celebrated his marriage with his fair captive, and stayed a few days before he proceeded to his own dwelling. The kitchen where we sat was a scene fit for the pencil. Around the ample fireplace hung several pairs of tartan hose, wet with traversing the spongy moors. On the floor, among sticks, dust, half-roasted and half-crushed potatoes, crowded the whole tribe of dirty half-naked children and several large shepherd-dogs. Overhead were guns and a variety of household implements. About one-fourth of the room was occupied by a press-bed with sliding panels, which, from its aspect, appeared to be the nest of the chief part of the family.

In our bedroom the sheets were so thoroughly saturated with peat-smoke that we did not lose the odour of it for days. In the morning we heard our host and hostess engaged in a warm debate. He dropped a word now and then in a subdued tone, but our "fine, clever, and discreet woman" was loud and impetuous; and from a few of her shrill accents that reached us, we guessed that a lack of viands for our breakfast had raised her fiery indignation. At length mine host fled into the wilderness, and after a long delay our breakfast appeared—good tea, raw sugar, boiled eggs, mutton-ham, and dirty salt. Such was our sojourn at Rowardennan, the Duke of Montrose's inn. Alas that our old merchant had not arrived here before us with his wheaten loaves! This was the only place in Scotland of which we had reason to complain; and the poverty of the people was evidently the cause.

A little before ten o'clock we set out to climb Ben Lomond, at the foot of which we had slept. The ascent is reckoned about six miles, and we found it a laborious task of four hours. We waded deep in heather, crossed rocky and impetuous torrents, laboured up acclivities only to see unsuspected hollows which must be descended; but the most impeding obstacles were the black and trembling bogs, which intercepted our course every few yards, and which required a good deal of boldness, contrivance, and circumspection to pass. As we advanced, however, and paused at intervals to rest, the most extensive and grand prospects opened before us, whilst we became more and more impressed with the profound silence which reigned over the immense barren and lofty solitude in which we were. Not a sound seemed to live there but the twitter of a small bird always found in heather, the casual call of the raven, the less frequent and more plaintive cry of the plover, or the bleat of the solitary sheep wandering on a far-off slope, or coming to look down gravely with its grey face from some eminence above.

Labouring with increasing ardour, we at length stood upon the summit. What a prospect! At the south-west foot of the mountain lay Loch Lomond in full view, an expanse of water twenty-eight miles in length, scattered with as many beautiful islands; the Clyde, Dumbarton, and the southern part of Scotland; Argyleshire, with its lochs, woods, and mountains; the

coast of Ireland—but it would be useless to enumerate the distant places visible from it. Yet we were not so much amazed at the vastness of this extensive survey as at the tempestuous sea of mountains which the Highlands exhibited. They lifted their bare and abrupt peaks into the sky; some brown in the nearer view, some splintered and desolate, some shrouded in snow, some black beneath the frown of a passing cloud, and some blue in the softened distance.

When we had surveyed this magnificent scene about half-an-hour, the clouds began to gather, and at length closing upon us, involved us every moment in deeper gloom. The wind began to whistle with the hollowness of an approaching storm. It became suddenly extremely cold, and the snow fell as thick and heavily as in the depth of winter. We were upon the very edge of a tremendous chasm, which could hardly be distinguished from the solid mountain, except by the snow in its bosom. The darkness became so great that we could not discover each other at more than an arm's-length. We were therefore obliged to hold each other's hand, and in this manner we endeavoured to retrace our steps till we could get below the cloud. Fearful of stepping into the chasm, we held so much in the opposite direction that we speedily bewildered ourselves amidst a chaos of rocks, which forbade all further progress and almost any return. At length we regained our old station, and in the space of two hours, sometimes stopped by precipices, sometimes by torrents, and sometimes fearful of being engulfed in the tottering bogs, and all the time sinking deep in the wet spongy moss, the rain pouring down plentifully, we escaped in safety to a farm-house at the foot.

Women, children, and clamorous dogs had long noticed us descending, and were assembled at the door gazing in astonishment at our temerity; but as we approached they all withdrew into the house, and when we reached the door everything was so still there might have been no soul in it; we, found, however, no less than thirteen persons. Having sat, chatted, and rested ourselves with the solitary family, we crossed the river by some stepping-stones, and pursued our way down the sublimely desolate Glen Dhu.

Our road led us to the borders of beautiful Loch Ard, and we found ourselves in the scenery of some of the most interesting

incidents in the Waverley Novel of "Rob Roy." We passed under the rocks where poor Bailie Nicol Jarvie was suspended from a tree by the skirts of his riding-coat. The authorship of the tale had not at this epoch been definitely determined; yet with whatever person we conversed about "Rob Roy" we were told that the Rev. Dr. Grahame, of Aberfoil, had furnished Sir Walter Scott with many materials worked up in that story. A similar testimony is borne by the author himself in a note to the novel. Dr. Grahame afterwards said to us, "It is in vain to look for any other man in whom all the qualifications for such authorship meet. Whilst Sir Walter might be supposed to be studying the scenery of 'Rob Roy,' I accompanied him twice to most of the places in this part mentioned in it. When we were sitting by this cascade, Sir Walter, his daughter, and myself, I noticed the effect it had upon him. Apparently aware of my observance, he requested his daughter to sing, in order to divert my attention. Whilst she sang he sat with his eyes fixed on the surrounding scenery. I thought it would not be long before I saw this spot placed in a prominent situation, and the appearance of the tale of 'Rob Roy' realised my suspicions. Helen Macgregor gives her ever-memorable breakfast to Bailie Jarvie and Frank Osbaldistone in this beautiful and romantic scene."

At the clachan of Aberfoil we found a neat little inn, as the author of "Rob Roy" had promised, instead of the old hut immortalised by the contest of the worthy Bailie, in which he valiantly set fire to Garschattachin's new plaid with a red-hot ploughshare. In the morning we called on Dr. Grahame, the venerable minister, and were received at the door by him wrapped in his plaid. We were treated with great kindness, and on taking leave of his amiable family, he, together with a young lady visitor and a youth, his pupil, accompanied us to the beautiful cascade already mentioned, and put us into the way for the Trosachs.

We read the "Lady of the Lake" on the banks of Loch Katrine, and were surprised that it did not express more. We read it afterwards, and were then surprised to find it express so much.

We reached Edinburgh on Saturday night, April 19, and found Godfrey well, and very snugly established in his bachelor

quarters, which were six storeys high. Liverpool, where we had spent a day sight-seeing before embarking for Scotland, had, by its bustle and magnificence, amazed us. We had, in our simplicity, compared it to ancient Rome and Athens. Yet, after seeing Edinburgh, our enthusiasm was cooled. We dwelt opposite the College, and admired the richness and beauty of its Grecian architecture; and noted the same character in other public buildings, feeling, however, there might be a little too much monotony of design. We walked the princely streets of the New Town, and breathed the invigorating breezes which sweep from the ocean through them, feeling an exultation of heart at the power and prosperity of man. No words could convey our delight and enjoyment of the magnificent prospects visible in all directions.

But what pleased me most were the relics of Mary Queen of Scots preserved in Holyrood; above all, her workbox, covered by embroidery on white satin, representing Jacob's dream, the work of her own hands. It was impossible to look at the angels ascending and descending upon the ladder without involuntarily forgetting the mighty space which had intervened since she had deftly traced out those figures, and without admiring the simple taste and piety demonstrated in the choice of the subject.

We had the curiosity to attend service at the Gaelic Chapel, originally erected for the accommodation of the National Guard, consisting of Highlanders, and which, since its abolition, had been continued for that of the servants and work-people of the city, who were principally mountaineers. There were a few liveries in the congregation, which had otherwise a most plebeian and workaday appearance, and was composed chiefly of old people. Large nightcaps and snuffy noses were seated all the way up to the pulpit-door. A little, round, fat minister of the Gospel preached in Gaelic to them. He also addressed to us a short portion in English, during which the Gaels took the opportunity of clearing their throats, coughing, spitting, scraping with their feet, and making a most outrageous uproar.

The Friends we found a very small and orthodox set, uncontaminated by the fopperies of fashion. They received us with much kindness. We learnt they made but few disciples in Scotland. Once an old woman did by chance get into the

Friends' Meeting at Edinburgh at First-day worship, and after sitting two hours in all the fidgety torment natural to those who have not been accustomed to "the subjection of the activity of the natural will," on coming out, said to the person next her, "An unco' place this, where there's neither prayer nor praise!"

We bade farewell with regret to Edinburgh, the queen of cities, on May 4th, and accompanied by Godfrey Howitt, proceeded by coach to Lanark.

We were deeply interested in Robert Owen's enthusiastic dreams of the perfectibility of human nature, and hoped to make the acquaintance of the philosophic philanthropist, but in this we were disappointed. We were prepared, by his proclamations of the excellence of his theory and practice, and by the reiterated praise of visitors to his model factories and dwelling-houses at New Lanark, to find the utmost practical perfection, and in this too we were disappointed.

On the Sunday morning we went down to New Lanark, and found the younger children in the schoolroom, with three or four masters. One of the latter ascended a pulpit, with which the room was furnished, and read a chapter of the Bible; another, succeeding him, uttered a prayer. During this service the children were perfectly heedless of everything but playing tricks and talking to each other. We never saw a more insubordinate little crew. Remarking this afterwards to the teacher who had delivered the prayer, we inquired if they never proceeded to some species of coercion to effect order. He replied, "No, never; it is contrary to Mr. Owen's system."

We had, the evening before, been attended about the grounds by a boy, whose uncommon acuteness and intelligent remarks on all subjects of our inquiries had excited our admiration. We asked him, amongst other things, whether the masters ever flogged the scholars. He replied, with a look round to see that the coast was clear, "Joost sometimes!" We were more disposed to believe the boy than the master.

As we returned towards Lanark, a considerable number of work-people were going up to kirk. To one of these, a shrewd old man, we addressed ourselves, by observing, "What a pleasant situation they had, and how happy they must be." He replied, "Why, very well, very well." We observed that

their establishment had been much talked of in very distant places. "Ay," said he; "the farther off the more talked about, I dare say." "But you have a quiet, orderly little village here, and must be very comfortable," added we. To which he rejoined, "Why, if a man drinks or thieves, he must be marching; but there are other things besides these, enough to prevent the place being too pleasant." "Well, but we suppose you find things so comfortable as to induce you to stay here." "Ay," answered he; "it's a long way to travel to the next factory, and then there's a chance of not getting work." "But you get good wages?" "Small, small." "However, if your wages be small, such is the excellence of Mr. Owen's system, that you find them sufficient; and then you have your children brought up in a manner that must render them happy and virtuous for life." "Well, a deal has been said about it," replied the old man. "Mr. Owen has a many fine notions, but" (in a low tone, and coming close to us) "though it is treason here, I must say it, 'tis but patching up poor human nature, that, if it be stopped in one place, will break out in another." "A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country." Such were the things and feelings of which we got a glimpse at the very fountain-head of this system of social regeneration.

From Lanark we went down Tweeddale to Peebles. Nor did we fail to visit the Abbey of Melrose, and as much as possible after the direction of Scott, "in the pale moonlight." We slept at the inn at Melrose; and the next morning, seated at breakfast, we heard a carriage drive up to the door. Then in rushed a waiter, exclaiming, "If you want to see Sir Walter Scott, it's he!" We hastened to the window, and beheld the greatest genius in the North. He was seated quietly reading a newspaper while the horses were changed. He and a friend were taking a drive to Kelso, and although they had only come three miles, had put their horses into a foam.

With eyes not satisfied with seeing, nor ears with hearing, we set out on our way to Selkirk, by Abbotsford. We walked into the gardens, then gay with brilliant borderings of blue gentian, passed the house, saw Lady and Miss Scott through the plantations, gathered plenty of flowers and leaves as relics, and bade a silent and contented adieu. We pursued our course through Selkirk and Ettrick Forest to Hawick. The next day

we walked down Teviotdale, and, on the following, along the Border by many a moss-trooper's tower to Gretna Green.

Here the whole population was alive and astir, believing us gentlefolks in disguise, who had been just married. We might be supposed such, as William, Godfrey, and I all wore tartan cloaks. We were told at the inn that the number of marriages were on the increase, and that David Long accomplished them by reading over the English marriage-service at various prices, from a glass of whisky to one hundred pounds. From his habit of loitering at the blacksmith's shop, the notion had spread that it was the smith who performed the ceremony. David Long's only trade, however, was that of Gretna parson. It was an established custom for him and the post-boys at Carlisle to share profits; a plan so effectual, that whenever a couple reached Carlisle, they might consider themselves secure. The happy pair were driven along towards Gretna by a guide, who seemed to have his spurs rowelled with lightning, and horses that would run down the sun. But, alas for the pursuer! not a soul would stir. The horses were all engaged, or they were lame, and the post-boys were lame and blind too; and if they did actually convey their impatient cargoes out of Carlisle, there might be half the kingdom married before they would arrive at Gretna.

I find the remainder of our tour noted in a letter to my sister Anna, dated Heanor, 5th Mo., 15th, 1822:—

"After leaving Gretna we slept at Ireby, the commencement of the beautiful scenery of the English lakes. Except the views from Ben Lomond, the scenery of the Trossachs and Loch Katrine, we have seen nothing finer than Keswick vale and lake. Tell mother, one of the most delightful spots in Keswick vale is Ormathwaite Hall; a fine old house, situated under Skiddaw, overlooking the most enchanting and paradisiacal landscapes, with a sweet view both of Bassenthwaite and Derwentwater. Dr. Brownrigg was still highly spoken of. An old man, who lives in a cottage by the Hall and says he has lived under the family for threescore years, knew me to be of the Brownriggs immediately. He recognised the family likeness before I told him my relationship. The yew-trees, which accompany this, we got out of the grounds, as we thought mother would like a memorial of the old place.

"We climbed Helvellyn on First-day morning and walked

down by Grasmere and Rydal. The sun shone out over the mountains, and danced in living light over the little lakes. The gaily-dressed villagers were sitting at their doors or walking about, and seeming at least to enjoy every delight that man can know. Wordsworth's cottage on Rydal Mount is truly an abode that should satisfy a poet's heart. Miss Wordsworth we saw, a tall, rather proud-looking lassie, but the old bard was invisible.

"We looked back with sorrow upon the mountains we were leaving, and reached Kendal about nine o'clock. We left that town the next evening at six by coach, and passing through Lancaster and Manchester, reached Mansfield yesterday."

A busy and in some respects agreeable life now began for us in Nottingham. Although my husband was in trade as a chemist, literary labour industriously went on, and at the same time mental improvement, for never did we cease in the pursuit of knowledge. The remarkably well-supplied public library of Bromley House furnished us with constant stores of literature, and if by any chance a rare or, to us, useful book was not there, William did not hesitate to purchase it. Some memorable occurrences likewise left their impressions on our characters.

In 1822 we arranged a joint collection of poems in manuscript, which some judges of poetry had urged us to print. Earlier literary attempts had always been made in partnership with my dear sister Anna. As girls, Milton and Pope in his translation of Homer had possessed our fancy. The sonorous, heroic measure became our gauge of the mechanism of poetry. We commenced a grand epic, laid in the early days of British history. It was called "Quindrida," from the heroine, the daughter of an archdruid, herself a priestess beautiful and good, and loving her country with a pure devotion. We did not write it together, but each produced separate parts and united them. It perished, with much more, in one of those holocausts which very properly occur in the experience of most young ambitious authors, the day having come when scales fall from their eyes and the gold of their youthful enthusiasm shows itself as dross. Grand heroic poems and prose were given up, and our after efforts were confined to short poems. Occasionally Susanna Frith, who took such a kindly interest in our intellectual efforts, encouraged us to read them to her; with this exception, we had

no auditor or critic. Yet I remember in those young days, when our *sanctum sanctorum* was the little school-room, sending privately, with Anna's co-operation, two poems to a pocket-book, signed "Mary of Uttoxeter." It was first in 1827, many years later, that we accidentally learnt they had duly appeared.

In the spring of 1823 "The Forest Minstrel and other Poems," by William and Mary Howitt, was published by Baldwin, Cradock & Joy, Paternoster Row. The verses were descriptive of country sounds and scenes, and had arisen, as stated in the preface, "not for the sake of writing, but for the indulgence of our own overflowing feelings." They were presented to those who, like ourselves, were devoted disciples of natural beauty and of simplicity.

The copy before me bears the inscription, "Richard Howitt, Nottingham, May 1823." This younger brother of my husband was my contemporary, and at the time of which I am writing, our fellow-inmate. He possessed a most poetical, sensitive mind, was caustic, humorous, a quiet punster, deeply versed in Nature, and sympathising in all noble movements and vital human interests. Although thoroughly awake in congenial society, he would lose himself in some poetical dream when uninterested in his companions. He was well versed in literature, and was fond of old-fashioned poetry, but it must be choicely good.

In the summer of 1823 my husband and I removed to the market-place, Richard remaining in the small house we had been occupying in Parliament Street. Our new residence was opposite the Long Row, just facing the lower corner of the Exchange. It was part of a fine old mansion built by a French architect for his own abode, and its history is recorded in the annals of Nottingham. In its best days it must have had a good deal of internal decoration. It had lofty doors, much carving over the great mantelpieces, handsome ceilings, and several wainscoted rooms. I greatly liked the house, and felt much at home in it.

In the late autumn of 1823 my sister Anna became the happy wife of Daniel Harrison. I was at the wedding, and, according to the custom of those days, both her bridesmaid and I accompanied her to her new home at Everton, a suburb of Liverpool. A few weeks later, my father, after a very short illness, quietly

expired on December 19th, 1823. I again met Anna at the funeral, and she afterwards returned with me to Nottingham, where, on January 15, 1824, my beloved daughter, Anna Mary, was born. A long and dangerous illness followed. My husband and Anna watched and waited by my bed of sickness; and whilst I lay utterly unconscious, offered in their agonised hearts a prayer that was mercifully granted. They saw me awake, rescued from death.

Following now the chronological thread of events, I write to my sister Anna, from Nottingham.

"*7th Mo.*, 18, 1824.—Poor Byron! I was grieved exceedingly at the tidings of his death; but when his remains arrived here, it seemed to make it almost a family sorrow. I wept then, for my heart was full of grief to think that fine eccentric genius, that handsome man, the brave asserter of the rights of the Greeks, and the first poet of our time, he whose name will be mentioned with reverence and whose glory will be uneclipsed when our children shall have passed to dust, to think that he lay a corpse in an inn in this very town. Oh! Anna, I could not refrain from tears.

"Byron's faithful, generous, undeviating friend, Hobhouse, who stood by him to the last, his friend through good and evil, —he only, excepting Byron's servants and the undertakers, came down to see the last rites paid. Hobhouse's countenance was pale, and strongly marked by mental suffering.

"But to particulars. On Fifth-day afternoon the hearse and mourning coaches came into Nottingham. In the evening the coffin lay in state. The crowd was immense. We went among the rest. I shall never forget it. The room was hung with black, with the escutcheons of the Byron family on the walls; it was lighted by six immense wax-candles, placed round the coffin in the middle of the room. The coffin was covered with crimson velvet, richly ornamented with brass nails; on the top was a plate engraved with the arms and titles of Lord Byron. At the head of the coffin was placed a small chest containing an urn, which enclosed the heart and brains. Four pages stood, two on each side. Visitors were admitted by twelves, and were to walk round only; but we laid our hands on the coffin. It was a moment of enthusiastic feeling to me. It seemed to

me impossible that that wonderful man lay actually within that coffin. It was more like a dream than a reality.

"Nottingham, which connects everything with politics, could not help making even the passing respect to our poet's memory a political question. He was a Whig; he hated priests, and was a lover of liberty; he was the author of 'Don Juan' and 'Cain.' So the Tory party, which is the same as saying the gentry, would not notice even his coffin. The parsons had their feud, and therefore not a bell tolled either when he came or went. He was a lover of liberty, which the Radical Corporation here thought made him their brother; therefore all the rabble rout from every lane and alley, and garret and cellar, came forth to curse and swear, and shout and push, in his honour. All religious people forswore him, on account of his licentiousness and blasphemy; they forgot his 'Childe Harold,' his 'Bride of Abydos,' the 'Corsair,' and 'Lara.'

"The next morning all the friends and admirers of Byron were invited to meet in the market-place, to form a procession to accompany him out of town. Thou must have read in the papers the funeral train that came from London. In addition to this were five gentlemen's carriages, and perhaps thirty riders on horseback, besides Lord Rancliffe's tenantry, who made about thirty more, and headed the procession, and were by far the most respectable; for never, surely, did such a shabby company ride in the train of mountebanks or players. There was not one gentleman who would honour our immortal bard by riding two miles in his funeral train. The equestrians, instead of following two and two, as the paper says they did, most remarkably illustrated riding all sixes and sevens.

"William, Charles, Thomas Knott, and that odd Smith (thou rememberest him) went to Hucknall to see the interment. It, like the rest, was the most disgraceful scene of confusion that can well be imagined, for from the absence of all persons of influence, or almost of respectability, the rude crowd of country clowns and Nottingham Goths paid no regard to the occasion, and no respect or decency was to be seen. William says it was almost enough to make Byron rise from the dead to see the scene of indecorum, and the poor, miserable place in which he lies, though it is the family burial vault.

"That mad-headed, impetuous Smith was, like the rest,

enraged at the want of respect which was the most marked trait of the interment. Although he had that day walked in the heat of a broiling sun fourteen miles, he sat up and wrote a poem on the subject, which I send as a curiosity. He composed and copied it by three o'clock in the morning, went and called up Sutton, very much to his displeasure, had it sent to press by six o'clock, and by nine had the verses ready for publication. Byron's servants took four-and-twenty copies, and seemed much delighted with it.

"Is it not strange that such an unusual silence is maintained by the poets on the subject of his death? It reminds me of the Eastern custom of breaking all instruments of music in any overwhelming grief, or on the occasion of the death of some favourite. It seems a theme too painful for any but a master-touch, and he is gone that could do best justice to such a subject."

On 10th Mo., 28, 1824, I write, however, to my sister:—

"Thou hast heard, I suppose, of 'Lord Byron's Conversations,' by Captain Medwin. By the extracts given in the different papers, as kittiwakes to the appetite of the public, I am more offended and disgusted with Lord Byron's sentiments than I ever thought to be. We have his bust on the chimney-piece, and so angry am I that I should like to demolish it, were it not ornamental.

"Speaking of Byron reminds me of an anecdote I heard related the other evening. Some of Byron's friends were in Italy, Trelawny, Leigh Hunt, and Westmacott among the number. One evening, in high spirits, warmed with romantic sentiment, they wandered along the banks of the Arno to the valley *delle Donne*, mentioned in the 'Decameron.' Sitting down, they imagined that the spirits of Dante and Boccaccio might unseen be hovering around them, when, in the midst of the conversation, Leigh Hunt begged them to be silent, and desired Westmacott not to stir, for upon his hat had settled the largest and most beautiful butterfly he ever saw. All admired it amazingly, but the greatest wonder was, that it was perfectly black. Then, resuming the conversation, one suggested the idea, that as the Greeks symbolised the soul by the butterfly, some one of their friends in that country might then be dead,

and his soul have made them a passing parting visit in the shape appropriate to Greece. The idea struck all. They noted down the day and hour, and soon after the news reached them that on the same date, April 19, 1824, Byron had died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece. Now, there is a good ghost-story of the nineteenth century, worthy of all acceptation.

"So Daniel has bought the 'Improvisatrice.' Didst thou know that L. E. L. was a ward of Jerdan's, the editor of the *Literary Gazette?* whence his abundant and extravagant puffs of her. She is, I understand, rather short, but interesting-looking, a most thoughtless girl in company, doing strangely extravagant things; for instance, making a wreath of flowers, then rushing with it into a grave and numerous party, and placing it on her patron's head. Bernard Barton sent her one of his last volumes, and in reply, after some remarks on the poetry it contained, she sent him, in high glee, a full account of a ball she had just attended, particularising all the dresses, forgetting she was writing to a sober Quaker. However, she is but a girl of twenty, a genius, and therefore she must be excused.

"We have had, since I last wrote, the company of Joseph John Gurney, for three days in Nottingham. We were a great deal with him, and I was very glad to understand he professed himself much pleased with us, but it was nothing to the pleasure his society diffused. We had a sort of carnival then, not only on his account, but to honour Jeremiah Wiffen, the translator of Tasso, who was in Nottingham for ten days. Joseph John Gurney has a most comely person, gentlemanly manners and deportment, is an agreeable companion, and, above all, is a good man. He told William he did not quite approve of the almost *unqualified* praises bestowed on Byron in the 'Poet's Thoughts';* at the same time, he remarked, after reading in his deep, sweet voice some of the stanzas, that he must confess 'it was a beautiful, very beautiful thing,' and then almost complimented William on his poetic talent. I abominate flattery, but commendation from persons on whose candour and judgment I can rely has charms, and such praise,

* "A Poet's Thoughts at the Interment of Lord Byron, by William Howitt, one of the authors of the 'Forest Minstrel,'" &c. London: Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, 1824. It was later inserted in "The Desolation of Eyam, and other Poems."

whether given to William or myself, is always welcome. This was much from a *Quaker minister*, was it not? Bless the good man, and prosper his goings, is my farewell to Joseph John Gurney.

"Give my dear love to Charles, and say I hope he is well and happy. He knows not the anxiety and fond wishes I have for him."

Although we were aware of my brother Charles's passion for the sea and shipping, and even dreaded its consequences, yet we had cast our fears away, when he consented to being articled in October 1824—the date of my last letter—to Mr. Rowland Roscow, a merchant of Liverpool.

Alas! how little attention do parents and guardians pay to the innate tastes and abilities of the young! Had Charles, who displayed great skill with his lathe, been placed with a shipbuilder, instead of with a merchant, his sad fate and our misery might have been averted.

The pride and hope of his family, and the admiration of all beholders, Charles had hitherto led a most guarded and secluded life. His mind had been carefully trained in moral and religious principles by his indulgent but anxious father, and his attractive exterior and manners subjected to the peculiarities of Friends. Now, placed in a more exposed situation in a large seaport, the natural bias speedily asserted itself. His dress, language, conversation, the tone of his voice, assumed so completely the character of a sailor, that a stranger would have supposed him born and bred at sea, and, although giving great satisfaction to Mr. Roscow, in August, 1825, he suddenly disappeared.

A letter, addressed to his sister Anna, and brought to land by a pilot, informed his disconsolate relatives, that, "but for his mother, he should earlier have carried out his resolution to go to sea. He hoped, however, that, as she would henceforth be burdened with no expenses on his account, she would allow herself greater comforts. He expected to be out for three months, and would write again from Quebec, where he should be in about four weeks."

We learnt by inquiry later, that he had engaged himself with the captain of the trade-ship the *Lady Gordon;* that his

indentures were procured, but owing to the hurry in which the vessel went to sea, were left unsigned. Although the thought was bitter of the idolised son and brother having thus severed himself from his relatives, we believed he had acted from good but mistaken motives, and would ultimately do well wherever placed. In the second week of November the shipping intelligence mentioned the *Lady Gordon* as lying off Quebec. She would then be homeward bound; and my mother hastened to Liverpool to meet her son.

A few days, however, before the *Lady Gordon* sailed up the Mersey, a letter came to her from Charles, with an account of his having hurt his leg in climbing the rigging. When the ship reached Quebec he had been so much reduced, and the wound so bad, that he was taken, he said, to a "nunnery hospital," where he was receiving every attention.

On December 18, 1825, the *Lady Gordon* came into port, and brought a letter from Dr. Holmes, the chief surgeon of the Hôtel Dieu Hospital, addressed to our mother, stating that our poor brother had undergone an operation, his leg being amputated a little above the knee; but his constitution was so reduced he sank under it. Dr. Holmes had been with him when he passed away, and his last words were of his mother.

Charles had asked his physician if there were any Friends in Quebec, and he had replied he knew of none, but that he himself was very much of one, having been educated at a Friends' school in England, and that he still corresponded with some Friends. From that moment Dr. Holmes felt a still greater interest in the noble, patiently enduring youth, and they became mutually much attached to each other. The gentle nuns, overflowing with love and pity, soothed and tended the sufferer in his sisters' stead. The priest was also very kind in regularly visiting him; Charles, however, preferred the company of Dr. Holmes, who read to him in his own Bible, for which he had sent to the ship.

The statements of the crew of the *Lady Gordon*, and especially of the ship's carpenter, told a terrible tale. Soon after leaving Liverpool the vessel had encountered head-winds and heavy seas; the sails were split by the hurricane, and as soon as new ones were put up they were rent in twain. The ship had been out a month when Charles met with the accident, and he

lay for three weeks, often delirious, before port was reached and medical aid obtained.

Anna had a later visit from a Quaker sea-captain, named William Boadle. He had been in a provision-shop in Quebec, when a French physician entered, and after observing his attire and mode of speech, told him that a youth, a stranger from England, and one of his Society, who was lying ill at the Hôtel Dieu Hospital, had requested him, if he saw any Friend, to ask him to call on him. Captain Boadle went immediately. He sat some time with Charles, who confided to him the whole sad story, from the moment of his forming the desperate resolution of going to sea to the occasion of his being in the hospital. He lamented most deeply the error into which he had fallen, but spoke of the comfort he had derived from the Scriptures, expressed the most yearning affection for his beloved, distant relatives, and the most unbounded gratitude to his devoted caretakers. He thought the doctors and nuns did more for him than for any other patient.

And we, in England, his sorely bereaved relatives, whilst believing that Divine love had found our treasure and borne him to the haven of peace, where the wicked cease from troubling and the temptation to sin is at an end, nevertheless felt for long weeks and months that we must still wake from a terrible dream to find our bright, buoyant Charles in our midst.

In February, 1826, I gave birth to a son, who received the name of Charles Botham.

Shortly after—2nd Mo., 21st, 1826—I wrote as follows to my sister:—

"I hope you do not experience, as too many do now, the effects of these most melancholy times. It is, indeed, enough to make the most thoughtless considerate. On all hands are we surrounded by misery. Rich and poor all participate. The poor are starving, and the rich and respectable classes are reduced to distress as bad to them as actual want."

"*Nottingham, 2nd Mo., 19th,* 1827.—Poor Mrs. Hemans is in great sorrow for the death of her mother, to whom she seems to have been fondly attached. They had hardly ever been separated, all her children having been born under their grandmother's roof. Do not think me vain, dear Anna, when I add

something more about Mrs. Hemans. I had a letter from Zillah Watts, in which she says Mrs. Hemans particularly inquires after me, and expressed herself an admirer of my little productions. I hope the time may come when I may be one among the high-souled and truly noble, and may look back to these days, as one does to a dim and cheerless morning that ended in a bright and glorious evening."

"*4th Mo.*, 22*nd*, 1827.—I hunger and thirst after acquaintance who are highly gifted in mind or profound in acquired knowledge, and for this reason should prefer decidedly a large town or a capital, where, in general, talent congregates. Nevertheless, there is many a fine mind, brilliant imagination, and much sound judgment to be met with even in obscure places. Think of Wordsworth fostering in quiet seclusion one of the loftiest and purest imaginations of the present time. Many, indeed most, and to their great loss, consider him as only fit for a child, writing of his 'Little Celandine,' his 'Leech-gatherer,' pedlars and potters. But the fault is in themselves, not in the poet, who, like a true alchemist, turns all things to gold. He is the philosopher of nature and poetry.

"Speaking of men of superior minds in obscurity, reminds me of an old man in this place, William Haslam, the very prototype of Wordsworth's Matthew. He occasionally calls on us, and his piety, refined and elevated sentiments, and his very correct judgment, joined to a most enthusiastic taste for the higher order of poetry, render him a most agreeable companion. Such persons are rare, but occasionally meeting with those possessed of higher intellect makes me pine for more society of the kind. Our humble old friend always strikes out some new idea, and furnishes food for thought, sometimes for days afterwards."

William's and my joint-work, entitled "The Desolation of Eyam, and other Poems," appeared in 1827, and I write to Anna from Nottingham, 6th Mo., 24th:—

"Nobody that has not published can tell the almost painful excitement the expectation of first opinions occasions. Really for some days I was quite nervous. William boasted of possessing his mind in wise passivity, and truly his imperturbable

patience was quite an annoyance; I therefore got Rogers's beautiful poem 'Italy' to read, and so diverted my thoughts. William had, a few days ago, a letter from Wordsworth. It was merely to say that, the evening before, he had returned from a journey, when he found the volume, which he is pleased to call 'elegant,' and that he immediately wrote, though he had time only to turn over the pages, in doing which 'he was glad to find several poems which had afforded him no small gratification before then.'"

"*7th Mo.*, 18*th*, 1827.—Hast thou, dearest Anna, by any chance, seen the notice of our book in the *Eclectic Review?* The writer considers us anti-Quakerish, licentious in style, evidencing the same in sentiment, devoted body and soul to poetry and Lord Byron; and, moreover, William is *atheistical.*

"William has received a charming letter from David M. Moir ('Delta,' of *Blackwood*), and he says as much for the book as Conder, of the *Eclectic*, says against it.

"I have just now received a letter from Mrs. Hemans. It is a great encouragement. She says, to use her own words, 'if she has the pleasure of seeing us at Rhyllon, she can prove to us how long she has admired and derived pleasure from our writings by many manuscripts of them.' She selects as some of her favourites the very things the *Eclectic* abuses. She congratulates me, I can fancy, with a mournful reference to herself, in possessing in a husband a kindred spirit and a friend; and still more, she invites me, if agreeable to myself, to continue the correspondence."

"*8th Mo.*, 12*th*, 1827.—Dearest Anna, I rejoice that the danger to thy dear little Mary is now removed. A child never twines itself so much in one's affections as when, in suffering, it shows a meekness and uncomplaining patience. You could die for it; you are almost sorry, as Leigh Hunt says, that you have so much to praise. The affection of parents is a wonderful and a mighty thing, coming with the little helpless stranger, and becoming more strong and imperishable as the object which excites it may require its guidance or protection. How could the love and oversight of the Almighty be presented to our hearts more touchingly than in the love of a parent? He has

represented Himself to us in that character, and has Himself implanted in the heart that holy principle which we all feel and venerate, and upon which He founds the resemblance. Therefore I would regard Him with love rather than fear, and rest assured that as a father seeks the well-being of his children, and punishes but to amend them, so does our great Father act; only with more mercy, with more justice, and without caprice or passion. I am sometimes bewildered and almost overpowered with the astonishing idea of the state for which this must be a preparation. *What are we to be?* almost stupefies me. We know, dear Anna, that we are here; we know not whence we came; we have hopes and desires for the future, and the wonderful organisation of the whole structure of Nature to convince us that we are under the superintendence of some mighty and mysterious power. But of the secrets and marvels of the future existence we are ignorant; yet are we supported with a secret assurance that the object of our existence is for our ultimate happiness, when or where we can only conjecture. I have some idea of a gradual ascent in the scale of existence, and I do not think it irrational, though perhaps a little unscriptural. Whatever our destiny may be, I hope, with all sentimentalists, that the affections may be more than flowers meant only to adorn our earthly pilgrimage; and that those we love and cherish in this life may be allowed to share with us, and we with them, the more refined and more holy ties of a spiritual existence.

"Art thou not grieved to hear of poor Canning's death? I have not mourned for the dead, for long, so sincerely as I have mourned for him. I made up my mind on Fifth-day not to mention his name, that I might not hear he was dead, for I had a conviction that must be the case. William was from home. I thought I would not go to bed with that sorrow on my spirit, so shut myself up for the evening, when the demon of perversity sent a man under the window crying the suffering and death of the lamented statesman; and I do not know, in truth, when a more melancholy mood beset me."

"*3rd Mo.*, 10*th*, 1828.—I took a solitary walk to-day, which I enjoyed very much, the atmosphere was so delightfully balmy and bright, revealing the clear, blue distance, till every object

on the horizon, to the distance of between twenty and thirty miles, was brought forward quite in strong relief. In front lay our fine green meadows stretching away down to the Trent, that looked like a river of polished steel more than silver; and between it and the horizon were the dark woods of Clifton and Thrumpton, showing even at that distance a hue of life which they never assume till this season. But perhaps the greatest beauty in the landscape was one peculiar to our meadows—our inimitable crocus-beds. It is impossible for any who do not see them to conceive their extraordinary beauty, shining out clear and bright in many places to the extent of twenty acres, one entire bed of lilac flowers. Not a faint tint of colouring, but as bright as the young green grass, with which they so charmingly contrast. The fields of Enna never could be more beautiful than our meadows. A bed of asphodels or roses could not look half so delightful as these, because, growing close to the ground, they entirely cover it. There is another charm attached to these flowers besides their beauty, and it is the pleasure they afford to children. You see them flocking down, as if to a fair, all day long, rich and poor carrying their little baskets full, and their hands and pinafores full, gathering their thousands, and leaving tens of thousands behind them, for every day brings up a fresh supply."

"*4th Mo.*, 13*th*, 1828.—How strangely and suddenly are my prospects changed, and my heart covered, as it were, with a thick cloud! I hardly know, my dear Anna, how to write; my thoughts seemed tossed. I have much to say on one subject, and yet I almost fear encountering it. Alas! how much sorrow have I known since I last wrote! I have seen our dear little Charles cut off in a moment, in the midst of his childish beauty and winning ways, and, above all, with his heart overflowing with the most remarkable affection. His merry antics have amused me as much almost as they have him. Our house seems silent and forlorn, and there is a void in my heart which no other child can ever fill.

"Though, dear Anna, I have spoken yet only of sorrowful memories, I must not ungratefully forget the mercy which has been mingled with judgment. Never before—and my heart is full in writing it—never did I know the value of many a blessed

promise in Scripture. From the pleasant books, in which, in the sunshine of my security, I took such delight, I have turned with distaste, and found in the beautiful and assuring words of Christ comfort and hope; and, dear Anna, without affectation, I can truly say, were the power to recall the dear boy given us, we would not do it. The blow has been a severe one; but there are some things that call for thankfulness in it, and assure me that there was a sparing and a merciful hand under all, so that I hope it may tend to our good, and not lightly be forgotten."

"*Nottingham*, 11*th Mo.*, 6*th*, 1828.—I think, upon the whole, the *Winter Wreath* is as good a book as most of the annuals, for they are a chaffy, frivolous, and unsatisfactory species of publication, and are only valuable as works of art. How little, how very, very little, good writing there is in the whole mass of them! But that they serve to keep a young author alive in the mind of the public, and often draw upon him the favourable notice of reviewers, and bring in a little cash, I would forswear the whole community of them.

"I received two days ago a very nice, kind letter from Maria Jane Jewsbury. Thou knowest the interest I have long felt in this really clever and amiable girl. She also sent me her last volume, 'Letters to the Young,' a work very different from her former ones, but of a most worthy and excellent character. I do not pretend to any experience in religion myself, but I do admire the sense and acknowledgment of religion in others, where it is unaccompanied by cant or pretence. Thus is it in this little volume."

"12*th Mo.*, 6*th*, 1828.—Thou hast no idea how very interesting William's work, now entitled 'The Book of the Seasons,' is become. It is nearly ready for printing. It contains original articles on every month, with every characteristic of the season; a garden department, which will fill thy heart brim-full of all garden delights, greenness and boweryness, and dews and flowers; with a calendar of all garden flowers as they come out. Mountain scenery and lake scenery, and meadows and woods, hamlets, farms and halls, storm and sunshine—all are in this delicious book, grouped into the most harmonious whole.

Besides, there are calendars of English botany, entomology, and of the migration of birds, with their habits and haunts."

"1*st Mo., 25th*, 1829.—How cold it is, dear Anna! Excuse me talking of the weather, but in faith I must to-night; I am shivering, though close to the fire. Cold is like love; 'he'll venture in where he dare'n well be seen,' and where a midge cannot enter, he'll find out the way. But to think of the poor; my heart is troubled indeed when I consider them, poor children and poor *old* people. I think of the aged, with their chilled blood, which is always cold; of their stiff limbs, which cannot use quicker motion; and their scanty clothing of many carefully kept but thin garments, till I am really distressed. Our poor old uncle, James Botham! I have even remembered him; yet he was a comfortable man, with his greatcoat and worsted gloves and short gaiters. Canst thou not see him, dear Anna, with his hurried steps, in the very impotence of age endeavouring to hasten along; yet a child at four could soon have distanced him! Well I have remembered our poor old uncle thus, till my eyes have been full of tears. So it is, the longer we live the more we look to those who have been, with a chiding of spirit, as if we had disregarded them while living. Our dear, dear father, many sad remembrances crowd in my heart sometimes when I think of him."

"*April 26th*, 1829.—I wish, dearest Anna, thou couldst have enjoyed the amazing talent of Pemberton, as I did last week. Truly it is wonderful. Such power of passion as I could hardly have imagined; he really is tremendous. We Friends, who are brought up from our earliest infancy under such calm rule, and are so much taught to subdue all emotions, cannot form any conception of the force and sublimity of human passion. Not bursts of fury—those *we* do sometimes witness—but of the stronger and more lofty passions: grief, love, indignation, remorse. These were some of the traits he gave us, in the characters and feelings of Macbeth, Virginius, and Shylock. Feeling the truth and sublimity of these representations, I still more admire the human heart and soul, which, like a deep ocean, though often calm and clear as a mirror, can be wrought up to such awful storm and reveal such rich and unfathomable

depths. Depend upon it, dear Anna, there is a very great deal to be learned from such acting."

I interrupt the epistolary narrative to add a few particulars about poor Charles Pemberton. He was a man of good family but of erratic genius, both an actor and lecturer, and his life a perfect romance of adventure and misfortune. He had been a good deal in America, where he passed through every variety of experience, and had brought back with him a nature fresh as that of a child. When in London, he dwelt principally in the circle of the religious lecturer and (later) Member of Parliament, W. J. Fox, and his friends, the Misses Flower. Of these ladies, the younger sister became Mrs. Adams. She was the authoress of a sacred drama, "Vivia Perpetua," and other religious poetry, but is chiefly known by her exquisite hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee." Her sister was a splendid musician, whose performances on the organ caused the chapel of W. J. Fox to be visited on Sundays by crowds, who were not exactly followers of that gentleman's religious teaching. Pemberton had married in his early manhood a handsome actress, who was the misery of his life. They had been parted some years, when he happened once to be staying with us in Nottingham, at the time of the great autumn Goose Fair. He was always a partisan of the people and their sports, and took a lively interest in the booths and travelling circuses. At the door of one such exhibition Pemberton recognised a showy woman, painted and bedizened in feathers and tinsel, as his wife. Fortunately my husband was with him, as he seemed momentarily out of his mind; he uttered some terrible exclamation of despair, and forgetting everything but his grief, rushed out of the crowd. After this occurrence, we saw him no more for many months. I do not remember, indeed, that we ever saw him again in Nottingham. He came to visit us at Esher when in broken health, and on the eve of his departure for Egypt, whither he was going by medical advice. If he did not die in Egypt, he must have done so shortly after his return.

I write to my sister from Nottingham :—

"10*th Mo.*, 18*th*, 1829.—Speaking of beautiful poetry, there

is a piece of Miss Bowles's in the *Souvenir* that is to me perfect; its tenderness and pathos haunted me for days. It is the dying mother to her infant. Miss Bowles is certainly a most charming woman. Have I ever told thee what kind, cordial, sisterly letters I have had from her? In her last she speaks a great deal about herself. She has, she says, long ceased to be young, and has known many tossings and tribulations, and so I can believe. Her heart has known sorrow, and therefore she sympathises with it so kindly."

"*Nottingham*, 12*th Mo.*, 13*th*, 1829.—Thou art quite right about Mrs. Hemans's poetry, and thou art not by any means peculiar. But it is no stately undertone of *German* in it that offends thee. She wants true simplicity. Her heart is right, but her taste is rather vitiated. It is just like her dress; it has too much glare and contrast of colour to be in pure taste. I *felt* this when I saw her.

"Now, dear Anna, what wilt thou say when I tell thee William and I set out for London the day after to-morrow? My heart beats at this moment to think of it. I half dread it. I shall twenty times wish for our quiet fireside, where day by day we read and talk by ourselves, and nobody looks in upon us. I keep reasoning with myself that the people we shall see in London are but men and women, and perhaps, after all, no better than ourselves. If we could, dear Anna, but divest our minds of *self*, as our dear father used to say we should do, it would be better and more comfortable for us. This is the only thing that casts a cloud on our proposed journey. In every other respect it is delightful, almost intoxicating. I recall to myself the old fame of London, its sublime position in the world, its immensity, its interesting society, till I feel an impatient enthusiasm, which makes quite a child of me again. Think only, dear Anna, to hear the very hum of that immense place, to see from afar its dense cloud of smoke! These things, little and ordinary as they would be to many, would, I know, under particular circumstances, fill my eyes with tears and bring my heart into my throat till I could not say a word. But then to stand on Tower Hill, in Westminster Abbey, upon some old famous bridge, to see the marbles in the British Museum, the pictures in some of the fine galleries, or even to

have before one's eyes some old grey wall in Eastcheap or the Jewry, about which Shakespeare or some other worthy has made mention, will be to me a realisation of many a vision and speculation. We do not intend to stay more than a week, and thou mayst believe we shall have enough to do. We are to be with Alaric and Zillah Watts, and have to make special calls on the S. C. Halls, Dr. Bowring, the Pringles, and be introduced to their ramifications of acquaintances; Allan Cunningham, L. E. L., Martin the painter, and Thomas Roscoe, we are sure to see, and how many more I cannot tell."

"My Dear Anna,—Actually and truly I write from London, and in great haste, just to prove to thee that thou art not forgotten. I cannot pretend to tell thee one-tenth of the sights we have seen or one-twentieth part of the kindness of our friends. Alaric Watts is one of the most gentlemanly and obliging persons I ever saw, with a nice, well-bred wife and a dear little boy.

"I am also exceedingly pleased with Thomas Pringle; he is a good man. We have met L. E. L.; she is a pretty, merry, fidgety little damsel. Mrs. Hofland is a very ordinary-looking, very countrified old lady, but very kind and motherly. We have not yet seen Barry Cornwall, Allan Cunningham, and Geoffrey Crayon; Dr. Bowring has, however, promised to invite the latter to meet us to-morrow evening. T. K. Hervey is visiting at the Watts's at this time. He is a singular looking young man, but very agreeable."

CHAPTER VI.

1830—1836.

This was the period when the annuals—those "butterflies of literature," as L. E. L., herself a butterfly, called them to me—found favour with the public. Alaric Watts was the editor of the *Literary Souvenir*, one of the very best of this class of productions. Both he and his wife had become our beloved and valued friends. Zillah Watts, the sister of two remarkable men, Jeremiah and Benjamin Wiffen, was highly gifted, and born, like myself, in the Society of Friends. We were the same age, and greatly attached to each other. The chief bond between us at this time was literature, and the style of our correspondence may be seen in letters given in the "Life of Alaric Watts," by his son and my son-in-law, Alaric Alfred Watts, which was published in 1884.

In our visit to London at Christmas 1829, my husband and I first made the personal acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. He was then editing the *Amulet*, and his wife had accepted the editorship of the *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*. This acquaintance grew into a lifelong friendship. Allan Cunningham edited *The Anniversary*, and Thomas Pringle the *Friendship's Offering*, whilst our friend William Chorley, at Liverpool, was editing the *Winter's Wreath*.

It was on a visit paid to my sister Anna that I first came in contact with the interesting Chorley family. The father must have been dead some years, and the Quakeress, Jane Chorley, her three sons and one daughter, dwelt with her brother, Dr. Rutter. William, the eldest, especially applied himself to literature. John, the second, was brimful of elegant scholarship and music. Henry, then twenty, and equally musical, was of a delicate constitution, and suffered from shyness. He was very affectionate and generous-hearted, and became to me as a brother. He was himself devoted to authorship, and assured

me that "no good work could ever be accomplished without time, reflection, and prayer." In 1833 he settled in London, became a regular writer on the staff of the *Athenæum*, and three years later he issued his "Memorials of Mrs. Hemans."

This amiable and accomplished poetess, a native of Liverpool, and my senior by five years, had been brought up in the seclusion of North Wales, and without being regularly educated, had acquired the knowledge of several languages, and stored her memory with everything worth possessing in the whole range of poetry. She resided at Rhyllon, near St. Asaph, having a kind, protecting friend in the Bishop, until the marriage of her sister, in 1828, broke up the household. She then removed to Liverpool for the education of her five little sons, arriving there in the autumn of 1828. She settled in the village of Wavertree, and writing to me in the following December, speaks of "many things pressing on her heart, amongst these, the want of hills, the waveless horizon, wearying her eye, accustomed to the sweeping outline of mountain scenery. It was a dull, uninventive nature around her."

On my next visit to Liverpool I found Mrs. Hemans the object of tender solicitude to the Chorleys, who were her chief friends. She was persecuted by sightseers, especially by the homage of importunate young ladies, so that she trembled to see a muff enter her little parlour, lest it should conceal an album "within its treasure caves and cells," saying she considered it "unjustifiable in people always to come armed with their pocket-pistols."

It was summer-time when we met; and once, as we were sitting together, little Charles Hemans ran into the room holding a dark Bengal rose, and exclaiming, in gleeful admiration, "Oh mamma, the red rose of glory!" Upwards of forty years later I gave him, in Rome, a bunch of the same roses, and attached to them, in writing, his juvenile appellation.

I must not omit one great and lasting benefit which we derived from our intercourse with Mrs. Hemans and the three brothers Chorley. They were all enthusiasts for the German language and literature, and inspired us with the same taste. William Chorley especially aided and encouraged us, directing our studies and supplying us with books from his large collection of standard German works.

Returning now to my correspondence with my sister, I find the following :—

"*Nottingham, June* 14, 1830.—Why, dear Anna, if thou feelst the disadvantage and absurdity of Friends' peculiarities, dost thou not abandon them? William has done so, and really I am glad. He is a good Christian, and the change has made no difference in him, except for the better, as regards looks. I am amazed now how I could advocate the ungraceful cut of a Friend's coat; and if we could do the same, we should find ourselves religiously no worse, whatever Friends might think. I never wish to be representative to any meeting, or to hold the office of clerk or sub-clerk. All other privileges of the Society we should enjoy the same. But I am *nervous* on the subject. I should not like to wear a straw bonnet without ribbons; it looks so Methodistical; and with ribbons, I again say, I should be nervous. Besides, notwithstanding all his own changes, William likes a Friend's bonnet. In all other particulars of dress, mine is just in make the same as everybody else's. Anna Mary I shall never bring up in the payment of the tithe of mint and cummin; and I fancy Friends are somewhat scandalised at the unorthodox appearance of the little maiden. As to language, I could easily adopt that of our countrymen, but think with a Friend's bonnet it does not accord; and I like consistency. I quite look for the interference of some of our exact brothers or sisters on account of my writings; at least if they read the annuals next year, for I have a set of the most un-Friendly ballads in them. What does Daniel say about these things? I hope he does not grow rigid as he grows older.

"I trust thou hast plenty of nice little shelves and odd nooks for good casts and knick-knacks. I love to see these things in a house, where they are well selected and used with discretion. Let us accustom our children to elegant objects, as far as our means permit. I think one might manage so that every common jug and basin in the house were well moulded, with such curves as would not have offended the eye of an Athenian. There is much in the *forms* of things. I wish I had my time to live over again, for with my present knowledge, even in the buying of a brown pot, I could do better. Thou

wilt perhaps smile at this as folly, yet so fully am I impressed with its importance, that I point out to Anna Mary what appears to me good and what faulty. Morally and intellectually we must be better for studying perfection, and it consists a great deal in outward forms. Even a child can soon perceive how in houses some things are chosen for their grotesqueness or picturesqueness, which is distinct from beauty. I do not know why I have written thus, for thou feelst these things just as much as I do."

"*Nottingham, Dec.* 26, 1830.—It is impossible to tell thee how I long for some mighty spirit to arise to give a new impulse to mind. I am tired of Sir Walter Scott and his imitators, and I am sickened of Mrs. Hemans's luscious poetry, and all her tribe of copyists. The libraries set in array one school against the other, and hurry out their trashy volumes before the ink of the manuscript is fairly dry. It is an abomination to my soul; not one in twenty could I read. Thus it is, a thousand books are published, and nine hundred and ninety are unreadable. Dost thou remember the days when Byron's poems came out first, now one, and then one, at sufficient intervals to allow of digesting them? And dost thou remember our first reading of 'Lalla Rookh?' It was on a washing-day. We read and clapped our clear-starching, read and clapped, read and clapped and read again, and all the time our souls were not on this earth. Ay, dear Anna, it was either being young or being unsurfeited which gave such glory to poetry in those days. And yet I do question whether, if 'Lalla Rookh' were now first published, I could enjoy it as I did then. But of this I cannot judge; the idea of the poem is spoiled to me by others being like it. I long for an era, the outbreaking of some strong spirit who would open another seal. The very giants that rose in intellect at the beginning of the century, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, have become dwarfed. Many causes have conspired to make literature what it now is, a swarming but insignificant breed; one being the wretched, degraded state of criticism; another is the annuals; and, in fact, all periodical writing, which requires a certain amount of material, verse or prose, in a given time."

"*Nottingham, April* 3, 1831.—I know, my kindest sister, thy warm interest about us and our literary progress, and therefore I am glad to think thou wilt be pleased to see the triumphant course of the 'Book of the Seasons.' I dare say thou hast seen the notice in the *Athenæum* some weeks ago. This month there are excellent reviews of it in the *New Monthly*, the *Eclectic*, the *Westminster Review*, and *Blackwood's* in the "Noctes." Our literary friends have been most kind, Delta, Bowring, the Halls, and above all, our indefatigable friend, Alaric Watts. Josiah Conder, too, has made the *amende honorable* for his former offences against William by his gracious criticism."

"*May* 3, 1831.—My little Anna Mary is gone again to Uttoxeter; and Emma was also to have gone at that time but for unexpected guests, who have been with us a week to-day—no others than Mrs. Wordsworth and her daughter. This day week, as we were dressing in the morning, Mr. Wordsworth was announced. Of course, we were very glad to see him. He was on his way home from London, and Mrs. Wordsworth, who was with him, was taken ill on the road, and had arrived in great agony in Nottingham the night before.

He came, poor man! in much perplexity to ask our advice. We recommended that Godfrey should see her, and insisted on her removal to our house, which was accomplished with some difficulty the same afternoon. Here she has accordingly been since. She is now nearly recovered, and I suppose will leave us the day after to-morrow. Wordsworth greatly pleased me. He is worthy of being the author of the 'Excursion,' of 'Ruth,' and those sweet poems so full of human sympathy. He is a kind man, full of strong feeling and sound judgment. We very much enjoyed the little of his society that we had, for he stayed but one night with us. My greatest delight was that he seemed so much pleased with William's conversation. They seemed quite in their element, pouring out their eloquent sentiments on the future prospects of society, and on all subjects connected with poetry and the interests of man.

"Not less are we pleased with Mrs. Wordsworth and her lovely daughter, Dora. They are the most grateful people; everything we do for them is right, and the very best it can be.

"I am glad to tell thee that they are quite delighted with Emma. 'Here the dear creature comes!' Mrs. Wordsworth constantly says, when she hears her foot on the stairs; and I do not wonder at it, for a kinder, gentler, more affectionate nurse than she is cannot be, perpetually doing, silently and unknown, some pleasant and acceptable service."

The year 1831 was not only memorable to us by this visit from the Wordsworths, but from the riots in Nottingham. A few years earlier the lowest class in the town, elated with prosperity, had become a perfect nuisance to society by braving all order and defying all authority, and had taught us that, if once inflamed by rage, these roughs would make Nottingham a dangerous place.

After the accession of William IV., in June 1830, we looked forward with fearful apprehension, till, in November, the Grey Administration was formed, and then we again began to hope. Those were certainly melancholy times. The poor were suffering dreadfully. Labourers in the southern counties toiled like slaves for sixpence a-day, and with every spark of independence smothered, from the necessity of receiving parish relief. No wonder, then, at the spirit of insurrection among these poor peasants. Nay, sensible men, well-wishers to their country and the cause of humanity, began to consider the incendiary spirit as one likely to produce good, that nothing short of it would turn the attention of the rich and influential to the miserable condition of these hewers of wood and drawers of water.

The trade of Nottingham depended very much for a market on France and the Netherlands, and after the disturbances on the Continent it suffered dreadfully. Poor people worked incessantly sixteen and seventeen hours a-day, and could then only earn from sixpence to eightpence. No wonder, therefore, at attempted revolution; more especially as the toilers heard of the country's money being lavished by millions. I, who never in my life had been a politician, and whose prejudices from childhood had been in opposition to democracy, now most cordially allied myself in spirit with the party who cried out for radical reform.

On October 7, 1831, the Reform Bill was rejected by the Lords; and three days later Nottingham Castle, the property

of the Duke of Newcastle, was burnt in the political excitement.

My husband thus describes the scene, witnessed from the top of our house, which was flat and leaded :—

"First in the dusk of the evening, the vast market-place of six acres filled with one dense throng of people, their black heads looking like a sea of ink, for the whole living mass was swaying and heaving in the commotion of fury seeking a vent. Suddenly there was a cry of 'To the castle! to the castle!' to which a fierce roar of applause was the ominous echo, and at once this heaving, raging ocean of agitated life became an impetuous, headlong torrent, struggling away towards Friar Lane, leading directly to the castle.

"Anon arose a din of deafening yells and hurrahs from the wide castle-court. The mob had scaled the walls. They surrounded the vast building as a stormy tide surges tumultuously round an ocean rock. Anon and a red light gleamed through the different rooms in view, followed by the hoarse roar of the monster crowd without. The flames rapidly spread, filled the whole place with a deep fiery glow, mingled with clouds of smoke that burst from the windows and streamed up roofwards, tipped with tongues of flame, hungry for the destruction of the whole fabric. Through all this, even when fire seemed raging through the whole building, there were seen figures as of black demons dancing, as it were, in the very midst of the flames in the upper rooms, whilst cries as dread and demoniac were yelled forth from below. In fact, numbers of these incendiaries, made drunk with their success, were still dancing in the rooms, in delight over their revel of destruction. When all access by the staircase was cut off, and only when driven by the aggressive flames, did they issue from the windows and descend by the projection of the stonework, which, luckily for them, was of that style in which every stone stands prominent, leaving a sunken band between it and its fellow.

"Soon the riotous, voracious flames burst through the roof, sending down torrents of melted lead, and to heaven legions of glittering sparks and smoke as from a volcano. The scene was magnificent, though saddened by regret for the destruction of a building which, though not antiquely picturesque like its predecessors, was invested with many historical memories, and by

its size, symmetry, and its position on the bold and lofty rock, formed a fine feature in the landscape. It was a steadily rainy night, yet the wet seemed to possess no power over the raging mass of fire. Frequently parts of the roof or beams within fell with a louder thunder, and sent up fresh volumes of smoke, dust, and coruscating sparks. The rioters had torn down the wainscotings of cedar, piled them up in the different rooms and fired them, and the whole air was consequently filled with a peculiar aroma from the old cedar thus burning. In the morning the great fabric stood a skeleton of hollow doorways and windows, blackened walls, and heaps of still smouldering and smoking materials within."

Returning to my letters to my sister Anna, I write from

"*Nottingham, Oct.* 16, 1832.—Were you not grieved at the death of Sir Walter Scott? Never did there live a man who has so largely contributed to the happiness of his race. He seems to me to have been at this particular time an especial benefactor, because sorrow and care are, as it were, let loose in the world, and man needs recreation; like the poor Paisley weaver who said the greatest pleasure he enjoyed in these bad times was reading Sir Walter Scott's tales."

"*April* 22, 1833.—One's heart grows sore with looking upon the present prospects of English society. Any change, it seems to me, provided it affected the aristocracy and the immensely rich, as well as the middle and lower classes, must be an improvement. One grows almost reckless about political changes, so utterly hopeless are human affairs becoming. Were it not for the tie children are of necessity, and the obligation they impose upon us to have a fixed home, I could like to turn gipsy or lead the life of a wild Indian, and have no home or hardly any country, except such as chance and circumstance gave us. At least, such a life I should very much like to try. I dare say, dear Anna, thou wilt think I have lost my senses or am grown very wicked to have such strange notions. I am not going to do any wild thing, nor am I doubtful of Providence. But what thoughtful person can look round on the strange disorganisation of society without regarding that life as the best and most rational which reduces one's wants to the smallest

number, and makes us less dependent upon others than the present state of things necessarily obliges us to be?

"Our approaching journey to London is partly one of business; nevertheless, we cannot anticipate a visit there, particularly at this season of the year, without having many delightful visions of much to be seen and done. I wish it were possible to persuade you to take just this once a trip to Babylon. Only think what we might do! Why, we would go down to Croydon for a day, and we would live our schoolgirl rambles over again; would see those green hills where were actual shepherds, and where on the white stony tops we sat down and ate our dinners."

"*Nottingham, June* 15, 1833.—With this you will receive a copy of the 'History of Priestcraft.' I do not anticipate its entirely meeting with your approbation, though I must be free to say I think George Fox, William Penn, and Robert Barclay would have hailed it as a book of good fellowship; but, some way, Friends have adopted a more timid policy in these days, and are more inclined to concede to the powers that be than stand boldly opposed to them. Perhaps you have heard that this book of William's was denounced in the Yearly Meeting by Luke Howard as a libellous work, and one which he cautioned Friends not to read. This in reality would do the book good, the very caution inflaming curiosity and attracting attention to it. Though perhaps you may think some portions written in too vehement a spirit, I am sure there is a great deal that will delight you; you will feel that the general tone is manly and right, and that it contains much beautiful writing.

"I suppose thou wilt, dear Anna, expect some account of our London visit; but really I have very little to tell thee. I can imagine you will be inclined to censure me for not making a point as of duty in attending the Yearly Meeting. But let me beg of you to remember one thing—mother can understand it, I am sure—what a serious obstacle is the distance of places one from another in London. We were three miles and a half from meeting, with persons not Friends, who, therefore, had no arrangements made for attending meeting; and to walk backwards and forwards that distance, with no Friend's house to rest at, was what I could not do, and to take a coach was what

we could not afford; therefore we were obliged to reconcile ourselves to stop away, and did the more easily from the specimen I had; and especially because there was nobody there we cared to see.

"With the neighbourhood of London, we were extremely pleased. The banks of the Thames are less beautiful for pastoral effects than the banks of the Trent, and this is owing to the tide, which leaves a muddy shore for part of the day. But when you come to Richmond, where such trees as you see in pictures or fancy in poetry grow in their bountiful luxuriance to the river's banks, it is all you can desire for rich river scenery; and the view from Richmond Hill is certainly one of the most glorious of the kind that can be conceived, such an excess of fertile beauty as no pencil can represent, and you wonder at the audacity of any painter attempting it.

"For a quiet, little, less-pretending place of great beauty we like Highgate, and should not be disinclined to take up our abode there. A modest cottage in a garden buried among trees would be the height of my ambition. How happy should I be to make thee and thine welcome in such a spot at Highgate!"

"*January*, 1834.—William has been in London for the last week. If you see the London papers, you will have noticed his name mentioned for good or evil according to the politics of the paper. Joseph Gilbert and he were delegates from this place to the great meeting in London. He has attended several other meetings, and been so warmly received that in one instance he was obliged to come down from the platform before he could put an end to the people's marks of approbation."

Until the publication of the "History of Priestcraft" my husband had lived in great privacy in Nottingham, where the Radical portion of the population now claimed him as their champion. This led to his being deputed, in January 1834, with the Rev. Joseph Gilbert—the husband of Ann Taylor, joint-authoress with her sister Jane of the charming "Original Poems for Infant Minds"—and a third Advanced Liberal, Mr. Hugh Hunter, to present to Government a petition from Not-

tingham for the disestablishment of the Church.* They had in consequence an interview with Earl Grey, and presented their memorial praying for the separation of Church and State. His Lordship, after reading the petition, told the deputation that he was sorry to find the expression of such sweeping measures, which would embarrass the Ministers, alarm both Houses of Parliament, and startle the country. He wished they had confined themselves to the removal of those disabilities connected with marriage, burial, registration, and such matters, for on these heads there existed, both in himself and his colleagues, every disposition to relieve them. He further added, that if personal disabilities were removed, he could not conceive what actual grievance would press upon Dissenters. Did they want entirely to do away with all establishment of religion?

William Howitt, who, as a Friend, had been brought up to reject all dependence on "a man-made ministry" and the outward ceremonies of religion, and who believed that compulsory payments for the propagation and support of Christianity were not sanctioned by its Divine Founder, replied from his conscience, "That was precisely what they desired." On this Earl Grey declared decidedly that he should give his strenuous opposition to every attempt to remove the Establishment. He belonged to the Church, and he would stand by it to the best of his ability. He considered it the sacred duty of every Government to maintain an establishment of religion.

"People are not so easily frightened at changes now-a-days," replied William Howitt, adding that "to establish one sect in preference to another was to establish a party and not a religion."

My husband held the opinion that if a State religion be deemed advisable for each nation, it should for the Irish, owing to the belief of the majority, be Catholic; and he felt a deep concern at the coercion sometimes practised on them to enforce

* We are told in the "Autobiography and other Memorials of Mrs. Gilbert," edited by her son, Josiah Gilbert, 1874, vol. ii. p. 129, that "the first public meeting in the kingdom to consider the abolition of a Church Establishment was held in Nottingham in 1834, and Mr. Gilbert moved the first resolution, in which he endeavoured to set the tone of the meeting, and to imbue it with his own religious spirit. A deputation to Earl Grey was decided upon, a leading member of which was Mr. William Howitt. The blunt straightforwardness, racy English, and ready tact in his interview with the Premier tell with quite dramatic effect, even in the dull pages of the 'Annual Register.'"

an alien creed. In this he had a warm sympathiser in my mother, who, from an early experience in Wales, had learnt a wise method of treating the Irish. She had heard, when a child, a gentleman say to her father at Cyfarthfa, "Mr. Wood, the Welsh are a sensitive people. They still consider themselves a conquered nation. You may lead them by a fine thread, but I defy any man to draw or drag them with a cart-rope." Her father had acted upon the hint, and no people were, in consequence, more esteemed by all classes than he and his wife. At one time the Uttoxeter vestry made it a rule that Irish labourers passing through the town should not be relieved at the vagrant office. Mr. Bladon, a highly respected draper, went, therefore, in haste to my father to fix on some mode of relief, and they jointly undertook to provide a small fund, could any one be found to act as relieving officer. My mother immediately offered her services, and, aided by her husband, assisted in the course of time four hundred Irish.

Famine was then prevalent in their country, and she took care to inquire of each applicant how much he or his friends had received of the money sent from England. She always obtained the same answer; the funds were entrusted to the Protestant clergy, who refused to dispense them to those who did not attend their ministry. My mother, warning the labourers to speak the truth, as she should commit the statements to paper and make inquiry, carefully noted the name and address of each clergyman mentioned. Joseph Burtt, a Friend connected with Ireland, after assuring her that she had been terribly imposed upon, took the written statements for the purpose of obtaining their contradiction or confirmation. He brought them back the next time he visited Uttoxeter, with a written remark affixed to each, such as—"This is true," "This is correct," "Sad, but true." Nor did she ever forget how the Irish labourers, calling after my father's death, on hearing the tidings, knelt down and, with tears, prayed for his soul.

My husband combined with his intense appreciation and love of nature, and his affection for all that was good and true, a fiery detestation of every form of human injustice or oppression; and this made him a violent partisan in real and sometimes in imaginary wrongs. His hatred of what he felt to be priestcraft had been engendered from infancy by the ignorance,

brutality, and petty tyranny exercised by the incumbents in his native village, and whose conduct and ministrations were in most glaring contrast with those of his mother, the servant and consoler of the parish. In Nottingham he found a warm ally in Mr. Benjamin Boothby, a powerful and remarkable man, of strong intellect and strong prepossessions, anti-Church to the core, philanthropic, and an active agent in the improvement of the borough.

William had published his "History of Priestcraft" with Effingham Wilson, and I shortly afterwards made my appearance from that house in a very humble guise, a small square volume, with poor woodcuts, entitled "Sketches of Natural History"; in a very unattractive form, I thought, in comparison with Mrs. Austin's "The Story Without an End," which Wilson had just before published. My husband used to amuse our children with off-hand explanations of Bewick's vignettes. It is impossible to describe the fascination of those evening hours, when the father, with the children clustered round him or on his knee, told the imaginary story of the wonderful picture, only a couple of inches, perhaps, in dimension: the two old cronies talking together leaning on their spades—the blind fiddlers—the village lads riding astride on the gravestones —the pigs in the garden, and so on. It was a never-ending series of village life, related in a rich comic vein, or with true pathos and tenderness. My little poetical sketches had reference to Bewick's woodcuts of birds and animals, and were written down because the children liked them. They still live, and other children read them, under one of the various titles with which Messrs. Nelson are too fond of disguising old friends.

To my sister Anna I write, February 28, 1834:—

"Have you chanced to see a good notice of my 'Seven Temptations' in the last week's *Athenæum*, the only review which has yet appeared, excepting the *Literary Gazette*, which was designed, in the technical phrase, to 'damn the book'? The cry is, 'Poetry don't sell,' and perhaps it does not as much as it did. If, however, my volume is unsuccessful, I suppose I shall adopt the cry rather than allow that mine is not either good or original. The new edition of the 'History of Priest-

craft' will be out in a very few days. It contains four entirely new chapters, and is much improved."

"*Feb.* 10, 1835.—Thou wilt see the announcement of William's next work, 'The Rural Life of England.' It is full of English scenery and feeling, and of everything that makes a country life delightful, with a fine spirit of human sympathy running through it. I am busy, too, in writing 'A Year in the Country; or, The Chronicle of Wood Leighton'—a great effort for me, being nothing less than three prose volumes. I began it about New Year's Day, and have finished one volume. It is an engagement with Mr. Bentley. Wood Leighton is Uttoxeter, and I have imagined a legacy of property there coming to us from an old bachelor relative. The place is all new to us. We go to take possession, find there an old housekeeper—our own Nanny. Finally, we are so pleased we determine to remain a year. Then follow descriptions of the country and all kinds of character and story. Tell me what thou thinkst of it."

"*November* 5, 1835.—You would receive a *Nottingham Review* this last week. It was sent for you to read 'The Death-cry of a Perishing Church,' an article which has made the town all alive this week. It seems as if the Archdeacon and William were never to cease their controversy. Samuel Fox is so delighted with the article that he has had it printed on a large sheet of paper, and circulated gratis the whole town over."

On December 31, 1835, my husband, against his will, was elected by the Council an alderman of the borough of Nottingham, and was regarded by the Radical party as their chief representative. His political sentiments at this period are well reflected in his correspondence with our valued friend, Miss Bowles.

On April 25, 1835, addressing her at her place of abode, Buckland, Lymington, in the New Forest, he says:—

"I sincerely sympathise with you on the havoc made in your beautiful woody lanes. When Lord Denman gets into office, I shall use all my Radical influence to get a rat-catcher's place in your Forest. Then you and Mary and I will set our heads

together, and write such things about it as shall make every oak-tree sacred. Not an axe shall be lifted upon a tree, except for the legitimate purpose of shipbuilding. When reform gets a little vent, depend upon it, it will not be so rampant as it is now. It is pent up, and therefore ready to break everything down that it can. It is chafed, and therefore puts itself in an attitude of destructiveness. When the mind and *gentlemanness* of the country see that reform must go on, they will gradually fall into its ranks, and infuse a little more taste, a little better blood, into the cause.

"The Whigs have a sort of mushroom liberality. They are liberal that they may be thought so, not for the love of it; and the Radicals are more politicians than people of taste. These things will change for the better, I hope. Of one thing I am sure: the Whigs and Radicals have a great deal to learn with regard to the honour and the strength derived in respecting kin and party. For myself, I am as aristocratic about *old oaks* as you can be."

On February 9, 1836, he writes to the same correspondent:—

"In that sweet retirement of yours, what but thoughts and feelings for your own and general delight ought to spring up? If such a little paradise were mine, I would forget politics and be poetical and happy spite of Churches, Constitutions, Houses of Lords, Humes, or O'Connells. But it is my fate to be dragged into public botheration, and I shall never be free from it till I am free of Nottingham. I am anxious to complete my 'Rural Life of England,' but am daily driven away from it by the nuisance of a Town Council that I sincerely wish at Van Diemen's Land. I wish we lived near you. I think our individual Radicalism and Toryism would then amalgamate into something very rational, very generous, and very beneficent. I often think of your dear place and country, and the time I strolled about with you and sat with you on stiles in that fine autumn weather by woodland walk or hurrying stream with great affection. I should have valued that journey if it had left me only that pleasant memory, but it has left many; and I sometimes talk to Mary of places and things that I encountered that fill her with poetry, some of which is already in print."

On March 6, 1836, I write to my sister:—

"I want to make thee, and more particularly dear mother, see, as I have done long, that I am not out of my line of duty in devoting myself so much to literary occupation. Just lately things were sadly against us. Dear William could not sleep at night. The days were dark and gloomy. Altogether I was quite at my wits' end. I turned over in my mind what I could do next, for, till William's 'Rural Life' was finished, we had nothing available. Then I bethought myself of all those little verses and prose tales that for years I had written for the juvenile annuals. It seemed probable to me I might turn them to account. In about a week I had nearly all the poetry copied; and then who should come to Nottingham but John Darton. He fell into the idea immediatly, took what I had copied up to London with him, and I am to have a hundred and fifty guineas for them. I must call this a signal interference of Providence for us. Is it not a cause of thankfulness, dearest sister, and have I not reason to feel that in thus writing I am fulfilling my duty?

"I do not know whether you would see a *Nottingham Review* I sent two weeks ago to mother, containing an abstract of William's speech at the Irish meeting. The effect of that speech was really wonderful. I was not well, and could not go out, or I should have attended the meeting, and seen the effect myself. I am told that the audience was quite carried away—now all enthusiasm, again perfectly breathless, now all in tears. The greatest and richest men wept like children; one old man covered his head with his handkerchief to weep in private. Yet when William entered the hall he had no idea of saying more than about half-a-dozen sentences. He said it seemed to him like inspiration, and he wondered at himself; and even when he sat down in the thunder of applause, he himself wept, and returned thanks to the Almighty that he had been so enabled to advocate a great cause."

"*March* 22, 1836.—This day I was looking over the advertisements in a newspaper, and saw the Bible advertised which thou saidst you were taking in; the very sight of it filled my heart anew with affection, and I determined to work hard and finish a pinafore I had in hand, and so secure an hour in the

evening to finish my letter. Now, therefore, I am writing, the children being in bed, and William gone to meet a committee anent a grand O'Connell dinner, which we are to have on Easter Monday in Nottingham; a very great concern it is to be, and one in which I take vast interest. I will send you an account of it by newspaper.

"I do not know whether I ever told thee that I have a district which I visit for the Nottingham Provident Society. I used even to question whether such visitations were proper for females. My opinion, however, altered with consideration, and I volunteered my services. Now, I must confess I never had more entire satisfaction with anything I ever did than with this. I cannot tell thee the almost love—I suppose it is *charity*—I feel for my poor people, nor the benefit I have been able to do to some of them. I say this not in boasting, but in thankfulness, because I never could have imagined, with the little we have to spare, our being able to serve so essentially any poor families. I have actually shed tears both of sorrow and joy with these poor people. Then there is another view in which this work interests me, but in a far inferior degree, and that is in the variety of character which we find among the poor. In a common way, one looks on them as on a flock of sheep. All seem alike. All have many children, little leisure, poor clothes, and are all more or less dirty. But one does not sit with them five or ten minutes once a week without soon detecting very marked and curious varieties, and hearing many most touching and interesting bits of family history, of trouble or sorrow, or equally interesting display of human nature, which has often made me think better of my race for their sakes."

William Howitt's speech in the Town Hall on the Irish question, in which he eloquently referred to O'Connell, led to a spontaneous determination by the audience of inviting the "Liberator" down to a public dinner. He came, being met in the suburbs by a committee of gentlemen in carriages, and conveyed through the town amid the acclamations of immense crowds. This visit brought us into personal and very friendly contact with Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell.

My husband at this time, when most anxious to complete his "Rural Life of England," was daily debarred from literature

by the duties imposed on him in the Town Council. We therefore deemed it prudent for him to withdraw from the arena of public debate to a more secluded place of residence, where, unconcerned in municipal affairs and national measures, he could, in the study of Nature and the pursuit of general literature, laudably satisfy his intellect and his affections.

On August 30, 1836, I write from the village of Wilford to Miss Bowles:—

"This letter must be one of explanation; and first of all you must know that we have left Nottingham as a place of residence, but are now returned to it for a few days after a three months' tour in the north of England and Scotland. On our return we found your volume, for which accept our sincerest thanks. We have not yet read it steadily, for we have been back only a very few days, and we had our dear children to gather again about us, to talk and listen and idle with them; therefore this letter of mine is but to inform you that your volume is received, and will have an early perusal; then you shall hear again from us, and at that time I hope to be able to tell you of our whereabouts, which is to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of London, and to which, as you will believe, we are impatient to be hastening, for as yet our habitation is unselected, and we have a pleasant vision of being settled down in our new home before winter.

"I should extremely like to give you some idea of our most delightful journey, but that I hardly know how to begin. A great deal of it you will find embodied in 'The Rural Life of England'; to gain information for which work the journey was especially taken, at least in the north of England. We saw a good deal of *the people*, especially in the Yorkshire dales and in Northumberland, and much to interest and please us. Above all, we received much kindness from persons whom we met as strangers. Our journey in Scotland was entirely of curiosity, not of business, and accordingly we moved along much more rapidly, and dwelt much more on generals than particulars. Some time or other we may, perhaps, have the great pleasure of talking over with you our visit to Staffa and Iona, our sail up the Caledonian Canal; our Sunday at Kilmorack, during the administration of the Sacrament to the Gaelic congregation; certainly one of the most striking ceremonials—the time,

place, and people being taken into consideration—that we ever witnessed.

"What a fine incident is that of yours which you call 'The Mechanic!' I could tell you much that we have seen in the lives of the poor that you could tell as touchingly. Human hearts are holy things."

In connection with the pleasant tour above alluded to, I would add that at Blackburn we visited my beloved sister, Emma, and her husband, Harrison Alderson, cousin to Daniel Harrison. We then paid a most interesting visit to Stonyhurst College. We drove, likewise, tandem with a young Friend, who was anxious to show us all the wonders of the wild Yorkshire scenery round Ingleborough, by Weathercote Cave, Hurtle-pot, and Gingle-pot. We wandered amongst the simple, primitive dales-people. After a delightful stay of several days at Rydal Mount with the Wordsworths, we proceeded to Newcastle-on-Tyne, on a pilgrimage to the haunts of Thomas Bewick. His two daughters, maiden ladies, became, from the date of this visit, particular friends of ours.

We went to the ruins of Lindisfarne Abbey, in Holy Island; to Warkworth, remembering the delight which Anna and I had in our first knowledge of "The Hermit of Warkworth," whilst my husband had rejoiced over the same beautiful ballad as a schoolboy at Ackworth. To many another romantic or historic spot we wandered, which my husband afterwards graphically described in his "Visits to Remarkable Places."

We had a delightful stay in Edinburgh. Immediately after our arrival, a public dinner was given to Campbell, the poet, at which the committee requested my husband's attendance, and that he would take a share in the proceedings of the evening, by proposing as a toast, "Wordsworth, Southey, and Moore." To this he consented.

This banquet was our first introduction to Professor Wilson ("Christopher North") and his family. I sat in the gallery with Mrs. Wilson and her daughters, one of whom was engaged to Professor Ferrier, who likewise took part in the speeches below. We could not but remark the wonderful difference, not only in the outer man, but in the whole character of mind and manner, between Professor Wilson and Campbell—

the one so hearty, outspoken, and joyous, the other so petty and trivial.

The Wilsons were extremely kind to us during our stay in Edinburgh, as indeed were each of the several classes of literary society which gave such a distinguishing character to that intellectual centre. There was the Blackwood clique, to which, of course, the Wilsons belonged. Then the set who composed Mr. Tait's stronghold for his magazine. By Mr. Tait we were invited to a tripe supper, and introduced to Mrs. Johnstone and the rest of his local contributors. I found it very agreeable and amazingly entertaining in its way. There was the group connected with *Chambers's Journal;* and, happily for us, Robert Chambers, that most genial, intelligent, and interesting companion, made himself our *cicerone* in Edinburgh, showing us every place of interest, and presenting us to every person of character or note, not omitting Mrs. Maclehose, the Clarinda of Burns. She was then a very old woman, and, pleased by our call and our admiration of the poet, wished us to drink out of a couple of glasses given to her by Burns. This, however, her servant would not allow; she locked them up in the cupboard whence they had been produced for exhibition, put the key in her pocket, and brought in their stead three ordinary wine-glasses.

There was a fourth little group in this wonderful old city that showed us much kindness, the Friends' family of William Miller, the Nature-loving artist and admirable engraver. I have a most pleasant remembrance of breakfasting with these excellent Friends: the abundantly supplied table, the pure white linen, the kind, courteous, quiet manners, with the reading of the Scriptures and the solemn pause of silence that ended it. There was a young poet of great promise in Edinburgh, by name Robert Nicoll. We took the liberty of introducing him to the Millers. He accompanied us on this occasion, and was very much impressed by the peculiar character of breakfast in a Friends' family.

From Edinburgh we went to the Western Isles, taking the steamer at Glasgow. Our experiences at Staffa, Iona, later at Kilmorack and the field of Culloden, are all duly narrated by my husband in his "Visits to Remarkable Places."

We must have walked some hundreds of miles on this tour,

than which I can imagine nothing more delightful. I am thankful that now, at the age of eighty-six, I can still retain such an unbroken sense of the Divine goodness to His two unworthy children; who did not, I fear, though they enjoyed the good which He so liberally bestowed, remember that it all came from His gracious hand, and thus did not thank Him as He deserved.

CHAPTER VII.

1836—1840.

We took possession at Michaelmas, 1836, almost without self-exertion, of a charming home at Esher, in Surrey, procured by the instrumentality of our kind and efficient friends, Mr. and Mrs. Alaric Watts. They had removed from London to Ember Lodge, Thames Ditton, and at the distance of three miles had seen a house which they rightly conjectured would suit us.

West End Cottage—for such it was called—was an old-fashioned, roomy dwelling, lying at the foot of the ridge on which extends the pleasant, mile-long village of Esher. It had a young, well-stocked orchard, a most productive garden, convenient paddock, and a fine meadow by the river Mole, with the right of fishing and boating to the extent of seven miles. The furniture was to be disposed of with the lease; and it being but scanty, we supplemented it with purchases made at Hampton Court, and in 1837 at the sale of Talleyrand's furniture in London; for the old and noted ambassador had returned to France and retired from public life.

We were speedily settled in our charming home; and I had the delight of sharing the children's joy over cow, pig, poultry, pony and chaise; and my husband's satisfaction in his study lined with books, and in the attractive features of the neighbourhood.

On December 3, 1836, I write to my sister:—"Thou wilt be glad to know, dearest Anna, that our prospects are brighter than ever they have been, and our income will be better than it was in our most flourishing days at Nottingham. In consequence of an article which William wrote on Dymond's 'Christian Morality,' Joseph Hume, the Member for Middlesex,

wrote to him, and has opened a most promising connection for him with a new Radical newspaper, the *Constitutional*. O'Connell seems determined to make him the editor of the *Dublin Review*,* and even when he just lost his wife, wrote him, on November 27, a most kind letter—and a letter which has materially promoted his interest with the party. I cannot but see the hand of Providence in our leaving Nottingham. All has turned out admirably. We have, indeed, much to make us thankful. A new life seems opened before us; and I sleep as I never have slept since I was young."

"*Feb.* 9, 1837.—Nothing has given me a more unpleasant confirmation of my opinion of Friends' contracted and sectarian feeling than our experience in this neighbourhood, including the town of Kingston. Some Friends came from that meeting to announce to us the receipt of our certificate, with the utmost solemnity and shut-up-ness. They never said they were glad to have an addition to their meeting, that they hoped our residence had proved so far agreeable, or that it might do so, or even that we might have our health. They had no congratulations, no good wishes. Perhaps they felt none. But if so, it was not according to my notions of Christian charity, that wishes good to all men. They warned us against literature and politics, and when William inadvertently used the word Radical, the man-Friend asked *if he thought that word a desirable one for a Friend to use.* Everything with these Kingston Friends was warning and prohibition. They would not read books. They would not go into society. They would not look at a newspaper, nay, even would not admit a newspaper into their houses. Now, is not this a miserable state to be in? Yet these are among the approved and most orthodox members."

"*Esher, May* 30, 1837.—I do not think there ever was a time when I had so strong a love for my own kith and kin, or such a yearning desire to see them. Some of the Friends here

* O'Connell deemed William Howitt admirably adapted to deal with political and literary topics; but there was, as he affirmed, most serious obstacle to his becoming the editor of the *Dublin Review*, for it was "emphatically and polemically Catholic."

are ten times more formal and dress ten times more absurdly than in the North or the Midland Counties. For instance, I have seen men-Friends all in drab, with horn buttons and little pudding-crowned hats; and women there are who will not have a gather or plait in a garment, and who wear cloth bonnets.

"We have been up to London to attend one or two sittings of Yearly Meeting. But as it was Seventh-day and we not very knowing in such matters, we found the regular sittings were not held—at least of the women-Friends. I, therefore, spent the time with Christiana Price, at the White Hart, opposite the meeting, which house, I dare say, dear mother will recollect as a great resort of Friends. I was very much entertained by the passing in and out of the dowager-like old lady-Friends, who came sweeping in, with their long dark serge gowns and large crape shawls; the assiduous attendance of their quiet, well-fed servants; and, above all, with the original style of conversation of Christiana Price. She is a very pleasant woman, and retains a most kind and delightful recollection of thy visit to Swansea. We talked it all over. She related many anecdotes, to which I had to respond, 'Oh, yes; and I can tell thee something more.' Very amusing indeed it was to see the strong and faithful impression all that thou hadst told me had made on my mind. Christiana said it was like an echo of her youth coming back. I saw her brother Joseph also, and was very much entertained by his apparent astonishment at my dress.

"Among the stately old ladies was Elizabeth Fox, of Falmouth; I think a really handsome woman. She was very inquisitive after dear mother. She said she knew her well in their young days, and loved her dearly, and had stayed some time with her before any of us were born.

"Saturday night we spent with some friends of ours near Tottenham. In going there we passed a long array of the wealthy Friends' houses. Tottenham is a sort of court-end, and all looked so bright, rich, and well-to-do. There were such traces of wheels in and out, and such a quiet dawdling in and out of stout, handsomely dressed Friends. There lives William Ball, who married the rich Ann Dale, and whom we had seen at the Wordsworths', for he is building a mansion at Rydal.

"On First-day morning we went to meeting, and to Devon-

shire House, rather thoughtlessly, for Newington would have been the right meeting to attend to see the grandees of the Society. But I was glad we went as we did. The sight of Friends in meeting is beautiful. The women-Friends in such multitudes, all so pure, so gentle, so sweet-looking. Nothing is more striking than the perfect quietness with which they sit, hundreds of them, side by side, like images in marble, all in the same style, with their heads a little inclined on one side, and the head always looking small in proportion to the body, and the effect of that is good.

"Sarah Grubb's sermon, however, was the strangest I ever heard, full of denunciation, and in a spirit of animosity and division. There she stood, a good-looking woman, in garments sufficiently flowing to give effect to her figure and gestures, raising her arm and pouring forth a really eloquent, but to my mind unchristian sermon, and, like some ancient sibyl, repeating in a high shrill key her denunciations, which were meant to be prophetic. 'It is coming! It is coming! It is coming!' she said, speaking of judgment on the Seceders, and so continually that it really produced an effect on the meeting. It was such a sermon as Christ could not have preached. The Seceders may be wrong, but they have, many of them, erred in the desire to do right; and with a feeling of this kind they ought to be spoken of, especially in public, with consideration.

"Our garden is now so lovely that I feel as if we had no business to have all its beauty to ourselves. The lilacs are out; so is the broom, white and yellow, and the guelder-rose, that tree for which we had so great a desire at Uttoxeter. Our garden would of itself furnish us with employment; and it seems to me that it would be such a pure and heavenly life, especially if we at the same time wrote books that did the world good."

"*Esher, July* 28, 1837.—Dearest Anna, we have had a great disappointment, and a great source of uneasiness and anxiety, from what promised when we first came here to be a satisfactory engagement. I mean William's employment on the *Constitutional*. After the most harassing and vexatious conduct on the part of the newspaper company, he was swindled out of every farthing. Oh! it was a most mortifying and humiliating thing

to see men professing liberal and honest principles act so badly. As thou mayst suppose, this was a great blow; and the very money we had calculated upon for our summer expenses was not forthcoming.

"A month ago, when in the very depth of discouragement and low spirits, I set about a little volume for Darton, to be called 'Birds and Flowers,' and have pretty nearly finished it. William in the meantime has finished his 'Rural Life,' and sold the first edition to Longmans."

My husband, in some private memoranda, says regarding his connection with the *Constitutional*:—

"It was an attempt to establish a daily Liberal paper, which should especially support the political, economical, and financial reforms advocated by Joseph Hume. The misfortune was that it was commenced without sufficient capital.

"Joseph Hume requested me to write one or two articles weekly. Busy as I was with my own more agreeable labours, I did not feel justified in absolutely refusing to lend a helping hand to a good cause. The papers used to be sent down to me in the morning, and I had to read them and have my article ready by ten o'clock in the evening, when the post left for town. The *Constitutional* did not seem to make its way. I heard more and more of many difficulties. Sad news was soon given me by the editor. There were no funds. The proprietors were going on in desperation, without being able to pay a single contributor. He told me that they had a correspondent in Portugal, who had been sent out to report on the disturbances there, who was totally destitute of funds, and was writing the most imploring entreaties for remittances. He said Laman Blanchard, who had a wife and five children dependent on his pen, was writing daily articles, and for months had not been paid.

"One day Major Carmichael Smyth, the active manager, told me that he had sent for his son-in-law, Mr. Thackeray, from Paris, where I understood he was correspondent for a London daily paper, I think the *Morning Post*, to come and take the editorship of the paper. Just as I was going out of the office, which was in Fleet Street, I met on the stairs a tall, thin

young man in a long dark-blue cloak, and with a nose that seemed some time to have had a blow that had flattened its bridge. I turned back and had some conversation with him, anxious to know how he, Thackeray, proposed to carry on a daily paper without any funds, and already deeply in debt. He did not seem to know any more than I did. I thought to myself that his father-in-law had not done him much service in taking him from a profitable post for the vain business of endeavouring to buoy up a desperate speculation. How much longer the *Constitutional* struggled on I know not. That was the first time I ever heard or ever saw William Makepeace Thackeray. I withdrew from the paper."

And in the same memoranda he notes :—

"At Esher we took long drives in our pony-chaise over the heathy commons and through the woods. On one such occasion we met, near Hook, on the Brighton Road, Charles Dickens, who had in 1836, become a favourite with the public through his "Sketches by Boz." He was walking with Harrison Ainsworth. I have no doubt they were both on the look-out for facts, images, or characters to weave into their constantly appearing fictions; and in Dickens's next production, 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' I was amused to see that our stout and wilful pony, Peg, had not escaped his observation, but had been set to do service in Mr. Garland's chaise. By the by, all down the Portsmouth Road, about Esher, you see traces of his quiet notice of everything; in poor Smike's journey with Nicholas Nickleby; in the names of Weller, the Marquis of Granby, and the like; as in later years you could trace his names in the Hampstead Road, as Sol's Arms, in his long walks from Tavistock House round by Highgate and over Hampstead Heath back again."

In October, 1837, my little volume of poems, called "Birds and Flowers," appeared. In sending a copy to Miss Bowles from Esher, October 23, 1837, I say :—

"I quite despair of making you at all conceive of the entirely rural, nay, perfectly wild region in which we live. The

land is full of fine places, it is true, but they lie only here and there in the midst of woods.

"Poverty, in its squalid sense, as we knew it in the manufacturing districts, we have never seen here. The people are ignorant and improvident, but the cottagers are seldom without a pig, and they all have a garden, and right of common upon which they raise large flocks of geese, keep a cow, and often a pony. The men appear always employed, and whatever they have to sell, as fruit, geese, mushrooms, and such things, they ask a great price for.

"Much of the open land about us is sufficiently hilly to give great diversity and character to it, particularly as it is covered with heath, fern and gorse. We have often stood in the midst of these solitary wilds and looked round us for miles on extents of brown common and wood, and wondered how it was possible that we could be only about two hours' drive from London.

"The sole feature the country wants is running water. There are none of those pleasant little, pebbly, clear and living streams, that we have found elsewhere in scenery of a similar character. Another want there is also, and that is the village church, with its goodly spire or tower of old grey stone. The churches are few and most grotesque, low wooden erections, more like dovecots than parish churches. They are, in fact, exactly like those one sees on old Dutch tiles; but even these, in the midst of woods, often produce a very picturesque effect.

"Dr. Southey's description of Brixton and its neighbourhood as it was when he wrote 'Joan of Arc' there, might be taken, in many respects, for the neighbourhood of Esher; but then we possess what Brixton never did, and that is rich old memories, for the whole district is full of them. 'The tower of Asher, my Lord of Winchester,' as Shakespeare says, whither Wolsey fled in his trouble, is a short quarter of a mile from us to the left; at the same distance from us, to the right, Claremont, with its fine woods. Hampton Court is but a walk, and there are the cartoons of Raphael, to say nothing of the historic old palace and its stately gardens. Richmond, Oatlands, Windsor, Runnymeade, Chertsey, the retreat of Cowley, and St. Anne's Hill, the abode of Charles James Fox, are but short drives. Then we have a grand old Roman Camp, called Cæsar's, just by us, in a hilly region of wood and fern, commanding one of

the most splendid views I ever saw. Do not, my dear Miss Bowles, despise our residence as a cockney box in a cockney neighbourhood; such a place would have been little enticing to us. William must have space to range over, and here he finds it, and freedom equal to the freedom of your ancient forest."

WILLIAM HOWITT TO HIS BROTHER RICHARD.

"*Esher, Feb.* 25, 1838.—I am glad to say that 'Rural Life' is doing very well, and Longmans are anxious for another book from the same author. I am working hard at 'Colonisation and Christianity,' and mean it to be out in May. If thou canst give me any hints, or furnish me with a good motto or two, I shall be glad. I take a rapid review of the behaviour of the *Christian* nations of Europe to all the natives of the countries they have seized in all quarters of the world. After May I shall begin the 'Visits to Remarkable Places,' which I hope to make an interesting volume.

"Do you know that the wife of our surgeon here, Mrs. Neville, is an old friend of John Keats? I believe I might say an old flame. Many of his verses were addressed to her; and a very lovely young woman she was, I doubt not. She sent us the other day three sketches of him to look at—one of them in youth and health; one lying in his berth reading while passing through the Bay of Biscay on his way to Italy; and one as he lay with his head on the pillow just before death. They were done by Mr. Severn, the young artist who went to Italy with him, and are very interesting."

"Colonisation and Christianity," by William Howitt, is an able and good book, that has now long been out of print. Its publication led to the formation of the British India Society, which issued in a separate form the part of the work relating to India. My husband, amongst other important facts, pointed out that, were the native tanks kept in repair and the grand native system of irrigation only properly sustained, the awful famines in India would not occur. John Bright, made ac-

quainted with the abuses of our Indian system, took up the question in the Chamber of Commerce in Manchester, and then in Parliament, which dissolved the East India Company and introduced measures of reform. He and Professor Fawcett both powerfully protested against the reforms in India being inadequate, and especially against the neglect of the obvious means to prevent famine.

MARY HOWITT TO MISS BOWLES.

"*Jan.* 3, 1839.—A very happy New Year it must needs be to you, and you must allow William and myself to congratulate you most cordially on the era which it is to accomplish in your life. Now, I wonder whether you thought we should be surprised. I can tell you no. Mrs. Bain called one day and told me to guess who was going to be married. As she glanced to the books on the table, I asked, 'Is the lady literary?' 'Yes.' Well, as it was not likely to be Joanna Baillie, I said, 'Miss Bowles.' 'Oh! you are a conjurer,' replied my friend—'but the gentleman?' Admiral Bain, my friend's husband, intending to give me a hint, said, 'I have been at his house.' That, however, was no clue; still, I did not hesitate, and said, 'Dr. Southey.'

"Now, will not this convince you what a natural, joyful thing it seemed to be? I had the pleasure of making William guess, when he came in from his walk; and then we paid a delicious mental visit to your cottage, and gave you our entire heart-sympathy. May the Almighty bless you, and crown your life with such happiness as you so well deserve.

"I am quite cheered to know that you did not disapprove of 'Colonisation and Christianity.' William felt the least in the world sorry afterwards that a copy had gone to you. Not that he feared you could disapprove of its general spirit, but that there might be reasons why such a volume should not be quite to your taste. I thought it was horrible and dismal reading for a lone lady. Dear Miss Bowles, this again reminds me of your future. You will have more cheery company than the cat and the canary-bird, and the portraits of the dead ancestors. I shall never pity you of a winter's evening now, let you be reading ever so melancholy a book.

"On the very day your last letter came I was going to write to you to request the permission to inscribe my little volume of 'Hymns and Fireside Verses' to you. William is going to send you a book, which you can present to some young boyish cousin, if you please. It is 'The Boy's Country-Book,' being the real life of a country boy. The engraver, Mr. Williams, has embellished it, I think, very beautifully.

"You would be shocked, as we were, to hear of poor L. E. L.'s death. We feared, when she went with her husband to Africa, that her days might be looked upon as numbered, but we never thought they were so few. It is indeed a melancholy fate, and reminds us of poor Miss Jewsbury. It was dreadful to think of her dying attended only by such a strange being as her husband, Mr. Fletcher. Her relations have not received one syllable from him to this day.

"Poor Miss Jewsbury! It was she who gave us most of the carols which are quoted and alluded to in the 'Rural Life.' She knew how I doted on carols and ballads, and, half in joke and half in earnest, she collected at Manchester and its neighbourhood all the halfpenny carols and songs that she could, and had them bound for me."

I make mention, in the above letter, of Admiral Bain. This excellent and enlightened man, deploring the crass ignorance of the labouring class in Esher, succeeded, with much difficulty and opposition on the part of the gentry, in setting on foot a village school at his own cost. The affluent feared making their servants and labourers intellectual by teaching them to read and write. On our arrival at Esher, the only school-building in the neighbourhood * was in the distant and obscure hamlet of Oxshott, due to the beneficence of the Royal Family. It bore the inscription, "The Royal Kent School, founded in 1820;" but it was no longer used. The windows were broken, and the whole premises in a state of dilapidation. The farmers were glad that so it should be, as the peasants, if educated, would no longer be beasts of burden. In Esher the benevolent Admiral would not be thwarted, and the poor children began, about the year 1836, to receive a useful English education.

* A dame-school had been commenced by the Princess Charlotte in one of the lodges of Claremont Park, but was discontinued after her death.

Lady Noel Byron, the poet's widow, was actively engaged in promoting national education. She favoured my husband's religious and political views; and in 1836, admiring his "Address to the Society of Friends," an article which had appeared in the April number of *Tait's Magazine* for that year, had been desirous for its publication in a tract form for general circulation. She was living at Fordhook, near Ealing, when we resided at Esher, and made our acquaintance through our mutual friend, Mrs. Joanna Baillie.

Lady Noel Byron introduced us to her son-in-law and daughter, the Earl and Countess of Lovelace, who, like herself, were extremely interested in the formation of industrial schools. She had organised a school in 1834 in Ealing Grove, under the charge of Mr. E. T. Craig, in which boys were successfully educated for agricultural pursuits; and, when we became acquainted with her, was anxious to meet with a suitable schoolmaster to form and manage for her a similar institution at Kirkby-Mallory, in Leicestershire. Such an individual was procured for her by my husband.

During our life at Nottingham, William had discovered and encouraged the intellectual ability of a poor man named Ephraim Brown. He put into his hands works that were calculated to soften down a natural ruggedness of character and to cultivate his mind, which was of no mean order. Brown evinced genuine gratitude to his benefactor, and a most anxious desire to help others of the labouring class to think, reason, and reflect. Village education was at that time confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic, without any attempt at the culture of the understanding, the intellectual powers of the child being totally neglected. His great ambition, therefore, became to help to draw public attention to the subject of popular education, so that, suitable measures being enacted, he might still live to see his beloved native land enjoying, like her favoured sister, Scotland, a wise, flourishing, and enlightened rural population. He embraced most thankfully Lady Byron's offer, learnt the system in her model school at Ealing, and then commenced a fellow-establishment at Kirkby.

I well remember, when staying at Lord Lovelace's seat, East Horsley Park, during a long drive through a southernmost remote portion of Surrey, how here and there a solitary peasant

in white slop stared at the ladies dashing by in carriage and four; and how Mrs. Hippersley Tuckfield, another guest of Lord Lovelace's, explained to his two sisters, the Hon. Misses King, and myself, as we bowled along, the system of education which she was carrying out on her estates near Bristol. She had the most needful instruction imparted to poor children by voluntary or paid teachers in cottages. She was opposed to the erection of expensive school-premises and great gatherings together of children, believing that the formation of their moral and religious characters could only be individually effected in small centres of tuition. She maintained that by her method the entire juvenile population could in a very few weeks be put to school almost without effort or sensible cost.

In Lord Lovelace's schools we saw, during our first visit, a hundred and thirty bright, happy, busy children; the boys acquiring the most common handicraft trades, and the girls learning dairy, laundry, and other household work.

To this period belongs a "First Book for Reading" that I wrote, and which was published, I believe, at the cost of sixpence.

Returning now to my correspondence with my sister Anna, I thus address her, February 1, 1839:—

"It is impossible that anything so kindly meant as thy remonstrances could offend us. But I really cannot tell to what it alludes. I have never contributed to any periodical for these three years at least, except *Chambers's Journal;* and to that five articles. To none of these can thy remarks apply. 'The Friend's Family' is the only one that describes Friends, and I had no desire in it of 'ministering to a depraved public taste.' I myself should feel great interest in a faithful sketch of a Moravian family.

"Then, as to William's contributions to periodicals, it can only be to *Tait's Magazine,* for he has not written in any other for years. His articles on Friends there contain not one word which is not true, and had any object but that of pandering to bad passions. Their aim has been to make known to the public what is really noble and peculiarly Christian in the profession and practice of the Society; and he has done so more than any

other writer that has written on the subject. I grant that he has spoken freely of many of their *outward* peculiarities; and that he has done with design, because he saw clearly that these were sapping the foundation of the Society's simplicity and usefulness, and that they had come to be regarded by the Society itself as the essentials of the faith, or at least of its practice. He firmly believes this, and he did, in my opinion, quite right to speak of them as they deserved.

"I think thou art wrong in saying they have injured his reputation in the literary world, for we have continual evidence with how much interest they are read—and that not by gossiping, idle readers—and how much they have tended to the better features of Quakerism being understood. Owing to these very papers William has been employed to write the article, 'Quaker,' for the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica'; that is anything but a proof of his good name having suffered. On the contrary, we looked upon it as one of the most flattering and gratifying testimonials to his fair reputation; for none but acknowledged and first-rate writers have ever been employed on that work. That part of the 'Encyclopædia' is just about being published, and the article, therefore, will soon be before the public. William has gone carefully through upwards of a hundred Friends' books, old and new, in order to make it perfect. The former article was very unfavourable to Friends, and especially to the character of George Fox.

"My dearest sister, if thou knew how earnestly desirous we are, how it is the frequent cause of our humble supplications, that, in our day and generation, we may be enabled to do good by making virtue lovely, and teaching how simple and glorious is Christianity, thou wouldst not suspect us of any such false designs as thou speakst of. With such desires it is impossible that we can ever willingly or knowingly have perverted our talents."

My husband revisited the north of England this spring for his work on "Remarkable Places," and, in so doing, paid a visit to our relatives in Liverpool. On May 13, 1840, I say, in a letter to Anna:—

"William quite interests me by what he hints of a certain conversation he has had with thee on the state of the Society of

Friends. It is deplorable, and marks decline every way. I wish there were a fine, right-minded, active, and liberal body of Christians that one could join fellowship with. There is something very good and very comfortable in a religious community, if it were but established on Christian, not on sectarian principles. I can imagine something so holy and affectionate in true religious fellowship and brotherhood. I doubt if we must not wait for its enjoyment till we get to the Better Land.

"We try to make our children Christians without reference to any sect or party whatever, and except in the fundamental doctrines of old Quakerism, such as abhorrence of war and principles of universal religious and political liberty, Anna Mary is no more a Friend than the Archbishop of Canterbury. The boys will grow up the same. Alfred is full of thought, has an interesting mind, and holds, young as he is, very decided opinions. Even Claude, though a wild lad as ever lived, thinks for himself, and now and then gives his opinion most oddly. The other day he held an argument with a gentleman, whom we do not know, on the Opium Question—taking the side of the Chinese, of course. He told us when he came home, for he was much excited, and what arguments he had used.

"The two little ones will, I think, be brought up in excellent order. My young Friend in the nursery, Eliza, is a real jewel. It is quite affecting to me to see her nice methods, and to visit her and the children at the nursery-breakfast, Charlton sitting quietly in his small chair to hear a chapter of the Testament read."

We had at this time made arrangements to reside for some years abroad, being attracted by the alleged advantages attending education in Germany. At the beginning of June, 1840, we were in London, at 20, Ely Place, whence I write to my sister on the fifth of that month, telling her we were so far on our way. I add:—

"We dined on Sunday with the women-Friends who are delegates from America to the Anti-Slavery Convention, and with that noble American abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison. The English Friends, whose women go up and down preaching, and who have their meetings of discipline, have, neverthe-

less, refused to receive these women-delegates from America. I wish thou couldst see and hear Lucretia Mott. She is a glorious, noble-minded woman, and a plain Friend too. The English Friends will not receive her because she is a Hicksite. They also say they think women thus sent by an entire nation are out of their sphere.

"We go on board our vessel to-morrow, the *Batavia*, for Rotterdam, *en route* for Heidelberg."

CHAPTER VIII.

1840—1843.

We made a prosperous and merry journey from London to Bonn, in the delightful companionship of Clara Novello, now Countess Gigliucci. We then sailed up the Rhine, which we found worthy of its fame, as far as to Mannheim, and thence drove by carriage to Heidelberg.

We were directed in that city to a widow lady, who could speak English, and were able, immediately on arriving, to rent the first-floor in her abode. We had scarcely done so, when Lord Lyndhurst's brother-in-law came to engage it for him. It was, in fact, a favourite dwelling. There Jean Paul Richter had been wont to enjoy an evening revel. The Emperor Alexander of Russia, when proceeding on his march to France in the rear of Buonaparte, had taken up his quarters in it to his great satisfaction, and left above its door a brass plate with an inscription, calling on every Russian hereafter to respect and spare the house. It faced the river Neckar, having at its back overhanging woods and terraced walks, with a secluded foot-path ascending to the famous castle of Heidelberg, which, once the home of the unfortunate Princess Elizabeth Stuart, and devastated in turns by lightning, fire, war, and finally by its own princes, still proudly stands on its vantage-ground. The castle-gardens, open to the public, were just above us; and thence we surveyed the vast plain of the Palatinate stretching away beyond the Neckar valley, with the distant Vosges mountains shutting out France.

Mrs. Jameson had furnished us with an introduction to Rath and Frau Räthin Schlosser. They were a noble-hearted and highly-accomplished couple, who gathered around them the

noted and cultivated of all nations at their country-house, Stift Neuburg. It had once been a convent; was situated two miles from the city, on the opposite bank of the Neckar, and filled with choice works of art. Mrs. Jameson had also given us a letter to young Wolfgang von Goethe, the grandson of the famous poet, whom, most painfully shy and averse to society, we nevertheless met a fortnight after our arrival at a ball given at Stift Neuburg in honour of his relative, Rath Schlosser's birthday.

Wolfgang von Goethe, plain in person, yet bearing a remarkable likeness to the portraits of his grandfather, proved, on nearer acquaintance, a very intellectual and interesting young man, of a most retiring and sensitive nature; but although he was kind enough to say that he felt with us unusually happy and at his ease, we saw but little of him. He shunned the company of his fellow-students in the University, preferring to lead the life of a modern hermit; and, shutting himself in his room, perused religious works of Rath Schlosser's selection.

Fascinated by the novelty of the situation, we were far less fastidious, and willingly mixed with some of the large moving population of the dear old University town. We also knew many of the students—youths with abundant masses of flaxen or black hair under very small caps, and addicted to smoking, beer-drinking, and fencing, which they dignified by the name of duelling—but who were, on the whole, gentlemanly, agreeable, and unassuming.

The colony of our country people was small in those days. It contained, however, for some months after our arrival, the novelist, Mr. G. P. R. James, and his wife. He was an amusing companion, brimful of anecdotes. Captain Medwin, noted for his "Conversations with Byron" and his friendship with Shelley, was a resident; he was a man of culture and intelligence, aristocratic in his tastes, and finding my husband unprovided with an English newspaper, politely sent him regularly the *Court Journal*.

For the sake of our children we sought German acquaintance, we read German, we followed German customs. In all the first delight of glorious weather and unexplored scenes, we let our new acquaintances introduce us to quiet valleys, with their fast-flowing streams, rich grass, gorgeous flowers, and incessant

OUR FIRST HOME AT HEIDELBERG.

chirp of the grasshopper; to deep woods full of bilberries, whence we obtained wide views over forest and plain. We let them conduct us to many sweet spots—Neckarsteinach, the Wolfsbrunnen, the Stiftmill, where, in the spring, grew the little turquoise blue squill; and to other quaint old mills and half-timbered homesteads with ancient walls and orchards, where peasant girls, with clear eyes and picturesque dresses, were washing and drying the linen on the delicious green hillsides. After days of happiness, unclouded as the sky above us,

OLD MILL NEAR HEIDELBERG.

we returned home, when the sunset cast an amber and lilac glow over hills and woods, to tea, music, and merriment.

Anna Mary, then seventeen, spent a very joyous winter. It seemed to her the happiest of her life. Her young German friends found waltzing as needful to them as food or air. Thus there were many impromptu dances and much delightful singing.

Our practical knowledge of the Christmas-tree was gained in this first winter in Heidelberg. Universal as the custom now is, I believe the earliest knowledge which the English public had of it was through Coleridge, in his "Biographia Literaria."

It had, at the time I am writing of—1840—been introduced into Manchester by some of the German merchants established there. Our Queen and Prince Albert likewise celebrated the festival, with its beautiful old German customs. Thus the fashion spread, until now even our asylums, schools, and workhouses have, through friends and benefactors, each its Christmas-tree.

We kept the festivity in true German fashion, all the arrangements being made, at our expense, by some willing, indefatigable natives of Heidelberg. The whole affair surpassed anything that we, with our Quaker education, could have imagined.

On April 2, 1841, I write to my sister Anna:—

"William is just now on the eve of his departure for England, for a stay, I expect, of about three months—the longest separation it will be which we have had since we were married, and it makes me low-spirited. He has completed his last three months' work; that is, 'The Student Life of Germany,' which a young German friend of ours, himself a student, has this winter written for him, and which William has translated from the original MS. It is a clever, curious, and interesting work, but I am not quite sure whether you, and especially our other dear relatives, will not see great cause to find fault with some things in it. For instance, the drinking-songs; but unless this very characteristic feature of student life had been given, the book would have been incomplete.

"The spring here is like weather come down from heaven. All appearance of winter has long been gone. The hillsides are getting green; the almond-trees are all in flower, many trees in early leaf. The nightingale, we are told, has already been heard, and the blackbirds, thrushes, and woodlarks sing all day long. I greatly regret that William must leave Germany this sweet spring season; but then, if he did not go to England, he could not finish his second series of 'Remarkable Places,' nor could 'The Student Life' be correctly and safely published. So business, like the devil, drives."

After the return of my husband from England, we made, accompanied by our eldest daughter, a tour in Germany, setting out in pouring rain, at the beginning of August.

In Stuttgart we called on Gustav Schwab, the poet. He did not possess any great originality, but was of a poetic temperament, which found beautiful expression in verse, and some of his poems William had translated for "The Student Life." We found him a man of fifty, very old-fashioned, with a homely wife, dwelling in a simply-furnished house. The rooms were supplied with great wooden presses, full of homespun linen, hard couches covered with blue-and-white check, and with books, engravings, and casts of the famous writers of Germany. The poet himself, in homespun, resembling a farmer from the plough, was evidently pleased by our attention. He regarded us as benevolent strangers, who bade him be of good cheer, and go on in the straight but unfashionable path of poesy. At least, so we interpreted his broad smile and his bows down to the ground, repeated over and over again, cordial, yet so embarrassed, and to us so embarrassing.

Nor can I forget our visit in the same city to the studio of the great, renowned, and pious sculptor, Dannecker. Amongst other glorious works, he had produced a grand conception of Christ; and we could not look at this representation of our Lord without tears of love and devotion, for there seemed to breathe perceptibly from it a spirit of holiness. Whilst Dannecker was employed upon the model in his studio, a little child suddenly entered, full of fun; but the moment it saw this divine statue it exclaimed, in a soft, low voice, "The Saviour!" and, folding its hands, fell on its knees before it. I can well believe this, for so touching, so inspiring a countenance I never saw. The sculptor was, at the time of our visit, eighty-three. We asked, "Could we not see him?" and accordingly we were shown an old man with long white hair, resting on a raised seat in his garden—that was Dannecker! Whilst we were looking at him with a feeling of reverence, the attendant went and told his wife, I suppose, of our enthusiasm. We were then invited to walk into the garden and shake hands with him. We did so, of course, and greatly pleased he seemed. He took us round his garden and showed us his flowers and his trees, evidently thinking, dear old man! that they would give us just as much pleasure as his immortal works had done. He died before the close of the year.

From Stuttgart we went to the university town of Tübingen,

a place so ancient that we felt the students must imbibe exclusively old divinity, abstruse sciences, and black art. Here we paid a visit to the renowned German poet, Johann Ludwig Uhland. It seemed as if he had lived all his days in the glorious world of his own fancies, untroubled and unvisited by anything so material as three English travellers, and appeared in consequence both unhappy and uncomfortable until his wife came. She arrived from the garden with her knitting-basket on her arm and a book in her hand, which she had been reading there—it was Milton's "Paradise Lost" in English. She took such an incursion naturally and easily, and made us kindly welcome.

We spent a fortnight in Vienna, the capital not merely of Austria, but of German gaiety; thousands, and tens of thousands, were seated in the gardens—netting, knitting, listening to the musical bands, drinking coffee and sugar-water, and eating ices. There was the Folk's Theatre, with its comic representations; the opera; there were concerts, and fireworks all in full action. Imperial gardens and parks were open, and the public walked in them, and through the very courts and gateways of palaces, as if they were their own. We were already aware of the freedom thus enjoyed by the people, from our experience in Baden and elsewhere. We had noticed the Grand Duke come into a country inn, call for his glass of ale, drink it, pay for it, and go unceremoniously away. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia might also be seen walking about amongst their subjects. Archdukes and princes sat in public places with their friends, unassumingly drinking coffee. These royal and ducal personages were treated with quiet respect, and whilst everywhere popular, were exempted from all crushing and being stared at.

We grew quite tired of sight-seeing, and looked forward to our two days and nights' continuous travelling in an *Eilwagen* over the whole extent of Bohemia as a season of respite and relief. We started on September 7 for Prague, journeying on without stopping, except to eat and change horses. Oh, how different was the heavy, lumbering *Eilwagen* in appearance from a smart English mail-coach!

It was at Znaim, I think, where we arrived the first night, that we could obtain no fresh relay of horses. Great was the

consternation. They were required, we were told, for M. Thiers, whom my husband saw quietly seated asleep in his carriage, at the inn-door.

How strangely unvaried was the scenery through which we passed! My companions often slept. I generally kept awake, and studied the dreary, solitary character of the landscape; and one afternoon, in so doing, I saw a house on fire, situated at about a quarter of a mile from the road, on one of the immense plains. There was little smoke, but a mass of burning fire, which looked colourless in the hot sun. I woke my husband and daughter, but our exclamations of surprise and sympathy produced no response in the postillions or remaining passengers; the latter were doubtless asleep, and the officials were indifferent to the spectacle of fire and the misery it implied.

Prague, of course, interested us greatly. Then on we journeyed to Dresden, where we vastly enjoyed the opera. From the Saxon capital we went to Herrnhut. I was much pleased with this peaceful settlement of Moravians—the clean, cheerful exterior of the houses, the well-kept streets, the pleasant gardens. Herrnhut lies high and bleak. The night of our arrival was intensely chilly; we were driving in an open carriage, and all took cold. The next morning there was a strong frost. The dahlias and the potatoes were frozen. But the sky was clear and the sun bright. We walked about and saw all that was to be seen. We were greatly interested by our conversation with the meek, quiet people, who all seemed so good. The healthy men had cheerful, serene countenances; the mild-looking women wore caps of snowy linen, tied with ribbons of various colours, denoting the wearer to be maiden, wife, or widow. We heard music of a soft devotional character through open windows, intimating either worship or social enjoyment. Herrnhut seemed a haven of peace. The piety of these Moravians struck us forcibly, after the very little religious belief which we had met with amongst the Lutherans, whom we found full of sentiment and human affection, yet very cold in their love of Christ and His holy faith. They had, in fact, become philosophised out of their religion. The Rationalists had gained ground, especially among the students, and Strauss, in his "Life of Christ," was

believed by his numerous disciples to have undermined for ever the entire fabric of Scriptural revelation.

Of the Catholics we knew but little. I had, however, from our first arrival in Germany, been much touched by the wayside shrines and crucifixes; they seemed to me like religious thoughts on the highway—true guide-posts to heaven. The Catholic character of the valley of Petersthal, near Heidelberg, had likewise a charm for me. There were little images of the Virgin in niches on the fronts of the cottages, which, although wretched plaster figures gaudily coloured, indicated much devotion. At the end of the valley was a small chapel of a most simple and ancient appearance, surrounded by solemn woods. Every object in the edifice bespoke poverty, and was of the most primitive construction, forming the greatest contrast to the magnificent interior of Cologne Cathedral, for instance; and yet in both reigned the same spirit of sanctity and of prayer.

And let me now say, what I regard as one of the most important and marvellous circumstances of my life, but of which I certainly was not conscious for the greater part of it, that through periods of forgetfulness, wilful error, experiments of faith, doubt and despondency, I was never utterly forsaken by the Holy Spirit. I attribute this watchful, undying fidelity of Divine Love as greatly due to the sincere, heartfelt prayers of my excellent parents, and their having, to the best of their knowledge, committed their children to the Divine Guide, the Enlightener.

But to proceed with our travels. At Dresden we visited Moritz Retzsch; and my daughter Anna Mary writes to a correspondent, September 22, 1841: "He lives a few miles out of Dresden, in a small country house at the foot of the Weinberg, in the village of Lösnitz. It seemed an out-of-the-world sort of a place, a chain of low hills covered with vineyards; at the foot a few scattered white houses, with green shutters and red roofs; in the foreground a bad road and two or three desolate gardens. This was the scene of Retzsch's home, and with a blue sky and plenty of autumn colouring, the place did not want for picturesque effect. The house in itself is very humble, the rooms small and badly furnished. While we were making these hasty observations, a stout man of middle size,

with an abundance of wild grey hair, stood before us. This was Moritz Retzsch.

"Although he was outwardly polite, we could see he did not recognise in our name that of the admirer of his works, who, two years since, had sent him a flattering letter and a book of poems from England. At length a mist seemed to vanish from his eyes, and stretching across the table, he seized mamma's hand with both his, and began shaking it until his very arms must have ached. Five minutes later, his whole face beaming with pleasure, did he again begin violently with both hands the same process; but this time it was papa's and my turn.

"Now we must eat some of his grapes; must go to his painting-room upstairs; must see his wife's album. Through several very narrow passages, up a very small flight of steps, and through one or two little bedrooms did he conduct us, until we fairly entered his 'working-room,' as he called a tiny chamber. There he opened the table-drawer and exhibited to us mamma's letter, carefully folded up among a heap of lead-pencils, sketch-books, indiarubber, and penknives. Then, from under a heap of papers, he drew forth his wife's album. It would be impossible to mention a tenth of the gems which we saw as we turned over the leaves of this remarkably rich book. Suffice it to say that it contains at least half-a-dozen designs equal to his 'Chess-players.' There were many drawings revealing some exquisite sentiment or half-hidden moral. One particularly pleased us. It was his portrait, just a sketch of his head and face, with an exquisite border of fanciful and poetical figures—a perfect swarm, and imaging forth, as he said, his own mind.

"While we were turning over the pages of the album, he read to us his own explanations of these sketches, every now and then breaking off into half-moralising, half-sentimental and poetical remarks, quite in the spirit of his 'Fancies.' We went with the intention of spending half-an-hour with him, when behold, as we closed the book, the call had already lasted two hours! In another hour's time we must be ready to start for Leipzig; and thus, in spite of all his great kindness, and his offer to show us still more of his drawings, we were obliged to hasten away.

"He and an amiable young girl, whom we imagined to be

his niece, accompanied us to the gate, and as long as we could keep sight of them did we see them still gazing after us, good, kind Retzsch waving his cap in token of adieu."

From Leipzig we proceeded to Berlin. It was very different from the present magnificent capital. Along every street and before every house, even in the finest parts of the city and in the neighbourhood of the King's palace, was a stagnant sink, which filled the whole air with its rank odour. The inhabitants told us that it was impossible to drain the city, as it stood on a dead flat. Into one of these sinks we saw a little boy of about five years plunged headlong, as he was playing on the causeway, by a rough fellow who was going carelessly along. Nobody seemed to care. He was left to scramble out, and after cleaning his face and mouth in some degree from the filth, began to cry piteously. We asked the boy where he lived, and he showed us a little girl about his own age who was standing by and quietly knitting. With the utmost difficulty we compelled her to take her brother home, and were aided by a good man, who seized her sternly by the arm and forced her to go on with the boy, who all the time was weeping.

King Frederick William IV., who had recently ascended the throne, was embellishing his city, and in the portico of the Museum opposite to the palace we observed Cornelius at work, adorning it with frescoes. Schelling, the brothers Grimm, Humboldt, Savigny, Rückert, Rauch, Schinkel, the Tiecks, poet and sculptor, with other famous men, had been drawn to Berlin by the sovereign, who wished to render his reign illustrious by science and art.

On Tieck, the poet, His Majesty had bestowed a pension, on the condition that he spent three months in the year with him. We had the pleasure of visiting this oldest veteran of German literature in his charming house just below the palace of Sans Souci at Potsdam, given him for his use by the King.

After leaving Berlin, we saw Magdeburg and the wild scenery of the Harz mountains; and stayed in the beautiful Selke valley at Alexisbad. Owing to its being late autumn, the guests were all gone, and the place was considered closed for the season. How astonished, therefore, were we, and a

young Englishman travelling with us, the son of Dr. Southwood Smith, to hear in an adjacent apartment the most brilliant performance on the piano! It reminded our fellow-traveller of the music in "Robert le Diable" and "Les Huguenots"; and we learnt from the waiter that it was actually the great composer himself. He was staying on at the bath to secure quiet and leisure for the composition of a new opera. The next morning, as we were dressing, we saw our young companion paying his respects in the garden to Meyerbeer, and then walking about with him. The opera thus being composed at solitary Alexisbad was "Le Prophète," which, although shortly afterwards finished, was first performed some eight years later.

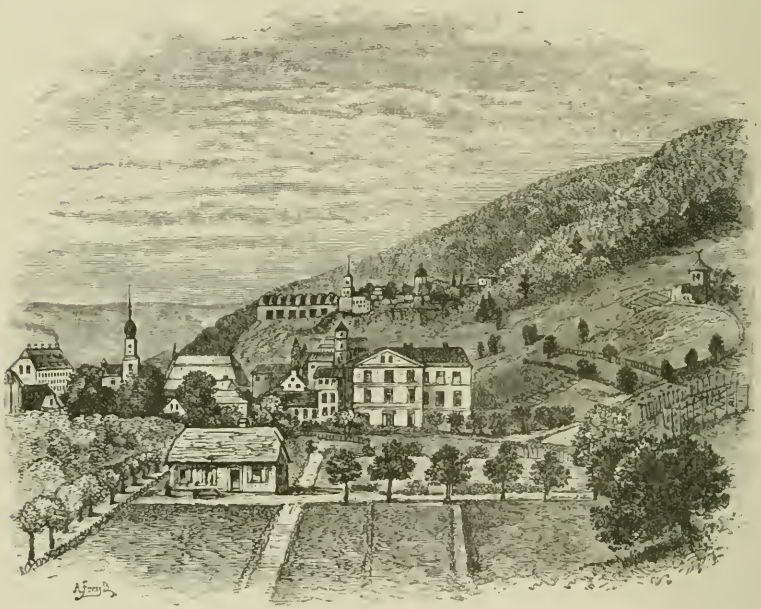
We visited Luther's cell at Erfurt, and his retreat in the Wartburg. In Weimar we were most kindly received by Wolfgang von Goethe's mother, then in delicate health. She showed us many interesting mementos of her great father-in-law; and also the common little table that Schiller had bequeathed to his friend Goethe, and which showed the simple life of those renowned geniuses.

On our return to Heidelberg we had the most sorrowful revelation of human nature. We found we had been surrounded by much plotting and cunning from fellow-inmates; we removed, therefore, in the spring of 1842 to a house recently erected at the opposite end of the city, and amidst fresh, healthy associations shook off all lingering recollections of the people who had deceived and cheated us. Here we had as a near and congenial neighbour a daughter of my maternal relative, Richard Fryer. He was the first Liberal member for Wolverhampton, and noted, before the days of Cobden and Bright, for his persistent advocacy of the abolition of the corn-laws. His daughter, inheriting his great ability and force of character, was especially dear to me from having known much tribulation: high talent or a chastened spirit being ever in my eyes far nobler and far more winning than exalted birth or worldly riches.

Our new and agreeable residence, which is now enlarged and converted into the Victoria Hotel, was situated on the *Anlage*, or public walk leading to the station, for the railway had been brought to Heidelberg. We rented the highest floor, and thus commanded a magnificent view of the great plain stretching

out before us, the Rhine glancing in the sunny horizon, the distant mountains rising heavenward, and the green, round, vine-covered familiar hills flanking the foreground.

Here we learnt how best to live in Germany. In the first house we had native servants, who could speak English. They had all the views of pampered English domestics, and, what was worse, they cheated us in a hundred ways. By degrees our eyes were opened; we sent our fine servants away, and engaged in



OUR SECOND HOME AT HEIDELBERG.

their stead, for half the wages, a regular German maid-of-all-work, with no knowledge of English, and we found our pocket saved and our comfort increased every way. In fact, we just understood the true mode of living in Germany when we were preparing to leave it.

On November 19, 1842, I write to our friend, Miss Bowles, then Mrs. Southey, and whose wedded bliss had been almost immediately blighted by Southey becoming imbecile:—

"You did us justice when you gave us credit for caring to hear about you. We knew how painfully occupied was your mind, as well as your time, by your dear husband's grievous infirmities, and we saw sufficient reason for your silence.

"Our residence in Germany now approaches its close. In the spring we return to England; though we leave our elder boys behind us at their school, and our daughter in a French family. Greatly as I have enjoyed our German residence, I begin to have a longing for England, a sort of enthusiasm growing up for my native land, which I was glad enough to let sleep while it was convenient or desirable for us to live out of it. We have attained, I think, our present object in coming. We have given our daughter opportunities of accomplishing herself which we had not in England; and we have made ourselves well acquainted with the establishment in which the boys will be placed. We regret extremely not having been able to reach Italy this autumn, which was our original intention. The project is delayed, but by no means abandoned.

"After Easter we shall be in England, but of our exact whereabouts I cannot at present speak, as we do not intend to return to our former residence at Esher."

The journey back to England was carried out as proposed; its chief and most agreeable feature being the pleasant halt made at St. Goar, on the Rhine, to visit Ferdinand Freiligrath. He was a young lyric poet, and a great admirer of English poetry. His renderings of Coleridge, Burns, Southey, Scott, and other authors read as originals. He liked my productions, and had introduced specimens to his countrymen. His accomplished wife, Ida, daughter of Professor Melos, of Weimar, and Goethe's god-daughter, was then, or perhaps a little later, engaged with her husband in the translation of the "Forest Sanctuary," and some of the minor poems of Felicia Hemans.

CHAPTER IX.

1843—1848.

On our return to England, in April 1843, I was full of energy and hope. Glowing with aspiration, and in the enjoyment of great domestic happiness, I was anticipating a busy, perhaps overburdened, but, nevertheless, congenial life. It was, however, to be one of darkness, perplexity, and discouragement.

Just before our departure from Heidelberg we made a pedestrian excursion into the remnants of the ancient Hardt Forest. There, seated at the foot of a mighty pine tree, Frau von Schoultz, the niece of the Royal Academician, Thomas Phillips, sang so splendidly, in Swedish, Tegnèr's "Old Gothic Lion," an heroic national air greatly beloved in Sweden, that some peasant-girls cutting an early growth in the glades of the wood came forth, and with brandished sickles kept time to the strain.

It was a lovely day and a beautiful scene, yet marked by an unspeakable sadness, which was afterwards to dim the brightness of our lives. Our handsome, nimble little Claude, then in his tenth year, and called by his preceptors, for the sweetness of his disposition and his brilliant attainments, *der goldene Junge*, was perceived to be lame. He said, "It was nothing." But when we insisted on an explanation, he confessed to his right knee being tired. "It hurt him just a little; nothing to speak of."

He continued to limp, and we, naturally troubled, to ask, "What did it mean?"—"He fancied it was sprained. He had felt it ever since——(mentioning an English youth), following him up the staircase, had, for a joke, lifted him up by the collar over the balustrade, which was not much more than a

yard above the pavement. Somehow he had slipped out of his hands and dropped, but he had lighted on his feet. He had not been hurt. He only felt his knee when he was tired."

Poor Claude! He seemed so bright and cheerful, that, by some strange chance, although shocked by the disclosure, we accepted his explanation. The entire party returned home weary; and he seeming not more so than the rest, we forgot, in the stir and occupation of leaving Heidelberg, our momentary anxiety.

But after my husband and I, with the younger children, had arrived in England, and we were busy settling in a house we had taken at Upper Clapton, we received a letter from our daughter, Anna Mary, that filled us with dismay and anguish. Claude's knee had developed the most alarming features of disease. The English physician at Mannheim, who had seen him, desired that his parents might be immediately apprised, and he taken home.

I write to my sister from The Grange, Upper Clapton, Ju'y 23, 1843.—"I do not know whether dear mother has told thee of poor Claude's sad accident, and of his being now at home perfectly lame. Oh! it has been the saddest trial we ever had in our lives! Never was my heart so wrung; never did I shed such bitter tears as I have done over this poor child! William fetched Claude from Germany. He then took him to Mr. Liston, one of the most eminent physicians in London. He could counsel nothing but amputation. We could only consent to this as the very last means. William thought then of taking him to Sir Benjamin Brodie; but that kind, excellent man, Joseph Pease, of Darlington, a very particular friend of William's, begged him first to ask the advice of Dr. Bevan, a Friend, a very clever and conscientious man, whom, supposing Claude were his child, he should employ.

"Dr. Bevan recommended Mr. Aston Key, and under his care, accordingly, Claude was put. He, like Liston, thought the case was most serious. He would not give us hope, but said there was a chance of his regaining the use of the limb. Thou canst believe, dear sister, what an awful trial this is. You have had experience of a similar affliction, and can sympathise with us. Alas! I was proud of Claude, who, I fancied,

would make a figure in life. I am humbled now. I throw all on the mercy of God, and hope and trust that He may bless the means which we make use of to restore him.

"Among the many blessings that I have, I must not forget dear William. He has the heart of an affectionate woman, with all the solidity of judgment and the firmness of the most masculine mind. Night and day is he always ready to help, to comfort, to suggest, and, what is more than all, to do. He carries Claude in his arms up and down stairs. He thinks nothing a trouble; he is never out of temper. I grumble, despond, and am petulant; he is none of these.

"And now, what do I mean to do with regard to 'the Society?' Nothing, dear Anna. If they will let me alone, I shall let them alone. We shall occasionally go to meeting, but shall endeavour to find some place of worship near us, which may suit us better than Friends' meeting. Our children would derive no benefit from going there, and for their sakes we must find some place of worship where we may take them regularly. I fancy in religious opinion I differ from thee, because mere creeds matter nothing to me. I could go one Sunday to the Church of England, another to a Catholic chapel, a third to a Unitarian, and so on; and in each of them find my heart warmed with Christian love to my fellow-creatures and lifted up with gratitude and praise to God. But indeed each day, each passing hour almost, preaches some sermon to me; and if I never entered an acknowledged place of worship, I should believe that, in my way, my worship would not be unacceptable to Heaven. Nevertheless, we feel it right that the children should be brought up with some little religious discipline as to mere outward form; and, please Heaven, we will endeavour in the home-life, to instil into their souls the spirit of Christian love."

"*Sunday, Oct.* 15.—How art thou, beloved sister, this fine, fresh autumn morning? Oh, how lovely everything looks! It has been a stormy week, rain, mist, and wind; but all now is calm, bright and fresh. It does one good, for it reminds one of such periods in one's own experience. This morning, as I went into the garden, there was a sound of church bells, a murmuring as if the very air was full of them. Now and then

there dropped noiselessly a dead leaf from the trees above. There is nothing much to tell in all this, but it impressed my heart with a feeling of love and assurance that made me happy. I loved every one connected with me, and my heart sprang towards thee.

"We have apprehended for some time that the system of bandaging was not applicable to Claude's case. A friend of ours, whose son suffered from a similar accident, confirmed our opinion, and we have now put Claude under the great homœopathic practitioner, Dr. Epps. I hope thou art not one of those who look on homœopathy as quackery."

"*Sunday, Oct.* 22.—Thy last interested me deeply, and awakened in all our hearts the deepest sympathy. We are quite sure that nothing but the most sincere conviction would have induced thee to take so decided a step as joining the Church of England. We all think that thou has done quite right; and we admire and love Daniel for his kindness and co-operation in it. I shall not, of course, write anything to our mother about thy change of opinion; but when she comes to us, as I believe she will shortly, I shall then have a talk with her, and can no doubt make her quite satisfied with it. I am sure that she will be reconciled, and most likely think, as I do, that sincere conviction is of far greater worth than an educational belief. May God give thee peace, as I do sincerely believe He will, in this step which thou hast taken.

"I am a little uneasy how we are to manage when dear mother comes, for it is our bounden duty to make her visit as pleasant as we can; and I am afraid that she will see much of which she will be inclined to disapprove; yet I hope, in the spirit of love and good sense, she will bear with us.

"We have Eliza back, and to-day dear little Meggie has been with her to meeting, and for the first time. Charlton and Alfred go to church with their tutor, Herr Müller. Charlton went to meeting one Sunday. When he came back he said, 'I shall always go to that meeting, I like it so much!'—'And why Charlton?' we asked. 'Oh! because there is a dog-kennel there.' Poor fellow! what a reason for going to meeting! Meggie would say she liked to go because all the people were so good to her, and smiled at her so kindly."

"*Oct.* 29.—Our dearest mother seems troubled rather by our making use of homœopathy for Claude. She has an idea, I fancy, that it is in some way connected with the spread of the Catholic religion. It is true that it was introduced by a German, and he might be a Catholic, but it is not peculiar to that body of people. Dr. Epps is almost a Friend in many of his opinions. He is a most remarkably kind person, and has something almost apostolic in his manners. We knew him first in Nottingham, after William had published his 'History of Priestcraft.'"

"*Sunday Morning.*—We are now more than ordinarily busy. Fredrika Bremer has written a new novel, and sends it to us before publication. We began its translation this week, and hope, by beginning to print immediately, to be able to publish it at the New Year; about the time it will appear in Sweden and Germany. We are writing as fast as possible, and with such an invalid as Claude in the house, every moment is taken up.

"How true is what thou sayest of the Church prayers! I always feel it so; and because the Church service is so good, so beautiful, and so applicable to all hearts and all states, the sermon itself is of less consequence.

"I think this letter of Emma's will please and interest you all. It is a delight to see how entirely they seem to be in their right place in America; nor could I, even for the selfish pleasure of near intercourse, wish them back. When I write to Emma I shall speak of the change in thee, in the manner in which we think it ought to be regarded. I have never written of it to our mother, but I have spoken to her of my own views very freely, and I fancy that she takes it all now much more easily. I have told her not to trouble herself about the commotions in the Church of England, &c., &c.; and she has written more cheerfully on that subject. I imagine, nevertheless, dearly beloved sister, that thou and we should differ, not *quarrel* remember, about some points. Thou wouldst find us desperate Radicals, Corn-Law League, universal-suffrage people. But what would that matter? We could agree heartily to differ."

"*Sunday Afternoon.*—Poor dear Claude! It is one of his bad days. His leg is painful to him, and keeps him sadly fretful and uneasy. He has shed many tears, and that is by no means usual with him. We have, however, an invitation out for to-morrow evening, where we can take him; and, poor child! it is such a pleasure to him to go out now and then to see fresh people, and lie on a fresh sofa; thus I feel quite obliged to any one who will let us take him with us. This will do him good, will make him to-morrow forget his pain. He has a great quantity of books in his little carriage, and we have a boy to attend upon him, who draws him about all day long. Were he not my child, how interested I should be in the pale, sweet-countenanced boy, who is always reading, let one meet him in his carriage when one may! Mr. Tegg, the publisher, has been most kind in sending him books—several pounds' worth. Oh, how grateful to Mr. Tegg I am!"

"*March* 3, 1844.—Anna Mary, Alfred, and I have been this morning to the Unitarian chapel, and have heard a sermon, which pleased us greatly, on religion being a thing of every-day use and application. Dear William's prepossessions are all very strongly in favour of Friends, and he would like each of us to attend meeting; but then he is obliged to confess how very little instructive or beneficial it is. He goes himself now and then, and would go oftener, could he leave Claude; and for him, who can, as Friends say, "centre his mind down," it may be right, but for me it very rarely is so. A Friends' meeting is only good for me when I am tired, mind and body, and want perfect quietness.

"Do not be shocked, dear sister, at our attending a Unitarian chapel; for they are the people, after all, with whom we seem to have most unity of feeling and opinion. If, however, we lived in a village where there was a good clergyman, I should go to church. But here, where all are Puseyites and a proud congregation, sitting in luxuriously cushioned pews, I should hardly like, nor could in conscience join them. I do not, by any means, call myself a religious woman in the common sense of the word. Love and faith make up the perfect Christian. Love I have, but, alas! I want faith. When I think of William's mother, with her deep religious feeling, her faith,

which was strong enough to remove mountains, how short do I see myself! I sometimes could almost wish that I were a good Catholic; for they, of all people, have faith; and it is faith that gives to the soul its strength and assurance."

"*March* 10th, 1844.—A week of great anxiety and painful watching almost by night and day has brought us round to Sunday again. Poor Claude has had a bad week. Oh Anna! if he recovers, I shall believe that the Almighty has spared him for some great and good work. I used to wish that Claude, with his keen, clear intellect, should be a lawyer. I now would wish for him to be a preacher of the Gospel, to show forth to all how good and powerful and rich in love God is. But the Lord's will be done, and so that His will be accomplished in and for Claude it will be right, and far better than we, with all our love for him, could bring about."

William Howitt to Anna Harrison.

"*March* 12, 1844.—Mary's letters, I know, have made you aware by what a frail thread our dear Claude held possession of life. That slight filament gave way this morning. At twenty-five minutes past eleven o'clock he breathed his last most easily and peacefully. I think you never knew the dear lad, with his extraordinary powers, great wit and humour, and of a loving disposition. He has been taken from us exactly on the day twelve months on which the youth who occasioned his injury came to Heidelberg."

Here may be added, that once, when his father, in great distress of mind, suddenly exclaimed to him, "I wish the lad who dropped you had to undergo all this, dear Claude," raising his eyes with an expression of sorrow and surprise, he replied, "Oh papa! don't say that; I cannot bear the thought of it. Please let my love be given to him, for I remember him with nothing but kindness." And the message was sent.

"*March* 19, 1844.—My dearest sister, we are to myself a sort of riddle. We all feared and dreaded that the poor dear child

could never be restored to us, yet we hoped and deceived ourselves to the last. I did not realise that he was actually going till within a few hours of his death. Yet he had, I now can plainly see, been stricken by the hand of death for several days. He has been like an angel, whom we entertained unawares. I I hope and trust the blessing of his presence will not soon depart from us. It seems to me that he has fulfilled his mission, which was to draw our hearts upward to God.

"For him, dear child, I can have no fears. There was nothing but love in his soul. No rancour, no bitterness. Oh, what a consolation it is to us now to remember this! He opened his heart two or three times to us, and how beautiful and consolatory a view it gave us! He confessed the little sins that lay heavy on his conscience, and seemed comforted when we could assure him that the Almighty would forgive them and much more.

"But still, dearest Anna, could I but have realised to myself the near approach of his end, I would have had more conversations with him on such subjects, and I earnestly hope and trust that the sin of omission may not be attributed to me. He was ten and a half, yet his mind seemed matured in these twelve months of sickness. We shall not remember him as the child, but as the friend, the beloved companion of so many sorrowful months. May it only please the Almighty that we may be worthy to meet with him, where there is no more sorrow, no more suffering, and no more parting!

"He was buried yesterday afternoon in the Friends' burial-ground at Stoke-Newington. Many Friends met us at the grave, and three ministers spoke. It has knit my heart to Friends, for I believe they all sympathised with us."

"*April* 2, 1844.—Thy letter, my dearest sister, was indeed like the voice of the truest and sweetest affection. I have turned to it again and again, and I feel that, among the blessings which I enjoy—and I enjoy a great many—is that of having a sister like thee. I have received several letters on this sorrowful occasion, which are precious to me, and which I shall keep among my valued things.

"Yes, dearest Anna, I will believe that whom 'the Lord chasteneth He loveth.' I am sure that there is much good in

affliction, and my present, most earnest prayer is, that the good which we all feel in this sorrow may not soon pass away. I dare not make covenants, lest I should break them, else I would covenant with God and with myself to make this great grief useful to myself and to others. How can we indeed be teachers of others in any way, more especially in the best of all ways—that of guiding them heavenwards—unless we have been baptised in sorrow? We cannot see the beloved of our souls taken from us without longing to follow after. We are linked, as it were, to heaven, and minds of a high and pure character are permitted also to have glimpses into heaven, where they are; and thus what we have known and felt we can speak of.

"Do not suppose, however, dearest sister, that I am one of the favoured who are permitted to have the heavenly visions. I am like the women sitting by the sepulchre, who love much and sit in their sorrow, for they know not yet that their Lord is risen. I cannot tell thee how I long, however, to comfort mourners like myself. Oh, how I love them! How I long to sympathise with them! And I have, in my weakness, besought of the Almighty that the good results of this affliction may be in me the power to soothe and to strengthen such as mourn.

"I see how beautiful is resignation, but this can only be perfected by faith. May God, in His mercy, give it to me. 'Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief!' Such is the cry of my heart, and happy beyond all worldly possessions is it to dwell in the light of faith undoubtingly, unquestioningly.

"How true it is that in the midst of life we are in death! To us it seems as if our dearest Claude was the only one who had died, as if death had only visited our house. But if we walk out or go to a place of worship, or where many persons are assembled, we see almost every third person in mourning like ourselves. I cannot tell thee how my heart warms to such. Their hearts have been wrung like ours. Their eyes have wept bitter tears. I long to sit down with them and talk to them of their dead. It is so pleasant to me to talk of Claude that I fancy they would like it too. I could listen for hours to mothers or loving sisters who would tell me of beloved and long-waited-upon invalids. And oh! dearest sister, I think if there be one blessing greater than another, it must be the

recovery of such an invalid, the watching the beloved one gaining strength, advancing from one stage to another towards health. How little do people think of these things! and yet they are among the best blessings of life.

"To-morrow I intend again to commence my regular avocations. Poor dear Claude! at this very moment I see the unfinished translation lying before me, which was broken off by his death. Alas! I could have shed burning tears over this. How often did he beg and pray of me to put aside my translation just for that one day, that I might sit by him and talk or read to him! I, never thinking how near his end was, said, 'Oh no, I must go on yet a page or two.' How little did I think that in a short time I should have leisure enough and to spare! Oh Anna! of all the agonising feelings which I know, none is so bitter as that longing for the dead. Just one day, one hour of their life, that one might pour out the whole soul of one's inextinguishable love before them, and let them feel how dear, inexpressibly dear, they are. My very heart at times dies within me from this deep and agonising longing. But, dearest, when we have angels in heaven, does not death seem robbed of its terrors?

"I wonder how it is with families in heaven, for there must be different degrees of worthiness in the different members. Some must have lower places than others. I would be content to sit on the lowest footstool might I only be permitted to behold the glory and the bliss of my beloved ones, and to make compensation to them in some way for my shortcomings on earth."

"*April* 17, 1844.—The Friends have been most kind to us. They permitted us to choose the spot where dear Claude should lie. They did not even wish him to be buried among the children, and they will allow us to plant shrubs and flowers on his grave. He lies near Charles Lloyd, the poet, on whose grave some Friend has planted a cypress. It is no use telling one that the resting-place matters nothing to the dead. That is true, but it does matter to the living. Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus. The women wept at the tomb of Jesus, and hearts that love truly and sorrow deeply want the same indulgence. I am sure that it is pleasing to God that they should have it. I

do not see exactly how Friends' minds can be operated upon, but I am sure that if this question could be fully discussed, very many among them would feel the same."

I must not dismiss this subject without further mention of Mr. Tegg.

A simple, somewhat affecting little story, called "A Night-Scene in a Poor Man's House," having appeared in my friend Mrs. Alaric Watts's "Juvenile Souvenir" at Christmas, 1838, it was read by the publisher, Mr. Tegg, of Cheapside. He immediately wrote and proposed that I should furnish him with a series of books to illustrate household virtues. He wished the number to be thirteen—a baker's dozen, as he said. My husband induced me to agree; and Mr. Tegg, a very peculiar man, who, from arriving in London a poor Scotch lad with a few halfpence in his pocket, had now by his quick wit and industry amassed a fortune, behaved through the whole transaction in the most straightforward, satisfactory manner. He punctually paid for each MS. as he received it, never advertised the works, and yet one edition succeeded the other; this large, silent sale being perhaps accounted for by his extensive connection with the colonies. The series appeared under the general title of "Tales for the People and their Children." From my earliest childhood I possessed a most keen sympathy, together with a deep interest, in lives and experiences different from my own, and which often caused my parents to censure my inquisitiveness. Yet this did not check the promptings of my heart, and my retentive memory thus acquired a store of incidents chiefly connected with poor people, their small joys and great sufferings, which I was in this manner able to turn to account.

Here I may mention, in connection with literary engagements, that we had not been long at Heidelberg when a new realm of mental wealth unexpectedly opened to my husband and me. Our excellent and highly-accomplished friend, Madame von Schoultz, had derived much alleviation from the study of Scandinavian authors in a time of terrible suspense, caused by the mysterious disappearance of her Swedish husband, who, it was subsequently discovered, lost his life in the Papineau rebellion in Canada. With her we commenced Swedish, a delightful employment, which might be called a relaxation rather than a

labour, for here were no puzzling terminations as in German, but a similarity of construction with the English, which made it, and its cognate Danish, of comparatively easy acquisition.

Fredrika Bremer's novels of Swedish family life delighted us by their originality, freshness, and delicate humour, and we determined to introduce them to the English reading public. My husband and I translated "The Neighbours" and "The Home" from the German versions, but in the new editions which speedily followed we compared and revised them with the Swedish. In England and America they immediately met with wide recognition, although, when we first translated "The Neighbours," there was not a house in London that would undertake its publication. We printed and published it and others of the Bremer novels at our own risk, when such became the rage for them, that our translations were seized by a publisher, altered, and re-issued as new ones. The men in our printer's office were bribed from America, and in one instance the pirated sheets appeared before those we ourselves sent over. Cheap editions ran like wildfire through the United States, and the boys who hawked them in the streets might be seen deep in "The Neighbours," "The Home," and "The H —— Family."

The first of very many letters which I received from Mdlle. Bremer expresses her pleasure at the English publication of "The Neighbours," and is dated Stockholm, February 21, 1843. She speaks modestly in it of her productions, and is surprised that her common-place delineations of every-day life should suit the fastidious taste of England. Nevertheless, she hopes still to write more worthily of the life in her native land, saying in conclusion, "Sweden is a poor but noble country; England is a rich and glorious one; in spirit they are sisters, and should know each other as such. Let us, dear Mrs. Howitt, contribute to that end."

To the best of my ability I united with her in so doing.

In the summer of 1844 I had the delight of visiting my beloved sister, Anna Harrison, and her family. At the end of July I was taken a charming little trip of five days from Liverpool to Llanberis and back, by my brother-in-law, Daniel, in the company of Anna, their eldest son, Charles, their uncle, Richard Thompson, who was a most delightful old Methodist, and Mary Harris, an agreeable young woman-Friend of inde-

pendent means. We had a rough but amusing voyage to the Menai Bridge, where there was an excellent inn. Telford's marvellous erection did not then pair with the Britannia tubular bridge, but uniquely spanned the strait in airy sublimity. We walked to it, viewed it on all sides, and knew not how sufficiently to admire. We ascended a hill to obtain a peep at the mountains, and how lovely they looked, lying calmly and magnificently in the repose of the late evening, with Snowdon in their midst! Enraptured by the view, and the thought that I was actually in the land which had been the object of my childish desires and fancies, I kept silently repeating what my parents had often said when I was young: "We really will, some time or other, take a cottage in Wales, and spend a few summer months there."

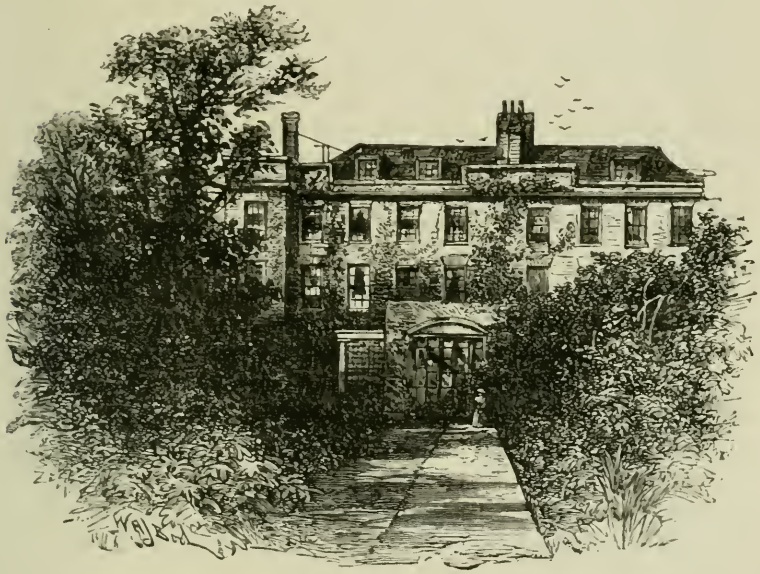
In the autumn of 1844 my husband and I removed from The Grange to one of a couple of well-built, substantially finished residences of the last century, situated in Lower Clapton, and called "The Elms," from the row of noble elm-trees in their front. It contained ample wainscoted chambers and a broad staircase of polished oak, leading to spacious reception-rooms. The windows at the back looked into the pleasant garden, with its creeper-festooned walls, long lawn, and flowering shrubs; and beyond to quiet meadows, through which flowed the river Lea, to vast marshes and the woodland line of Epping Forest.

We had for our next-door neighbours, and thence for life-long friends, Mr. Henry Bateman and his family. He was the brother-in-law of the Rev. Thomas Binney, on the committee of the Religious Tract Society, and deservedly esteemed in Nonconformist circles for his active benevolence, promotion of religious freedom, calm, outspoken denunciation of evil, unflinching adherence to duty, and faithful trust in God under all circumstances.

The earlier portion of our residence at The Elms was very pleasant. I recall it with a tender regret as worthy and befitting in every way. The house was commodious, our children well cared for and happy. Their chief and favourite companions were Arthur Bateman, the children of my beloved widowed friend, Mrs. Todhunter, and the five little granddaughters of Dr. Southwood Smith. Octavia Hill, the third of these sisters, often stayed with Charlton and Meggie. She was their

chosen playmate and counsellor, and devised, even in their games, schemes for improving and brightening the lot of the poor and the oppressed.

The retiring and meditative young poet, Alfred Tennyson, visited us, and charmed our seclusion by the recitation of his exquisite poetry. He spent a Sunday night at our house, when we sat talking together until three in the morning. All the next day he remained with us in constant converse. We seemed to have known him for years. So, in fact, we had, for



THE ELMS, LOWER CLAPTON.

his poetry was himself. He hailed all attempts at heralding a grand, more liberal state of public opinion, and consequently sweeter, more noble modes of living. He wished that we Englanders could dress up our affections in a little more poetical costume; real warmth of heart would lose nothing, rather gain by it; as it was, our manners were as cold as the walls of our churches.

"There shall be no more sea," says St. John, in the Revelation. Tennyson spoke of reading that verse when a child, and

not being able to reconcile himself to a future in which the sea did not exist. How many poets, painters, and other lovers of Nature have felt the same.

Turning now to another welcome visitor, my husband, on the announcement of his intended "Visits to Remarkable Places," had received, in 1838, a letter from Manchester, signed E. C. Gaskell, drawing his attention to a fine old seat, Clopton Hall, near Stratford-on-Avon. It described in so powerful and graphic a manner the writer's visit as a schoolgirl to the mansion and its inmates, that, in replying, he urged his correspondent to use her pen for the public benefit. This led to the production of the beautiful story of "Mary Barton," the first volume of which was sent in MS. to my husband, stating this to be the result of his advice. We were both delighted with it, and a few months later Mrs. Gaskell came up to London, and to our house, with the work completed. Everybody knows how rapturously it was received; and from that time she became one of the favourite writers of fiction.

Meanwhile I was devoting myself to Danish literature, which my knowledge of the Swedish and German languages made me easily understand. H. C. Andersen's "Improvisatore" I first translated from the German version, but after mastering Danish I made my work, as far as possible, identical with the original. It appeared at the beginning of 1845, and gave great pleasure and satisfaction to the author, who felt himself gracefully and faithfully reproduced in English. He begged me to continue translating his works; he longed to be known and to be loved in England, as he was on the Continent, where, from the prince to the peasant, all were so good to him; appreciation, fame, joy, followed his footsteps. His whole life was, in consequence, a beautiful fairy-tale, full of sunshine. It was in this strain that he wrote to me from Denmark and Germany. I translated his "Only a Fiddler," "O. T., or Life in Denmark," "The Constant Tin Soldier," and other of his "Wonderful Stories," his "Picture-book without Pictures" and "A True Story of my Life." The "Improvisatore" was the only one that went into a second edition; the other books did not pay the cost of printing. Nevertheless, Andersen, having been assured in Germany and Denmark that my husband and I had made a fortune out of his translations, came himself to London in the

summer of 1847, to make an advantageous monetary arrangement with us. He felt, he wrote me, that I had always acted as a sister to him, and was deeply grateful to me; and as he could not bear the thought of our discussing money together, Herr Hambro, his banker and countryman, would do so in his stead. My husband saw Herr Hambro several times on the subject, and from him heard of the exaggerated ideas that Andersen had of our gains. The worthy banker undeceived his friend, and although disappointed of his hope, Andersen wrote to me on August 28, 1847, the day before he left England, begging me to translate the whole of his fairy-tales. His Leipzig bookseller had brought out a German edition, beautifully illustrated, and the woodcuts could be procured for a small acknowledgment. I was then deeply engrossed in other literary work, and foolishly, it now seems to me, let the proposal drop. Unfortunately, the over-sensitive and egotistical nature of this great Danish author much marred our intercourse.

I may give, as an example, an incident that occurred on July 31, 1847. We had taken him, as a pleasant rural experience, to the annual hay-making at Hillside, Highgate, thus introducing him to an English home, full of poetry and art, of sincerity and affection. The ladies of Hillside, the Misses Mary and Margaret Gillies—the one an embodiment of peace and an admirable writer, but whose talent, like the violet, kept in the shade; the other, the warm-hearted painter—made him cordially welcome. So, too, our kind and benevolent host, Dr. Southwood Smith, who was surrounded at this merry-making by his grandchildren, Gertrude Hill and her sisters. The guests likewise were equally anxious to do honour to Andersen.

Immediately after our arrival, the assembled children, loving his delightful fairy-tales, clustered round him in the hay-field, watched him make them a pretty device of flowers; then feeling somehow that the stiff and silent foreigner was not kindred to themselves, stole off to an American, Henry Clarke Wright, whose admirable little book, "A Kiss for a Blow," some of them knew. He, without any suggestion of condescension or of difference of age, entered heart and soul into their glee, laughed, shouted, and played with them, thus unconsciously evincing the gift which had made him earlier the exclusive pastor of six hundred children in Boston.

Soon poor Andersen, perceiving himself forsaken, complained of headache, and insisted on going indoors, where Miss Mary Gillies and I, both most anxious to efface any disagreeable impression, accompanied him; but he remained irritable and out of sorts.

Some passages in my letters may now deserve attention.

To Miss Margaret Gillies I write in the summer of 1845:—

"All the time William was in the neighbourhood of Rydal it poured with rain. He was one whole day a prisoner with the Wordsworths; but the day was pleasant indoors.

"He says both Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth are tolerably well; and dear Mrs. Wordsworth sat mending her shoe, while the room was full of strangers, who had called to honour the poet. There was, among others, an American general there, an advocate of slavery, with whom William and Mr. Wordsworth had a great argument. All the day afterwards Wordsworth kept rejoicing that they had defeated the general. 'To think of the man,' said he, 'coming, of all things, to this house with a defence of slavery! But he got nothing by it. Mr. Howitt and I gave it to him pretty well.' The Latrobes, I think from Africa, were there to dinner. In the evening the Bishop of Salisbury was expected, but he did not come. Some Friends came, however, and it seems to have been a right pleasant time.

"Poor Dora had gone to Portugal. She was in a very sad state of health. Her husband's brother was there; and they thought that a voyage out and a stay of some time might be of essential benefit to her. On the contrary, she had been taken with a very serious illness, and they had been much alarmed. This is very melancholy. They talked in the very kindest manner of you. This last bit is what I wanted most to communicate. They who love us truly will not lightly change."

Next we have allusion to a friendship which grew deeper and stronger as the years rolled on. I say in

"*Nov.* 1845 (*after a visit to the seaside*).—Thou inquires, dear sister, who our friends the Smiths are, who contributed so much to make our Hastings sojourn agreeable. The father is

the Member for Norwich, a good Radical and partisan of Free Trade and the abolition of the Corn Laws. Objecting to schools, he keeps his children at home, and their knowledge is gained by reading. They have masters, it is true, but then the young people are left very much to pursue their own course of study. The result is good; and as to affection and amiability, I never saw more beautiful evidences of it. There are five children, the eldest eighteen, the youngest eleven. They have carriages and horses at their command; and their buoyant frames and bright, clear complexions show how sound is their health.

"Every year their father takes them out a journey. He has had a large carriage built like an omnibus, in which they and their servants can travel, and in it, with four horses, they make long journeys. This year they were in Ireland, and next year I expect they will go into Italy. Their father dotes on them. They take with them books and sketching materials; and they have every advantage which can be obtained for them, whether at home or abroad. Such were, and are, our friends the Leigh Smiths, and thou canst imagine how much pleasure we were likely to derive from such a family."

Nor must we overlook the following, written late in the year 1845:—

"Our friend, William Lloyd Garrison, is now in London, with one of the most interesting men I ever saw, a runaway slave, Frederick Douglass. The narrative of his life, written by himself, is most beautiful and affecting. William met with him first in Dublin, and now that he is in London we have seen a good deal of him. I wish I could lend you some of the very interesting and heart-rending anti-slavery books that have been given to us, and which have so wholly absorbed my thoughts that now, like many a good old Friend, I can talk of nothing but 'the dear Blacks.'

"Ferdinand Freiligrath, the German poet and our valued friend, has been now for some time an exile from his country, on account of what we English should call very innocent writings, but what the Germans term seditious. He is a fine poet and a noble, good man. We have induced him to come

to England and try his fortunes here in this land of commerce. He was brought up a merchant, understands many foreign languages, and is thus a most desirable person in a counting-house. He came here rather more than a fortnight ago, and was with us two weeks. On Saturday he went to Rotterdam to meet his wife and child. Now I am expecting them to arrive any moment."

"*Nov.* 30, 1845.—The Freiligraths have been living in lodgings near us, and found it very expensive; and as he is now in the office of Messrs. Huth, German merchants, we advised them to take a house and furnish it. I went with them on Saturday, and we chose their furniture, and it quite delighted me to see what pleasure they felt in having a house of their own. Later on the same day, when Freiligrath returned to the office, one of his employers asked him what he had done, how much he had bought, &c. 'Well,' said good Herr Huth, 'I shall now pay for this furniture, and I sincerely wish you well in your new home.'

"Poor Freiligrath was greatly overcome, and I can assure you that we were all quite affected when we heard of it. It has made our friends so happy. He says he shall serve the merchants now with *heart*-service. What a glorious world this would be if every one did all the kindness that was in his power!"

My mother was at this period residing with us, and I am struck with affectionate admiration at the remembrance of her great tact and forbearance under circumstances not readily assimilating with her convictions, and of her keen observation and good sense, which would have preserved us from sundry pitfalls, had we been willing to profit by them. She chiefly employed herself reading or knitting in her own room, and merely saw our intimate friends, who were very favourably impressed by her peaceful exterior and unsectarian utterances. But whilst she highly approved of our literary productions and general sentiments, she took exception to our advocacy of the stage, from the persuasion that virtuous persons, assuming fictitious characters, became ultimately what they simulated. She

consequently eschewed some exemplary actresses—our familiar associates—terming them "stage-girls, whom she pitied, but whose accomplishments she abhorred."

All Friends, however, were not so severe as my excellent mother in their condemnation of actresses, for Charlotte Cushman met with just appreciation from the son of the plain ministering-Friend, William Forster, of Tottenham. This was the celebrated William Edward Forster, who had not yet been disowned for marrying out of the Society, or taken any prominent part in the government of his country, being chiefly known as a staunch Liberal and joint-proprietor with Mr. Fison in the Greenholme worsted-mills, near Burley, in Wharfedale. On one occasion, when Charlotte Cushman, with her intimate friend, Eliza Cook, was staying at Mr. Forster's Yorkshire residence, she received from him an entire piece of alpaca of his manufacture, and of a new dark colour called steel-blue. It was worn by both ladies with no little pride. Miss Cook, who dressed in a very masculine style, which was considered strange at that time, with short hair parted on one side, and a tight-fitting, lapelled bodice, showing a shirt-front and ruffle, looked well in her dark, steel-blue alpaca; and Miss Cushman, who possessed a strongly-built, heroic figure, not the less so.

We had at that time become constant attenders at the Unitarian chapel in Hackney, the minister being the much-beloved Dr. Sadler, who later edited the Life of Crabb Robinson. There was also a Unitarian chapel at Stoke Newington, where formerly the husband of Mrs. Barbauld had preached. My husband and I went on one occasion to this chapel to hear a remarkable man, Joseph Barker. He came from Yorkshire, and preached powerfully in racy dialect. So great was his reputation, that all the Unitarian ministers of London and the neighbourhood were assembled to hear him. His sermon depicted the Saviour, not as the mighty, omnipresent Son of God, but the Son of Man, the friend and fellow-sufferer of the human race, the great Teacher, the lover of each individual man, woman and child, and who was, as he expressed it, "a loomp o' luv." Barker, who had been a Methodist, never remained steadfast in his opinions. He next wandered on from a humanitarian belief into infidelity.

In 1846 my husband, at first merely a contributor, became

one of the editors and part-proprietor of a new cheap weekly periodical, the *People's Journal*, which we hoped to make a good work, that would help to better the moral and intellectual condition of the working classes. In the course of the year I write to my sister:—

"What canst thou mean by thinking that the *People's Journal* is not Christian in spirit? Of all things has it been our aim from the first, and will be to the end, to make it the organ of the *truest Christianity*. The bearing of all its contents is love to God and man. There is no attempt to set the poor against the rich, but, on the contrary, to induce them to be prudent, sober, careful, and independent; above all, to be satisfied to be workers, to regard labour as a privilege rather than a penalty, which is quite our view of the case.

"It does not, to be sure, cry up Church and State. It does not say that the present social institutions are perfect. But it endeavours to have all reforms made in the spirit of Christianity and for the purposes of Christianity. No living beings, dearest sister, can estimate Divine Revelation higher than we do. It is the greatest boon to man under all circumstances, be his station in life what it may. Nevertheless, it is in the spirit of Christianity to raise man in the scale of being, to enlighten and enlarge his understanding, to ennoble and purify his heart. It is his greatest ornament in prosperity, his best consolation in adversity. It is the poor man's safeguard and friend. No one, however poor in this world's goods, can be abject who has the light and comfort of the Gospel within his soul. This, dearest sister, if it be sound and true, is the foundation on which this little journal is built; and, please God, with His benediction, it shall be made an instrument of good and of blessing in a thousand ways."

"*Dec.* 18, 1846.—This comes to tell you that William will sleep at your house on the night of January 5. He is to attend a *soirée* of the Mechanics' Institute on the 6th, and from there goes to Leeds, where he takes the chair at a *soirée* of the Co-operative League, of which he is a sort of father. We are very, very busy, as on the 1st of January comes out our *own Howitt's Journal*. We have discovered that the manager of the

People's Journal has kept no books, and has mismanaged the whole thing dreadfully. I hope we shall get out of the business free of loss. William has attended many public meetings in London latterly, and speaks splendidly. It is the very time for us to establish our paper. Do not be anxious about us; we are all in high spirits; and it is perfectly cheering to see how warm and enthusiastic people are about our journal.

"We have had Tennyson with us a good deal lately. We quite love him."

My husband, considering the remedy for the wrongs of labour to be the adoption of the co-operative principle, or the combination of work, skill, and capital, by the operatives themselves, had written "Letters on Labour," which led to the foundation of the Co-operative League. Its object was to supply the industrious classes, both male and female, with gratuitous information on the great social questions of the day, unfettered by sectarian theology or party politics, with the motto, "Benefit to all, and injury to none." He was asked to preside at co-operative meetings, and to lecture on the subject in different towns of the kingdom. In complying, a series of disappointments, however, soon proved to him that it would require years of active, steady effort before any practical success could be attained; the millions being quite unprepared calmly and wisely to consider great principles.

The Leeds Co-operative League, called also "The Redemption Society," and which was exceptionally prosperous, held its first anniversary in January, 1847. It was during William's absence to preside at this meeting in Leeds, where the interest displayed in co-operation by the entire population formed a cheering contrast to the general apathy, that I was subjected to a peculiar experience, whose awful reality has never passed away from my mind. I had retired to rest in good health and spirits, when suddenly a strange, alarming sense of perplexity, of impending, all-embracing darkness and evil, overwhelmed me. My terror made the heavy four-post bedstead shake under me. I was not ill or faint, nor did I think it requisite to call assistance. I knew the power which controlled me was either mental or spiritual. Surely I must have cried to God for help,

as slowly the horror of great darkness passed away, and all was tranquil within me. It was, I am willing to believe, a token permitted by Divine love and wisdom to warn and prepare me for the discipline required to loosen my trust in the creature, and to place it wholly in the Creator. It preceded a time of calamity. We had speedily severe monetary losses and mortifications, and gained new and sad revelations of human nature.

Assisted by Samuel Smiles, a most able defender of the rights of industry and the benefits of self-culture, and other gifted and popular writers, we sought in the pages of *Howitt's Journal*, in an attractive form, to urge the labouring classes, by means of temperance, self-education, and moral conduct, to be their own benefactors. Unfortunately for ourselves, the magazine proved, like its predecessor, a pecuniary failure; and Ebenezer Elliott remarked to us, in a shrewd, pithy letter:—"Men engaged in a death-struggle for bread will pay for amusement when they will not for instruction. They woo laughter to unscare them, that they may forget their perils, their wrongs, and their oppressors, and play at undespair. If you were able and willing to fill the journal with fun, it would pay."

Forty years later I write to my beloved friend Miss Leigh Smith:—

"I am more deeply interested than I can tell you in 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men.' It is the first by Besant that I have read. It affects me like the perfected fruit of some glorious tree, which my dear husband and I had a dim dream of planting many years ago, and which we did, in our ignorance and incapacity, attempt to plant in soil not properly prepared, and far too early in the season. I cannot tell you, dear Nannie, how it has recalled the hopes and dreams of a time which, by the overruling of Providence, was so disastrous to us. It is a beautiful essay on the dignity of labour."

In August, 1847, in a letter to my sister, I remark:—

"Thou wilt be glad to hear that we have drawn up our resignation of membership, signed it, and when thou readest this, it will be noised abroad that we are no longer Friends.

Strange as it may seem to thee, I have an old love of the Society. I know that the majority of Friends are narrow-minded, living as much in the crippling spirit of sectarianism as any denomination whatever; and I know that they and I never could assimilate; yet I do love them all, with an ingrained sentiment, which makes me feel as if somehow they were kindred to me. It is strange, perhaps, but there is not one so-called religious body that I could conscientiously connect myself with. There is, to my feelings, a want of real spirituality, a want of a real, child-like, loving trust in them all. I am not quite sure whether I should not find in the writings of Swedenborg what best accorded with my views and feelings. Anna Mary has been reading a good deal on these subjects lately, and from what she and others tell me, there is more truth in Swedenborgianism than one commonly finds out of the New Testament."

In the first days of January, 1848, I communicated to Anna the sorrowful intelligence of the death of our beloved sister in America; and in the following May, that our dear mother had peacefully breathed her last. She was interred in the Friends' burial-ground, Stoke Newington, by the side of Claude.

CHAPTER X.

1848—1852.

At Michaelmas, 1848, we removed from Clapton to 28, Upper Avenue Road, near Regent's Park. Here commenced our long-standing connection with John Cassell, who, from a humble origin, rose, by his own industry and frugality, to be rich and powerful; nor did he ever forget the true use of money, employing it to diffuse happiness and moral improvement to all around him. My husband contributed to the *Standard of Freedom*, of which he was the proprietor, and, later on, wrote his History of England—from the reign of Edward the First to the death of George the Third, and which he faithfully and successfully based on the broad principles of national, not caste, interests.

With John Cassell we procured a permanent engagement for a Mr. Edward Youl, who had been a clever contributor to *Howitt's Journal*. In this situation he displayed remarkable efficiency, but when he had been a year with Mr. Cassell he became very lazy, and consequently, upon repeated warnings, was discharged in the summer of 1849. We did not wish to abandon Mr. Youl, and Mr. Linwood, a Unitarian minister, who had become a Congregationalist, and the purchaser of the *Eclectic Review*, consented to meet him at our house one Sunday evening, to secure him as a regular contributor. On the previous Friday, however, Mrs. Copeland, a respectable lodging-house keeper, of 11, Upper Stamford Street, Blackfriars, made me the surprising and terrible disclosure that Youl had rented rooms in her house for the purpose of receiving relief in my name, in answer to forged letters setting forth my destitution. My husband immediately obtained a warrant for Youl's apprehension, and a detective

put on his track, and the next day, proceeding himself along Stamford Street, recognised at a great distance the culprit approaching. Youl suddenly disappeared, diving down a side street. On the morrow he wrote a begging letter in my name from York, to Macaulay, and received £10 by return of post. The detective traced him to Liverpool, where he seemed to sink into the ground. Some years afterwards John Cassell encountered him sitting opposite to him in a New York eating-house. Although disguised, he knew the voice and features, and accosted him by name. Youl, however, most coolly denied ever having been in England. He had forged my name to, amongst others, Lords John Russell, Lansdowne, Mahon, and Brougham. The latter had instantly sent the appeal to Lord John Russell, with a strong recommendation to settle a pension on me, had applied on my behalf to Miss Burdett Coutts, and himself forwarded £20. Sir Robert Peel had generously remitted £50. The letters returned to me were in a crawling, exaggerated strain. In acknowledging a donation from the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce) I was made to say:—"I went down on my knees and thanked God, who had moved his Lordship's heart to such noble kindness to me."

I had earlier often said, and honestly thought, that it was a fine thing to combat with one's self and stand victor; and when dwelling in this new home, rising above many anxieties and disappointments, I determined to be strong and joyful. Life, under the most adverse circumstances, was full of riches, which I would neither disregard nor squander. Thus treasuring up all the simple elements of beauty around me, I still remember the charm of a suburban spring morning. Up and down the Avenue Road the lilacs and tacamahacs were coming into leaf, the almond-trees were full of blossom, and the sun shone amid masses of soft silvery cloud. Then, again, there was rural Belsize Lane, delightful at all seasons, with its lofty elms and luxuriant hedgerows of rose-bushes, elders, and hawthorn. How green, too, were the sloping fields leading from the St. John's Wood end of Belsize Lane to Hampstead!

My eldest daughter, who desired to devote herself to art, had never forgotten the profit and delight which she had derived from our German tour, and especially from our visit to Munich and the studio of Kaulbach. We had, after passing

through the field of long waving grass, by which flowed the rapid Isar, entered the large, half-neglected-looking building used by the great artist as his *atelier*. There we had seen, not only the cartoon of his famous "Destruction of Jerusalem," but the inimitable illustrations to "Reineke Fuchs." On an

BELSIZE LANE, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

inner door were painted a boy and girl, as if done in the very exuberance of fancy, and of such loveliness, that they would enrich the walls of any house whatever. Kaulbach, then scarcely middle-aged, had received us with great courtesy in the midst of his work. When we asked him if he conversed in English, he replied, "I speak no language but German, and

that," pointing to his painting! Indeed, what more eloquent and universal tongue need be spoken!

Anna Mary thus always felt that Munich and Kaulbach would afford her the most consonant instruction, and in May, 1850, went thither, accompanied by a fellow-votary, Miss Jane Benham. They were most generously received as pupils by the famous painter, who assigned to their use one of the rooms in his picturesque studio by the Isar.

A few days after their departure for Munich, Henry Chorley —then leading a somewhat luxurious, literary, bachelor life at the West End—came to tell me he had accepted from Messrs. Bradbury & Evans the editorship of the *Ladies' Companion;* and he wanted Annie, as we all now called my daughter, to go to a great miracle-play of the Passion, performed that year by the devout peasants of Ober-Ammergau, and who would, at its termination, thank God on their knees that He had once more permitted them to perform the sacred drama in His honour. There would be a *Stellwagen* to the place from Munich; and he begged her to write for him a description of the whole thing, from the setting out in the morning to the end of the play. She willingly complied, and thus made known this remarkably striking, pathetic, but now trite subject to the English public. Other descriptive letters from her pen appeared in *Household Words* and the *Athenæum*. They were much admired, and Henry Chorley encouraged her to collect and publish these scattered "bits," which, under the title of "An Art Student in Munich," formed a fresh and charming book, because so genuine.

On February 20, 1850, I had received the following from Charles Dickens, written from Devonshire Terrace:—

"I address this note to Mr. Howitt, no less than to you. You will easily divine its purpose, I dare say; or, at all events, you would, if you knew what companions of mine you have ever been.

"You may have seen the first dim announcements of the new cheap, literary weekly journal I am about to start. Frankly, I want to say to you, that if you would ever write for it you would delight me, and I should consider myself very fortunate indeed in enlisting your assistance.

"I propose to print no names of contributors, either in your own case or any other, and to give established writers the power of reclaiming their papers after a certain time. I hope any connection with the enterprise would be satisfactory and agreeable to you in all respects, as I should most earnestly endeavour to make it. If I wrote a book, I could say no more than I mean to suggest to you in these few lines. All that I leave unsaid, I leave to your generous understanding."

Thus, from the commencement of the *Household Words*, we became, most willingly, contributors to its pages.

To my Daughter at Munich.

"*June* 1, 1850.—I have sent off my first little note to you hardly four hours since, and now I begin to write again. Charlton has asked me what day in the week I like best, and I tell him, henceforth the day on which I receive a letter from you. I must not omit to mention that one of Charlton's hens has laid an egg. You can imagine his felicity. He has cackled more than ten hens, and could not tranquillise himself until the egg had been boiled for his father. The other event of the morning is, that Alfred has been told that 'The Miner's Daughter' in *Household Words*, was either by Currer Bell or Mrs. Gaskell. He was much amused, knowing it to be his father's.

"Walter Cooper and Gerald Massey, the two leading co-operative tailors, come here on Sunday, and go a stroll on Hampstead Heath with your father. Gerald Massey is a young poet, a really eloquent writer, very good-looking, and, I hear, quite a gentleman."

"*Sunday, Aug.* 18, 1850.—Do you remember that long lovely field by the side of Caen Wood, which is reached from the Lower Heath at Hampstead and through a brickfield? I have an uncommon affection for it. There is a mound in it like an ancient barrow, and on which grows a group of picturesque old fir-trees. The view thence is most lovely. On the left lie the wooded heights of Hampstead, with an opening to the distant heath, over which the sun sets splendidly. In front is all the mass of wood of Lord Mansfield's park, and on the right the

village of Highgate, with its church on the hill, its scattered woods and villas; and between us and them the green slope of the field and the reservoirs below. Yet, to show you how ridiculously things fall out in this world, Miss Meteyard and your father went with me last evening to my favourite mound. There, hanging from one of the old branches of a scathed fir-tree, was a man's shirt. Some beggar must have stripped himself of his under-garment, and, with a sense of the horrible and comic combined, suspended it by the neck. It looked, at a distance, like some shocking suicide. We sat down on the mound, your father and Miss Meteyard very wittily parodying Shakespeare and Hood's 'Song of the Shirt.' A lady and gentleman, with a blue-coat boy, came up. We agreed to listen to what they said. The shirt aloft waved its ragged arms, it shook its ragged tail at them. They neither said a word nor made a sign. Was the shirt a mere spectral imagination of ours? No, there it surely was. Yet they would not, or could not, see it. We left them seated on the hill, with the old shirt aloft seeming to make fun of them.

"Your father has entirely finished his 'Madam Dorrington of the Dene.'"

"*Filey, Yorkshire, Sept.* 2, 1850.—Here we are," I write to my sister, "at a small fishing-village, which is attempting to convert itself into a bathing-place. The coast is beautiful; very wild in places; and the sands, to a great extent, as smooth as a marble floor. Miss Eliza Meteyard ('Silverpen') is with us. She is now a sufficiently old friend of ours for us all to feel perfectly at ease one with another. She has her work as well as we. Poor dear soul! she is sitting by me at this moment with her lips compressed, a look of abstraction in her clever but singular face, and her hair pushed back from her forehead, while she is busy over a story about a Bronze Inkstand, which she hopes to make a very fine one. A good creature is she! She has just published a most interesting juvenile book, called 'The Doctor's Little Daughter.' It is her own early life. Out of the money thus obtained, she has provided for and sent out a younger brother to Australia; while for another she is striving in another way. Indeed, she is both father and mother to her family; yet she is only seven-and-twenty, and a fragile and

delicate woman, who in ordinary circumstances would require brothers and friends to help her. How many instances one sees almost daily of the marvellous energy and high principle and self-sacrifice of woman! I am always thankful to see it, for it is in this way that women will emancipate themselves."

The following extracts occur in letters to my daughter at Munich:—

"*Scarborough, Sept.* 17, 1850.—We have now Mrs. Smiles and Miss Wilkinson with us. You may remember, my dear Annie, your father speaking of the latter, when he came from Leeds. She is very bright, agreeable, full of spirit. The children perfectly adore her. *Friday.*—The Smileses have gone. Dr. Smiles came on Wednesday. We have greatly enjoyed their visit. He, full of mirth and playfulness, walked about with the children, helped them to make mounds and canals in the sands, and found as much fun as they did in watching the sea come up, assault these constructions, and lay them waste. He would ask little boys and girls, much to their astonishment, whether they were married; to the amusement of Charlton and Meggie, who enjoyed the blank looks, especially of one little fellow of about ten, who said simply, 'No, he was not married, but his father and mother were.' He also greatly diverted our children by answering a group of juveniles, who asked him what o'clock it was, that 'he did not carry a clock about with him. He could only tell them what o'watch it was, which would, perhaps, do till they got home.'

"We are reading a wonderful book, 'Alton Locke, Poet and Tailor: an Autobiography'—an extraordinary production, very, very fair, and exceedingly clever. It will make a great stir. It is written by Mr. Kingsley, a clergyman of the Church of England, brother-in-law to Mr. Froude."

"*Nov.* 1850.—We have been very busy this week in getting ready articles for Christmas. Your father is writing a beautiful story for the Christmas number of *Household Words*. I am also writing a fresh ballad for the same journal. It is a sort of fellow to 'Richard Burnell,' which earlier appeared. I have got desperately absorbed in it. It is curious to me to see how very much these ballads are a reflection of my own being and

my especial interests. The great ballad-writing time with me was when you were a girl, and those earlier productions are very much about children, and beautiful spiritual-minded young maidens. Then for many years I wrote no ballads at all. I fancied that I never should write any more. But a new inspiration has come over me. The joys and sorrows of one poor friend have found utterance in my 'Richard Burnell,' and those of another will come forth in my dear 'Thomas Harlowe.' I am also asked to write a ballad for the Christmas number of the *Illustrated News*, and to give Henry Chorley one for the *Ladies' Companion*.

"I work always in your painting-room, in which I have made no alterations. I venerate the old things and the old memories. But I am getting over my intense longing for you. I can take up beautiful thoughts of you and lay them down again at will, and not be ridden, as it were, by them, driven by them, haunted by them, till they become like a nightmare. Oh! that was dreadful. If I were a painter, I should paint a Ceres mourning for the lost Proserpine. I understand that mother's heart so well, that I should not fail in making a countenance befitting. I can see the wonderful head of the maternal Ceres, with her heart, not her eyes, full of tears, revealing inexpressible love, and yet desolation. Don't imagine that I am such an one now. I am very happy; nor would I wish my Proserpine to be here."

"*Nov.* 30, 1850.—I shall copy your account of the consecration of the Basilica for the *Athenæum*, but I am afraid it is too gloriously Papistical for the present time in England. You can have no idea what a tide of popular feeling has set in against everything Catholic. 'No Popery' is written over all the walls of London. Public meetings are held everywhere, and petitions and protests are got up by all parties against Papacy. There never was so anti-Catholic a nation as this. However, your account is very beautiful and picturesque, and they may give it as news, though your father thinks they will probably remove some of its glory."

"*Dec.* 9, 1850.—I asked your father what there was to tell you. He said, 'Tell her that the King of Prussia has ordered

Freiligrath out of his dominions; that the Catholics at Hampstead have put up within these few weeks a grand, new, and rather beautiful Madonna and Child, as large as life, over their chapel-door; and that the people have pelted it with mud and stones; and that the other day, when he passed, two men stood and censured the image, saying, 'it was idolatry in a plain form,' whereupon your father thought that he had seen idolatry in a much plainer form. Tell her that there is so little news, that the *Times* has nothing to write about but Papal Aggression; but that, in spite of the *Times* and all the saints, Cardinal Wiseman has been installed, and that we have now an English Cardinal in London."

"*Dec.* 19, 1850.—You ask what people think about the state of French politics; they are amazed, confounded, indignant. The *Times* writes gloriously about it, and for that reason is not permitted to enter France. I expect Napoleon will be elected to-morrow, and that despotism will raise its head and lord it over the nations for a time. But the day of reckoning, when it does come, will only be all the more terrible. The end of the tragedy is not yet; we are only in the first act.

"Poor dear Miss Meteyard is in some trouble just now because people are beginning to discover *Popery* in her little book. Some influential person warned her publishers, Hall & Virtue, against her as a Jesuit in disguise; and she so rationalistic! Her publishers are, therefore, hanging back about accepting her collected tales, and they had been so earnest about them just before."

"*Christmas Day*, 1850.—Last night Eliza Fox wrote proposing for them and Mrs. Gaskell to come to us this evening. Meggie suggests that we should not be grand and intellectual—but that ghost-stories and capital tales should be told, and that we should even play at blindman's buff. We may be merry and tell tales, but I doubt the playing at blindman's buff."

"*Thursday.*—The first thing I do this morning is to tell you that last evening went off very well. We had only the Foxes, Mrs. Gaskell, the Garth Wilkinsons, Mr. Doherty, Miss Meteyard, and Mr. La Trobe Bateman.

"On Christmas Eve, Miss Meteyard, having written to

Messrs. Hall & Virtue to know the name of 'the influential person' who had charged her so falsely, received from them, in reply, one from her saintly enemy. It was a most pious letter from the Honourable Mr. Finch, brother to the Earl of Aylesford. He expressed satisfaction in her assurance that she was no Catholic, but he still maintained the dangerous character of 'The Doctor's Little Daughter.' He had taken it, with the offensive passages marked, to a noted Church of England publishing firm. After this letter Messrs. Hall & Virtue said they must decline her tales. It is the loss of £250 to poor Miss Meteyard, while I suppose that Mr. Finch, surrounded by creature comforts, would go to rest on Christmas Eve feeling that he had done God service.

"Mrs. Gaskell is much pleased with your writings. She says you do not make the reader see the things with your eyes, but you present the scene itself to him. She hopes, on your return, you will collect and publish your letters in a volume—a sort of 'Art Life in Munich.' Her praise was quite gratuitous. She is going to remain in London and in Essex till February, the air of Manchester not agreeing with her.

"I must now tell you Mr. Doherty's ghost-story, if so it may be called. He was a very intimate friend of the late Lord Wallscourt, an excellent and enlightened nobleman, who had large estates in Ireland, and wished above all else to promote the best interests of his Irish dependents. Part of the year he lived in that country, devoting himself to his people; the rest of his time he spent with Mr. Doherty and other social reformers in Paris. He took it into his head that if Mr. Doherty would go and live on his Irish estates, he could bring about the most wonderful reformation amongst the population. He urged his going very much, offered him every inducement, entreated him by his grand philanthropic nature, by his friendship to himself. In vain, Mr. Doherty said, in short, that he was so importunate as to become to him a bore; that Lord Wallscourt teased him, just as a wife often teases her husband by her well-meant zeal, till he will not, perhaps, do that which it would be well for him to do. On May 28, 1849, Lord Wallscourt died suddenly of cholera in Paris. Then a deep remorse and self-reproach fell upon Mr. Doherty's mind. For aught he knew to the contrary, his friend had died feeling

anger towards him, feeling wounded, disappointed. One day, as he sat full of bitterness against himself, he saw, in broad daylight, Lord Wallscourt walking with two gentlemen. They seemed to be in deep discourse, when he appeared suddenly to say, 'There is my dear, good friend, Doherty. I must tell him how much I love him.' He gave him a look of the tenderest, most joyful affection, and was gone. The nobleman had appeared as if attired in full Court suit; and had he come in the flesh, he could not have restored more peace and assurance to Mr. Doherty's mind than was given by that *ideal* look."

"*Feb.* 10, 1851.—The catkins are out on the hazels, little buds are forming on the hawthorn-hedges, and the gorse is in blossom. We, Miss Meteyard and the children, have been a most beautiful walk to Hampstead Heath. While your father and Miss Meteyard talked politics and abused Harriet Martineau for her new *infidel* book, 'Human Nature,' or some such title, by herself and Mr. Atkinson, the children and I strolled on together and talked of the good and happy time when you would be at home again. We agree that you will not be back till the *end* of May."

"*Feb.* 24, 1851.—Ah! yes, my own beloved, all you say of the chapel-going is true enough. But somehow I felt as if this non-observance was becoming perfect neglect; for the want of form as naturally degenerates into neglect, as observance can into mere form. We say, 'We will walk out with the children into God's temple and worship there; and in the evening we will read a beautiful chapter in the Gospels, or some other noble, glorious book. Thus we will make the Sunday holy and attractive.' But it is not so. Six times, at least, out of ten some cause or other makes the walk commonplace and secular. When we come back, either somebody drops in, or else 'Pendennis' or 'David Copperfield,' or some other attractive book, is read; Charlton falls asleep, and so the day is done. Then, the influence one's outward example has on the servants. To them it appears as if worship, so-called, which perhaps in them is sincere, has no value with us. In this way our good works — that is to say, the true worship within us—is not seen of them, and so they cannot

in us glorify our Father who is in heaven. Again, I sometimes think there are things which are approved of God, and which bring His blessing, though we may be apt to undervalue them. Of this kind I am half-inclined to consider these regular religious observances. They have their subtle influences. They are among God's commands to us; and although we do not altogether see the reasonableness of them, we should try to reach the blessing through obedience. It is in this spirit that I have taken these sittings in Dr. Sadler's chapel at Hampstead.

"You can have no idea what an excitement Harriet Martineau's book is making. It is always out when we send to the London Library for it. I want to see it, for I cannot help fancying it less terrible than people affirm. Dr. Carpenter says that 'she does not declare that there is no God, but she does not *believe* there is one. If there is one, however, then she does not believe Him to be any mechanical genius, that He has nothing to do with the making of the world, and that she feels so very happy to be independent, and to have nobody to domineer over her!' Douglas Jerrold's last is on this subject; he says, 'There is no God, and Harriet Martineau is his Prophet.'"

"*March*, 1851.—We have read Miss Martineau's book. It is, to my mind, the most awful book that was ever written by a woman. She and this wise Mr. Atkinson dethrone God, abuse Christ, and prefer Mahometanism to Christianity. It made me sick and ill to hear them talk of Jesus as a mere clever mesmerist. To me it is blasphemy. To show you how evil the book is, I must tell you that Alfred wanted the Inquisition for its authors, and I sympathised with him. It will make good people devilish in their indignation and anger, and it will set all the poor infidels crowing like cocks on a dunghill. And only think, in their large appendix, in which they support themselves by such authorities as Hobbes, Lord Bacon, Sir James Mackintosh, &c., I should see a long article with the innocent name of Mary Howitt to it! It is the account of the Preaching Epidemic in Sweden. Curious as it is, it proves nothing, and seems merely introduced to make me out an infidel. I think this has provoked your father more than anything else.

"Yes, dearest, Joanna Baillie is dead. I am glad you had that kiss from her, for she was a good woman."

Throughout the year 1851 my husband and I were working together at a history of Scandinavian literature. It was a perfect delight to me to translate old Norse ballads. They were to me most fascinating, rude and bloody as many of them are, and possessing a forcible simplicity such as we had earlier met with in the German ballads of Uhland. The Danish literature we found richer than the Swedish, both in quantity and variety. The pristine lore of Iceland and Norway was especially collected and translated into Danish. We were enchanted with the fable or *saga* literature, and found again almost all our ancient nursery tales: the little old woman whose petticoats were cut shorter, "Jack the Giant Killer," the pig that would not go over the brig, and the rest. We thus gained quite a respect for those familiar tales, which the wild, stout old Danes brought to Britain from the far North. Then the grand, quaint wisdom of the *Eddas*, reminding us of Ecclesiastes, such as the sayings—"It is hard leaning against another man's doorpost;" "I clothed the wooden figures in my garments, and they looked like heroes; whilst I, the unclothed hero, was of no account;" or, "Go often to the house of thy friend, for weeds soon choke up the unused path." Finally, how worthy of perusal the modern dramatic masterpieces of Oehlenschläger, and the charming historical novels of Ingemann, the Sir Walter Scott of Denmark! But while we found the Danish richer in graceful, poetic, original productions, the Swedish brought off the palm in history, epic poetry, and modern fiction. What, indeed, can be grander than Tegnér's "Frithiof's Saga," or Runeberg's "Hanna," and his other pathetic poems of austere Finland, and its brave and patient children?

In our domestic circle we were greatly interested in the new development of the English fine arts. The taste of the age, into the fourth decade of this century, had been for what appealed as pure, noble, and harmonious to the mind, rather than to the eye or ear. The general public was wholly uneducated in art. By 1849, however, the improvement due to the exertions of the Prince Consort, the Society of Arts, and other powers, began to be felt; a wonderful impulse to human ingenuity and taste being given in the preparation of exhibits for the World's Fair, to be held in London in 1851. In this important æsthetic movement Mr. Owen Jones was a prominent

teacher. He was most ably seconded by his assistant, Edward La Trobe Bateman, who was endowed with an exquisite feeling and skill in decorative art, extremely rare at that time. He maintained there was no excuse for ugliness, as beauty properly understood was cheap.

Mr. Bateman took a house not far from us and fitted it up with quaint, beautiful furniture of his own designing, and with his splendid collection of rare old china. He made the most exquisite copies of missals and other ancient illuminations; and was, moreover, the intimate associate of the P.R.B.'s, for so the Pre-Raphaelite Brothers termed themselves.

This famous band of art-innovators had now arisen, and were startling the world by the novelty and oddity of their composition and colouring, combined with a marvellous fidelity in detail. Connossieurs shook their heads, and refused to believe they had power or originality, and that they would, in the end, come out all right: declaring if they had real genius they would walk in the steps of their great contemporaries, not in those of painters belonging to an early, ignorant age. Besides, if their avowed principle was correct, then authors should write in the language of Chaucer.

When Millais, in 1851, exhibited at the Royal Academy his "Mariana in the Moated Grange," "The Dove returned to the Ark," and a quaint picture of two children from a poem by Coventry Patmore; and Holman Hunt some works equally strange and naïve in treatment, the then recently-appointed President of the Royal Academy, Sir Charles Eastlake, privately said it was the last year he and the Hanging Committee would admit this outrageous new school of painting to their walls.

It was the day of small things to those now world-famed, highly-appreciated artists, and I remember one of the most distinguished asking us, as he had no banker, to cash a cheque of £14, given him by a Manchester gentleman for a small oil-painting.

Earnest and severe in their principles of art, the young reformers indulged in much jocundity when the day's work was done. They were wont to meet at ten, cut jokes, talk slang, smoke, read poetry, and discuss art till three A.M. They spoke of the *Germ*, their magazine, which unfortunately met

with a speedy end, as if pronounced with a "g" hard, making it sound like the "g" in girl, and found endless amusement from outsiders saying to them, "Why do you call germ thus? But of course you are right," and then adopting the wrong pronunciation.

In July, 1850, an American poet and painter, named Buchanan Read, then on his way to study art at Düsseldorf, Munich, and Florence, spent an evening at our house in the company of some of our friends. He had earlier sent us his first volume of poems by the American publisher, Mr. Fields, and now brought us the second. But in spite of this kind attention, he seemed such a timid nonentity that I had continually to jog my memory to prevent his suffering from neglect. A few days later the very clever and intelligent young Irish poet, William Allingham, who had been present, told Holman Hunt and Dante Rossetti he had recently met a number of Americans at our house. Upon this Rossetti replied, "By the by, some of those Americans write glorious things. I have come across some lyrics in the *Philadelphia Courier*, signed 'A Miner,' and written from Hazeldell, on the Schuylkill, as fine as any I know. I first met with one specimen, and was so delighted with it that I sent to Philadelphia for all the papers containing the poems from Hazeldell, cut them out and pasted them in a book with other gems of poetry."

Rossetti forthwith produced a big book of poetry, and began reading some of the lyrics, and as he expressed the deepest obligations to the unknown writer, Allingham volunteered to call on a little American, who had asked him to do so, and try to learn from him who was the splendid poet of Hazeldell. Accordingly, Mr. Allingham went to Mr. Buchanan Read, and told him what had passed. As he proceeded, the stranger's face became crimson and his entire frame agitated. "I am the writer of these poems," he replied, with tears in his eyes.

There was, of course, nothing to be done, after this marvellous discovery, but instantly to carry off the prize to Rossetti. They found him in his studio, quite absorbed, working from a model. He just looked up as they entered, gave a sharp little nod, and went on painting. Allingham, however, walked up to him and said, "I have brought you the poet of Hazeldell bodily." Rossetti dropped his brush, and with a face glowing

with excitement, cried, "You don't say so!" He quite overwhelmed the bashful stranger with his joyous acclamations, adding, "How delighted Woolner will be, for he prizes your poems as I do!"

In the midst of the jubilation Holman Hunt entered. Now, Read had a most intense desire to see Leigh Hunt, and this being divulged to the two pre-Raphaelites, who were busy, they deputed Allingham to carry their visitor to Leigh Hunt, and see that he was treated with due honour. Leigh Hunt, however, was out; so they returned to Rossetti and Holman Hunt, and spent a grand evening together.

The next time Buchanan Read came to us, we had perused his fresh, invigorating poems, and were delighted to see him again. And now, the ice being broken, we found him to be a very generous, grateful young man, possessing much original power and fine discrimination of art. He had been painting in Rossetti's studio, and in constant intercourse with his host, William Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and Woolner. As the day for his departure to Düsseldorf approached, a great gathering of all the P.R.B.'s took place, to commemorate his last evening in their midst. They read aloud his poetry, made much of him, and told him such capital stories, that some of them rolled on the floor with laughter. But although they remained together until four or five in the morning, they could not part with him. He prolonged his stay, and as he absented himself in their company from his lodgings at Mr. Chapman's, in the Strand, it was reported that the pre-Raphaelites had carried off Read in a chariot of fire.

At the close of 1870 we met him once more in Rome, where he was then residing with his gentle and wealthy wife, and dispensing hospitality with a most lavish hand. We were present at a grand entertainment which he gave in honour of General Sheridan, whose bard he might justly be called, from his very spirited and popular lay, "Sheridan's Ride," having heightened the hero's fame in America. The task upon his vital powers, in his character of poet, painter, and most sociable host, led to the constant use of strong stimulants, which ruined his health. It caused him, in 1872, to quit Rome for his native land, where he breathed his last the day after stepping ashore.

Some reader has, without doubt, still fresh in his recollection the gay, animated appearance of London in the spring of 1851. The evidence of the approaching first "Great Exhibition" in Hyde Park, a new feature, not only in London, but in the history of the world, was apparent on every side: houses and shops cleaned and repainted, hotels for "All Nations" and coffee-houses of the "Great Exhibition" opened right and left; huge waggons, piled with bales, slowly moving along to Hyde Park; and, standing in bewilderment at the corners of streets and by omnibuses, were foreigners, with big beards and moustachios, in queer felt-hats and braided coats; whilst elegant French-women, in long cloth cloaks with picturesque hoods, and plain drab bonnets with rich interior trimmings (a new style of dress, beautiful from its severity), might be seen in Regent Street and Piccadilly, acting as a foil to Oriental magnates in gold embroidery, flowing silk, and gorgeous cashmere.

How crowded, that spring, was the private view of the Portland Gallery by lords, ladies, artists, priests, and distinguished foreigners! J. R. Herbert, R.A., grave and thin of countenance and spare of form, walked bareheaded at the side of the portly, benign Cardinal Wiseman, and with reverence pointed out various pictures to him. Then came a low buzz and movement of excitement in the throng, which contained the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London, when Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Doyle, Roman Catholic Bishop of Carlow, Father Gavazzi, and Mazzini were seen grouped together examining the same painting. "How very odd!" was the general remark; and my husband added, "The fine arts may truly be said to form neutral ground!"

On May 27, 1851, I write to William, then in Heidelberg:—

"Our Cambridge Day was wonderful. At half-past six in the morning I was at the Leigh Smiths'. Professor Kinkel, the Pulskys, and some other Hungarians, with outlandish names, were at breakfast. I had already taken mine. At seven we set out in the open carriage and omnibus, full inside and out, to the Shoreditch Station. There we met the remainder of our party, excepting Freiligrath, whom I had been expected to bring and did not know it; Lord Dudley

Stuart, who is ill, and Monckton Milnes, who is either just married or going to be. We were a party of twenty-one. What introduction there was of one bearded and moustachioed man to another, and of these to the ladies. What a jabber of French, German, Hungarian, and English! At length Mr. Smith, who seemed as happy as a boy, and Willie Smith had paid the return fare of the whole party.

"Before ten we were at Cambridge, and there were met by a Trinity College omnibus and carriages, sent, as we were informed, by Mr. Smith, of Jesus, to take us to the 'Bull.' At the 'Bull' we found Ben, who, in the first place, led us through some of the college courts, and gave us a hasty survey of beautiful mediæval buildings, lovely avenues of limes, picturesque cloisters, gateways, halls and chapels, with smooth lawns, fountains, glimpses of meadows golden with buttercups, and lines of drooping leafy trees, till we were all wild with admiration and delight. Then part of us went to Ben's rooms in Jesus College, and the remainder to the 'Bull,' to have breakfast. What a breakfast we had! Ben's friends were still all at church; but presently, just at the right moment, when he was gone to look after the folks at the 'Bull,' and when we had drained his big coffee-pot and wanted more, in came three young fellows in caps and gowns—Chinnery, of Caius, Mullins, of John's, and Cowan, of Trinity. Then there was an increase of life and activity. 'Oh! you want coffee, do you?' and away flew Mullins and brought down somebody else's big coffee-pot. Then in rushed a new undergraduate with his coffee-pot and there was plenty. Next water was wanted. It was not to be had, but Barbara knew where her brother's soda-water was. So down she delved into a cupboard and up came bottle after bottle; some was soda-water, some was ginger-beer. The gentlemen drank both out of a huge silver tankard with a glass bottom. If you could have seen the fun, freedom and jollity of those bearded and moustachioed men, who had been students up and down Germany, it would have delighted you. Pulsky put on Ben's gown and cap, and enacted a respectable English student, 'Smith, of Jesus.' Everyone was full of fun, and what roars of laughter there were. When ample justice had been done to the pickled salmon, ducks, fowls, tongue, and pigeon-pie, we joined the rest of the party in the court of King's, and went the

round of every college; each being alike, yet different; all beautiful, all rich; a union of architectural grandeur and picturesque effect with the verdure of lawns, meadows and lovely trees. At half-past three we went to afternoon service in King's, the finest chapel in Cambridge. I cannot tell you how exquisite it is. Then all assembled at the 'Bull,' and our twenty-one, with six handsome young undergraduates added, sat down to a table covered with excellent and delicious dishes. You can imagine the speeches, the laughter and wit. Very soon the carriages were announced, so, with many most cordial farewells to the group of friendly undergraduates, we returned to London, which we reached a quarter before eight. Again the Smiths' omnibus and carriage and as many cabs as were needful were in waiting; and all who did not incline to go to supper in Blandford Square were sent home to their own doors. What a fine thing it is to be able to give pleasure on a magnificent scale.

"Kinkel could not imagine much hard study in rooms so comfortable as we saw at Cambridge. No doubt he contrasted them in his mind with the bare floor, wooden chairs, the high-standing wooden desk, and the bed in the same room, of the foreign university student."

I had soon the bliss of having my art-student on a visit from Munich. With her we doubly enjoyed the sight of the productions, wealth, workmanship, and of people of all regions of the world assembled in the Crystal Palace. It was to us the veritable "House of Fame" foreseen by Chaucer four hundred and seventy years before.

In September 1849, Frederika Bremer first stayed with us, on her way to the United States and Cuba, whither, seized by the spirit of an old Viking, she was journeying at the age of forty-seven. She was short and plump in figure, and simple in her attire, which was made picturesque by a cap of a conventual shape, trimmed with deep lace; and she won our affection by her warmheartedness and freedom from ostentation.

From America she wrote to me that the "sun of the Western world had developed in her many germs that had been lying snow-covered for dozens of years, but which, under its influence, began to grow and expand, making her feel that her

remaining span of life would barely suffice for the ripening of what then filled her soul."

In the autumn of 1851 she again passed through England. Her religious and social views had, in America, been materially influenced. An intense desire animated her to aid in the liberation of every oppressed soul; above all, to rescue her country-women from the dark and narrow sphere allotted them; and Sweden listened to her pleadings for woman.

In the self-same year of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, gold was found in Australia. The marvellous gold-romance of California had now begun in our own colonies. It seemed, in a period of over-population and misery in Europe, that gold, the great lure of the human heart, had been revealed in vast continents to call out people thither with a voice against which there was no appeal. Nothing was talked of but Australia and the wonderful inducements offered to emigration.

My husband, who was a good sailor, and needed a real change from his hard brain-work, suddenly resolved on a trip to the new El-Dorado, where he should once more see his brother, Dr. Godfrey Howitt, who was successfully established with his family in Melbourne. He should also learn what opening there might be on the Australian continent for our two sons, who were to accompany him. Anna Mary permanently returned from Munich to see our beloved ones off. They left us in June, 1852, R. H. Horne, the author of "Orion," sailing with them in the *Kent*. We should have felt the separation appalling but for the wholesome panacea of work.

CHAPTER XI.

1852—1857.

Our first occupation, after the departure of my husband and sons for Victoria, was moving from the Avenue Road to Highgate. I had once hoped that Andrew Marvell's half-timbered, very picturesque cottage there might have been our home. It proved, however, at the time to be too dilapidated to be rented with economy or prudence.

In the meanwhile Edward Bateman had taken, on lease, The Hermitage, situated at Highgate, on the West Hill, a little above Millfield Lane. The premises consisted of a small three-storeyed house and a lesser tenement, The Hermitage proper, containing a room on the ground-floor, and an upper chamber reached by an outside rustic staircase and gallery, the whole covered with a thick roof of thatch, and buried in an exuberant growth of ancient ivy. It and the dwelling-house stood in the midst of a long sloping garden, and were hidden from the road by palings, fine umbrageous elms, and a lofty ash, which retained the name of "Nelson's Tree," from the famous admiral having climbed it as a boy. When to let, the landlord, in order to beautify the place, had painted the interior woodwork of the house dark green, and introduced bad stained-glass and grotto-work into the cottage. Notwithstanding these gimcrack attempts at rusticity, Mr. Bateman, perceiving the capabilities, had immediately secured it, and then, under his skilful hand and eye, transformed it into a most unique, quaint and pleasant abode, the fit home for a painter. He had temporarily located Dante Gabriel Rossetti in The Hermitage, when, determining to go to Victoria, where his cousin, Mr. La Trobe, was Governor, he transferred the lease to us. Woolner and Bernhard Smith

were his fellow-travellers, and it was agreed that on the following 12th of April the P.R.B.'s in England were to meet together to make sketches and write poems for the P.R.B.'s in Australia, who were simultaneously to meet and forward a Mercury of their proceedings home.

Whilst The Hermitage was being transformed, and the voyage of the pre-Raphaelites still in embryo, I remember walking one March evening, at six o'clock, with Woolner along Millfield Lane. After we passed the house once occupied by

ANDREW MARVELL'S COTTAGE AT HIGHGATE.

Charles Mathews, the comedian, but lately much enlarged, we witnessed a splendid sunset effect. The western sky was filled with a pale, golden light, fading into violet, then blue, and just in the violet hung a thin crescent moon, with one large star above her. Woolner could not sufficiently admire this exquisite poem of Nature, and I perceived that he was not only a sculptor, but a poet.

For upwards of two years my daughters and I dwelt alone at The Hermitage, busily occupied in writing, painting, and

studying; our anxious hearts filled with the deepest solicitude for our dear absent ones, who were bravely encountering deprivation and toil. We could only remember that God was with them as much in the Bush as in a civilised land. It is not hard work, but the gnawing pain of the mind that kills; and the memory of those days of suspense, aggravated by the very defective postal communication with Australia, brings with it a most grateful sense of the extreme kindness and delicate consideration of our opposite neighbour, the Baroness,

CHARLES MATHEWS' HOUSE IN MILLFIELD LANE.

then Miss Burdett-Coutts. She constantly invited us to Holly Lodge, and thus afforded us change of thought and relaxation in her highly cultivated circle.

Some of the chief incidents of this period are given in the subjoined extracts from letters.

To my Husband.

"*Sept.* 3, 1852.—I drive on with my work like some thing blind and deaf; listening and seeing nothing but the one

object, work. Sometimes Annie and I sit together in the same room, each at our table, for an hour or two, never speaking. Then we say, 'How quiet and pleasant it is, and what a holy and soothing influence there is in this blessed work.' I have not yet finished the first volume of Miss Bremer's travels in America.

"We have had quite an incursion of people here of late, and a whole American family are coming to drink tea with us to-morrow. We were just going to bed one night at our usual hour of ten, when a ring came at the gate. The dogs barked ferociously, and behold! it was William Allingham. He had heard we were ill from the Brownings, and so was come to inquire after us. We sat talking with him till half-past twelve. We enjoyed it very much, and asked him to come to us the next day. So he came. It was just in the midst of the terrible thunder and lightning that we have had here of late, and this led him to tell us what was just then deeply interesting a number of people in London—the Brownings among the rest.

"There is in Holborn a respectable tradesman, who is a firm believer in spiritual influences, in astrology, mesmerism, &c. This man has known for long that the house in which he lives is haunted by evil spirits and doomed to an ill end. He discovered that, many years ago, a murder had been committed in it. He consulted clairvoyants about it, and all foresaw that a fearful explosion would take place. He had six or seven letters from clairvoyants in different parts of the country, warning him of the impending danger, that the house would fall and burst the gas-pipes, the gas would explode, and terrible loss of life ensue. The man, who is apparently most sensible and intelligent, is personally known to Robert Browning, but his name is not to be revealed, because it would injure him in his business. During one of the last storms, this tradesman and a friend of his saw from a distance the lightning apparently concentrate itself over the house, and a red tongue as of fire rise up from the roof. They believed it must be burning. However, no harm was done. William Allingham asked me to note down that it was generally foreseen that the explosion was to occur between midnight and four o'clock the following Sunday morning. That was a fortnight ago to-day, and nothing has occurred. It was, however,

a curious circumstance, which, when told us, interested us much."

"*Dec.* 3, 1852.—The Queen has read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' as well as all her subjects; she and the Duchess of Sutherland, and others of the good and great about the Palace, have determined to make a demonstration in favour of the slave. Her Majesty in her own person can do nothing; therefore this movement comes from the Duchess of Sutherland. From her I received an invitation to meet a number of distinguished women at Stafford House, to take into consideration an address from the women of England to the women of America on the subject of slavery. I was quite appalled, and felt I had not a bonnet fit to go in; however, I got a new bonnet, and went.

"People were all most kind and polite. Lady Shaftesbury told me that her children had my juvenile books; and the Duchess of Sutherland and her daughter, the Duchess of Argyll, were particularly friendly. To my surprise, I found my name put down on a committee of women, which consists of Lady Shaftesbury, the Hon. Mrs. Kinnaird, myself (I give the names as they stand), Mrs. Sutherland and Mrs. Grainger.

"The Duchess read a very interesting letter from Mrs. Stowe to the Earl of Carlisle. She seems delighted at this movement in favour of the slave; and certainly it is very fine, originating with our Queen, as it does, no doubt.

"Speaking of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' I must not forget to tell you that the sheets of this work, I believe, before its publication in America, were offered for £5 to Charles Gilpin. He would not buy them. Then they were offered to Mr. Bogue, then to Mr. Bohn, and rejected by both. They were bought in the end by Routledge. Now there are at least twenty different publishers' editions, Bohn's and Bogue's among the rest; and it is supposed that upwards of one million copies have been sold in England alone."

"*Dec.* 8, 1852.—Charles Gilpin and George Alexander have come over to me in solemn deputation from the Anti-Slavery

Society to remonstrate against the Duchess of Sutherland's Address to the American Women. But, though I regret one or two expressions in the Stafford House Address, I yet adhere to it and its party."

"*Feb.* 22, 1853.—I was yesterday at our Committee for the Ladies' Address to their American Sisters on Slavery. There will be 400,000 signatures, it is expected.* I had a good deal of talk with Lord Shaftesbury. He is one of the kindest, strongest, most agreeable of men. 'Uncle Tom' is being translated into Russian by order of the Czar; it is said preparatory to an abolition of serfdom. I went to the Committee with this news, but all thought it too good to be true. Then came Lord Shaftesbury and confirmed it. Miss Bremer writes beautifully on slavery. She seems to think that a spirit of emancipation is growing up in the South itself. This seems proved by three large slaveholders having—it is said in consequence of 'Uncle Tom'—emancipated all their slaves.

"How wonderful is the effect of that book! Lord Shaftesbury, who is just returned from France and Italy, said that 'in Italy it is devoured; but that the Jesuits, to make it suit their purpose, have introduced the Church instead of Christ. Thus poor Uncle Tom, the best Christian almost that ever lived, is made to preach for the Jesuits!' He also mentioned that the great prize ox in Paris this Christmas was called 'Uncle Tom.' What people will do with Mrs. Stowe, when she comes in May, I cannot tell. I expect she will be welcomed as no crowned head ever was."

"*March* 1, 1853.—The P.R.B.'s are most anxious for news of their Australian travellers. Rossetti was up here on Sunday, and very desirous to learn whether we had received tidings, as neither the friends of Woolner nor of Bernhard Smith have received any. You may imagine with what eagerness after Australian news and news of vessels the *Times* is consulted each evening.

"We are now busily correcting the proofs of Ennemoser's

* They amounted to 576,000.

'History of Magic.' What industrious people you and Alfred were to translate all that mass of MS. on your voyage. What a curious work it is. M. Reclus, a French acquaintance of Miss Acton's, was here the other evening. He knows much about magic and occult things, and is acquainted with many French and German books on the subject. Is it not singular the widespread belief in such agencies? Rossetti told us the other evening some most remarkable ghost-stories."

"*March* 14, 1853.—I had a dream three nights ago, which has made me very unhappy; and yet, in a manner, I can account for it. I was thinking on Friday night of dear Claude's death—the next day being my birthday, and his into the better life. In the night, then, I dreamed that a letter came from Alfred. It seemed to contain three bills of credit, but the only words I saw in the letter were, '*My father is very ill.*' I woke in an agony of heart such as no words can describe. The misery of the dream has not ceased yet. I do all I can to reason with myself, to say that it was caused by my thinking of poor Claude's last hours. And I hope it was. God help us and preserve us to each other! I know that you all are exposed to hardships and dangers of many kinds. They rise up before my imagination and make me very unhappy. I can do no more than keep a prayer in my heart, which is uttered many, many times a day: 'Oh, God! protect my beloved ones.'"

"*March* 20.—What a dreadful time we have had! Yesterday was the last grand meeting at Stafford House. On arriving I had only spoken to the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Shaftesbury, when Mrs. Carpenter came up to me and asked, 'What is this about Mr. Howitt in the *Times?*' All the strength went out of me. I said, 'I do not know; what is it?' She then told me Dr. Carpenter had read something about an accident to your cart. I sat and listened to the proceedings of the meeting, hardly hearing a word. The Duchess talked to me most kindly, singling me out, as it were. I had no pleasure even in such kindness. The people were allowed to see the rooms after the meeting; but I did not care for it, and sat

down in a window, amid all the grandeur, sick with apprehension.

"Annie was as much alarmed as I was when I came home and told her. Long and dreadful were the couple of hours that went on till the paper came. We read then the letter from an Australian correspondent. He says that your cart broke down on the way to the Ovens, and that he fears you are suffering from the climate. Somehow that letter took the sting out of our wounds. We had not, however, seen Willie Howitt, who came up to-day with his Australian home-news. Now we know that you are ill. Willie, however, assures us that all who go to Australia suffer at first from the climate."

"*March* 29.—No letters from you yet! We have regained a little composure after the terrible blow. Never, in the whole of my life, with all our anxieties, have I passed such a time of suspense as this has been since that awful night of my dream. Oh! may it please our Heavenly Father to protect and restore you to us. I should really go out to you, were it not for Annie and Meggie. These partings are awful things. Think only, your last letter to us was written in October, and Alfred's on November 7. God help us! But I will hope and trust, as I have hitherto done. Yet I somewhat dread the *Great Britain* coming in. She is expected every hour."

To Alaric Watts.

"*April* 5, 1853.—You and dear Mrs. Watts will be pleased to know that we have had very long and interesting letters from William. They came by the *Great Britain*, and are dated December 23, when they were all three hundred miles up the country. They had encountered many adventures by the way, and all had been ill, William seriously so. Their illness was caused by camping in a swampy situation, at a time when, their cart having broken down, they were detained by its being repaired.

"God, however, always sends His angel in some form in one's sorest affliction. So it was now. They found, when poor

dear William was at his worst, that at seven miles' distance there was a large sheep station. There they sent to ask for something they needed, and when Mr. and Mrs. Forlonge, the owners of the station, heard that it was William who lay sick, they sent down everything in their power for his comfort; then, when he was able to be removed, had him conveyed to their house in a spring-cart, took the entire party and all their belongings under their roof, and, though utter strangers, treated them with brotherly kindness. They proved to be not only true Samaritans, but intellectual, highly cultivated Scotch people.

"This illness is an affecting passage to us in the narrative of their two months' journey; still, it is cheering to know that even in the wilderness kind hearts are to be met with. For the rest, nothing can be more Robinson-Crusoe-like than the whole expedition.

"A great load is lifted off our hearts; and more than ever now we feel that we must and may confide our dear absent ones to God."

To William Howitt.

"*April* 10, 1853.—It has been most pleasant to meet the Boothbys again before their departure for Australia. You will have learned already that Mr. Boothby is going out to Adelaide as second Supreme Judge. All his sons are eager about Australia. Who would have imagined that when he and you, years ago, were members of the Nottingham Town Council, you would meet once more in the Antipodes?

"While writing, Dr. Sutherland has called. He is delighted with your letter in the *Times*. Just as he was leaving, who should come in but Dr. Smiles? He intends now to settle in London. He, too, was full of your letter, the first description that had ever made him see Australian scenery.

"Now I must try and think over what news there is. The great topics seem to be:—In the political world, the proposed new scheme of Property and Income Tax, which would make everybody pay something; the proposal of paying off a portion of the National Debt with Australian gold. In the literary

world, the International Copyright, which some expect will be in force within three months. In society in general, the strange circumstantial rumour of the Queen's death, which, being set afloat on Easter Monday, when no business was doing, was not the offspring of the money-market. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, who were here the other day, spoke of it, saying truly that for the moment it seemed to paralyse the very heart of England. The Keans, by the by, send their very kindest messages to you.

"I forgot whether I told you of the invitation to Stafford House of not only our Ladies' Committee, but of the Committee of the old Anti-Slavery party. The latter were invited to see the result of the labours of the noble duchesses, ladies, and all the rest of us, in twenty-six large volumes. The Committee of the Anti-Slavery party consisted of twelve Quaker ladies. When they received their invitation to Stafford House they wrote back to ask if they might each be allowed to bring a sister or a friend. The Duchess very graciously consented, and their number grew to four-and-thirty. There they were when we entered; all sorts of Friends, plain and smart, old and young, grave and gay, sitting, as if in meeting, round the room. We were invited to meet Mrs. Stowe at Stafford House, but whether all the thirty-four or only the original twelve Quakeresses will go I know not. She has arrived at Liverpool, and her ovation has begun."

"*May* 4, 1853.—The great talk now is Mrs. Stowe and spirit-rapping, both of which have arrived in England. The universality of the phenomena renders it a curious study. A feeling seems pervading all classes, all sects, that the world stands upon the eve of some great spiritual revelation. It meets one in books, in newspapers, on the lips of members of the Church of England, Unitarians, even Freethinkers.

"Poor old Robert Owen, the philanthropist, has been converted, and made a confession of faith in the public papers. One cannot but respect a man who, in his old age, has the boldness to declare himself as having been blinded and mistaken through life; and who, upon the verge of human life, sends forth the concealed yearning of his soul after a spiritual world

and an immortality. Yes, indeed, is not the greatest proof, after all, of an immortality the innate longing after it, and the belief in it existing within each human being, whether encased in external intellectual pride, worldly joy, or hardness of heart, and that, too, throughout all ages and shining forth from all mythologies?

"Especially are the aristocracy interested in these rappings, which become contagious; a medium of spiritual communication may, in some cases, be developed by the laying on of hands. There is a singular resemblance between it and mesmeric power. The old hobgoblins and brownies seem to be let loose again, for all the spirits appear to be of a singularly *low* order, frequently lying. Mr. Beecher, the brother of Mrs. Stowe, has delivered in America a series of lectures to a vast assembly, demonstrating that these phenomena are the work of the devil. Well, perhaps, they may be.

"Barbara, who is now investigating these strange glimpses into an occult power of nature, told us last night a singular circumstance connected with Lady Byron's mother. Lady Milbanke had discovered, as a young woman in Switzerland, that she was endowed, like many of the natives, with the power of discovering water by means of the divining rod. When Dr. Wollaston had written a most learned treatise upon the superstition of the divining-rod, he was surprised to receive a letter desiring an interview with him on Wimbledon Common by the writer, who possessed the power he so severely denounced. Dr. Wollaston went to Wimbledon, and great was his surprise to perceive a carriage approach the spot of appointment. An elegant lady, accompanied by some equally fashionable friends, alighted, and declared herself the writer of the letter, and ready to test her power; and she still more astonished Dr. Wollaston when, taking a hazel-rod, she pointed out again and again concealed springs of water. This anecdote of Lady Milbanke had been told Barbara, I believe, by Lady Byron."

"*May* 8, 1853.—Mrs. Stowe has arrived in London. She is come with husband, brothers, sister-in-law, and nephew. She is a simple, kindly creature, with a face which becomes beauti-

ful from expression. We spent an evening with her at the Binneys' on Friday. It was a sort of open house, hundreds of people coming and going. When we reached the front-door we were struck by the crowds which had gathered round it; we heard some one say he had come to get a peep at 'the composer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."' Wherever she goes, and it is known that she is there, a crowd gathers. It is something like the enthusiasm in America for Jenny Lind.

"I was yesterday at Stafford House, with some hundreds besides, composed of the aristocracy and many distinguished people. Mrs. Stowe and her relatives had taken luncheon with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and the dukes, duchesses, lords and ladies of their family. In the grand gallery the reception took place, the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Shaftesbury introducing interesting personages to Mrs. Stowe. Then the principal persons took seats in the middle of the room, and the company stood round. Lord Shaftesbury read a very nice address of welcome to Mrs. Stowe, which was handed her; and her brother made a tedious speech, and read a rather stupid letter from an American who had emancipated his slaves. This was the first part of the day's proceedings. People walked about and conversed together, and were introduced to Mrs. Stowe, if they had patience to wait for an opportunity. Tea and coffee were handed round by footmen in drab and scarlet or in Highland costume. Then the Duchess and Mrs. Stowe retired to a smaller apartment, where the ladies were invited to follow. Here, after a good deal of amusement in separating the ladies from the gentlemen, Mrs. Stowe made a capital little speech, or rather talked to us in a very simple manner; her countenance beaming, and a merry smile at times playing over it, till she looked to my eyes as beautiful as the splendid and gracious lady, the friend of Queen Victoria, seated beside her."

"*June* 29, 1853.—Dined the other day with Sir David Brewster at Lord Shaftesbury's. Later in the evening a servant being ordered to bring a hat from the hall, it was made to spin round by some of the family and guests assembled in the drawing-room. It was very odd. Dr. Braid, of Manchester, says

the phenomenon is produced by the power of mind over matter; and that if the mind is fixed on matter long enough, and with sufficient intensity, it will inevitably operate upon it. The effect which all this table-turning, hat-moving, and spiritual intercourse is producing on all kinds of people is marvellous. Robert Chambers, the Alaric Wattses, the T. K. Herveys, are all believers and operators."

"*March* 2, 1854.—You will see that war is now really beginning in earnest with Russia. Nothing is talked of here but war. One fleet is gone to the Black Sea, and another is going to the Baltic. Troops are being embarked even in the screw-steamers intended for Australia. Men-of-war, it is said, are to be sent to guard the Australian coast, as Russian privateers are abroad, and it is expected that our rich Australian vessels will be seized. It is said, also, that the overland route will no longer be safe; so that, if this be true, it will put an end to your overland return, for which I am sorry. The whole of this excitement and preparation for war has made me very sad. Greatly have we admired and accompanied in spirit Joseph Sturge and two other Friends who have gone to St. Petersburg to endeavour to persuade the Czar to peace. It was really a very fine thing, and quite worthy of George Fox. If you see the *Times*, you will read an account of this interview, and their address to Nicholas, and his reply. Long live such true men of peace! and I wish all the world thought with them. The prices of everything have become twice what they were when you left England.

"The 'rapping spirits' go on rapping, and people listen to them. I myself think it a delusion; but really we hear extraordinary things, and we see sensible people believing so gravely, and in many cases it has produced such beautiful and sincere religious faith and trust, that we do not know what to say. Bulwer is most eager on the subject. Decanters rise up from his table without hands, solid substances suspend themselves in the air."

On May 15, 1854, I went to stay with Mr. Bladon at Uttoxeter, and was joined the next day by my daughter Annie.

The little town looked to me but slightly altered, yet, somehow, old and shabby; the country pleasant, especially the hilly crofts. The vegetation, however, neither so fine nor so early as I had expected.

ANNA MARY TO HER UNCLE, RICHARD HOWITT.

"*The Hermitage, June* 18, 1854.—We have been for the last several weeks at Uttoxeter. You may believe it was very pleasant to be there and re-visit the old scenes. Especially was it pleasant for my mother meeting my aunt Anna there, and for them to wander through their old haunts and talk over old memories.

"A poetical little incident also occurred. When we had been in Uttoxeter a few days, my mother suddenly remembered that she had not heard the chimes play as usual since she had arrived; those sweet melodious chimes, which had so delighted her and my aunt when they were children. What had become of them?

"Every one then began also to ask what *had* become of the chimes. People remembered then that for years they had been silent—silent ever since the church had been repaired many years back. Mr. Joseph Bladon, at whose house we were staying, and who is about the most influential man now in the little town, together with the Vicar—who also had never heard the chimes, being come to the place only within a short time—soon had inquiries made. Then the first Sunday morning after our arrival, in honour of my mother's visit to her old home, the chimes recommenced their sweet music. They had quite passed out of people's memories, but were still in perfect order, only requiring a new rope.

"We shall send you in a day or two a copy of 'The Artist's Düsseldorf Album,' in which you will find a poem of yours printed. My mother was asked to translate the German poems, and also to procure a few original English poems; and as the time was very short, we sent one of yours which we had, and greatly liked. Please read in the Album a poem called 'Sister Helen.' It is by Gabriel Rossetti, an artist friend of ours."

On Thursday, December 7, 1854, at about two o'clock, my dear husband and younger son arrived at The Hermitage safe

and sound, looking so well that it was a great joy to us. At the same period my brother-in-law, Daniel Harrison, settled with his family in the neighbourhood of London; making me thus enjoy a full measure of domestic happiness.

MARY HOWITT TO HER DAUGHTER MARGARET.

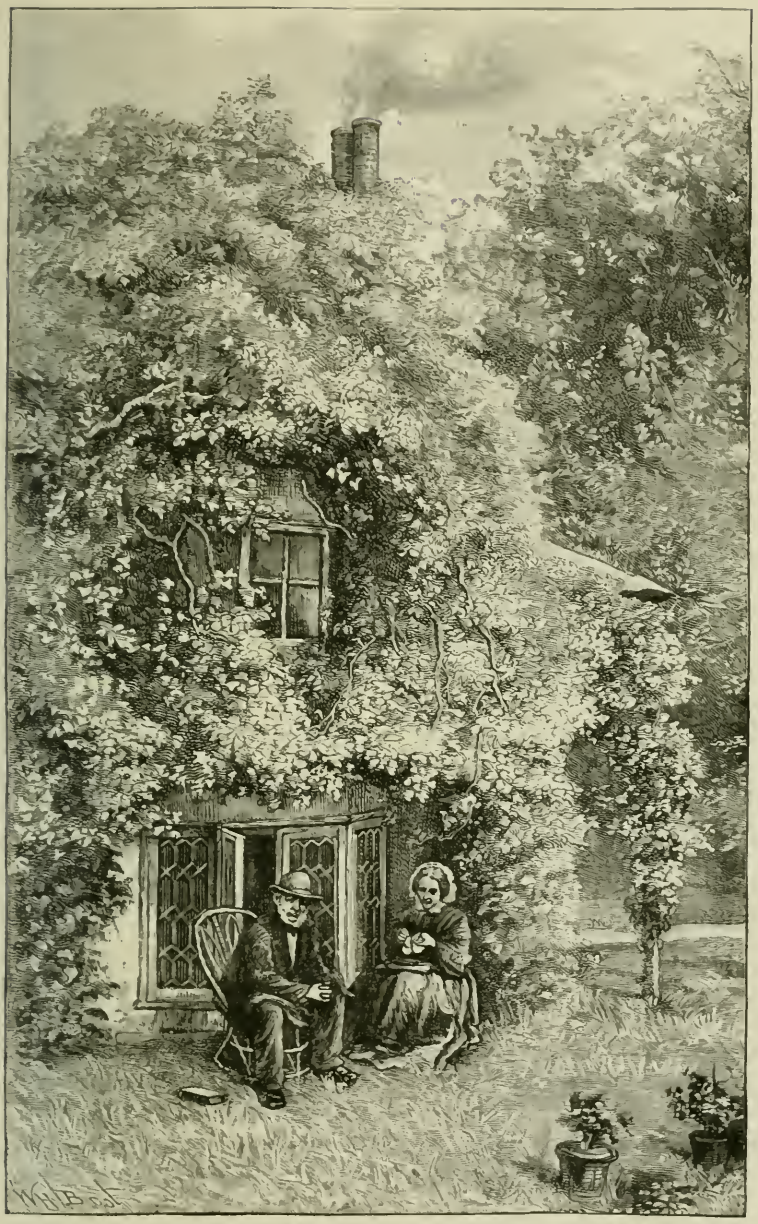
"*The Hermitage, Aug.* 9, 1855.—Annie went with Barbara to Glottenham, and had just begun to feel better, when, lo! it was discovered that a poor woman was ill of a fever in a neighbouring cottage, and at five minutes' warning off they set to Hastings, and are now located at Clive Vale Farm, near Fairlight; the same farm where Holman Hunt painted his sheep."

ANNA MARY HOWITT TO HER MOTHER.

"*Clive Vale Farm, Aug.* 10, 1855.—We have just had breakfast. Our little parlour-window is wide open, with the sunshine streaming in, and the vast expanse of distant sea and undulating green hills coming close up to the strip of cottage garden. We were very much amused by finding the traces of Holman Hunt's painting in great spots of green, blue, and red, and traces of oil and turpentine upon a picturesque, little, stout oak table, which we had chosen also for our work; and thus quite unintentionally we have trodden in his steps."

MARY HOWITT TO HER DAUGHTER, ANNA MARY.

"*The Hermitage, Aug.* 21, 1855.—We had a very pleasant evening at Miss Coutts'. She and Mrs. Brown set off to-morrow, and will not return before the end of October. She has had a great annoyance about the extension of Highgate Cemetery. A few years ago, she told me, she offered to buy this very land now purchased by the cemetery company, and reaching down to Swain's Lane; she was intending to make it beautiful gardens, to be secured to the public for ever. At that time the proprietor refused to sell; and she naturally feels ill-used not to have had the first offer, when he was inclined to do so, and before the cemetery company was allowed to pur-



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT AT THE HERMITAGE.

chase it, for a purpose injurious to the health of the increasing population.

"Of course, I said, as I felt, that hers had been a noble and excellent idea, and asked her if I might speak of it. She replied, 'Certainly.' I then added, 'But do not give up the idea. It is by such beneficial acts that your name will be preserved to the nation. Let me beg of you to purchase Parliament Hill and convert that into a public park.' She answered, 'That is Lord Mansfield's property. However, I shall think of it.' My heart blessed her for those words, but I merely said, 'Yes, dear Miss Coutts, do, for such an idea is worthy of you.' I told her, too, how beautiful that hill would be with a grand white marble statue standing upon it, with the background of blue sky. 'Very beautiful,' she said, in her quiet way."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*The Hermitage, Sept.* 4, 1855.—When we walk in our favourite Highgate fields towards Hampstead we often see Mr. Tom Seddon and his pretty little wife. We did so yesterday, and walked together. He wants to finish his Eastern sketches, and asked us where he could find rocks and old thorn-trees, which he might use for bits of his olive-trees; and where he could find a level burnt-up country for a Syrian desert. We advised him to go to the little inn at Rowsley for the old rocks about Haddon Hall and Stanton. He said that 'Lear had advised the same.' I suggested he could find strange, weird old trees about Hurstmonceaux. He replied, 'So, too, had Lear told him,' and that Lear was painting down there this very summer. He cannot turn his thoughts at present to other subjects than the East."

"*Dec.* 4, 1855.—Of course, your father and I entirely approve of Barbara's scheme for petitioning Parliament for an alteration in the law as regards the property of married women; and we are glad that she is getting her grand scheme into form."

"*Jan.* 8, 1856.—Yesterday I went to Stratton Street. Miss Coutts was at home, and most kindly received me. We sat

and talked over Mr. Brown's death, and Mrs. Brown's grief and beautiful resignation; and then she came in. I am always affected, somehow, by the sight of a widow's cap; and to see that bright face so sad, and surrounded by the plain, white, folded muslin, quite touched me. We talked about death and eternity. Both believe in the immediate life after death, and that the spirit of a departed beloved one may be ever present, though unseen, unfelt; only they do not believe in the influence of the spirit through dreams or material manifestations. It was, some way, very sweet, and I had great peace in this part of my visit. Miss Coutts showed me a miniature which Sir William Ross has done of Mr. Brown since death, from the bust and his remembrance of the face; but it is not quite right.

"We then talked of this proposed movement to secure to married women their own property and earnings. They both agree that it is quite right. Miss Coutts, who understands the subject thoroughly, said that she believed some changes would be made in the laws regarding women and the management of their property; but as to supporting the petition, she must fully consider it, and can say nothing just at present."

"*Jan.* 9, 1856.—We went last evening to the Seddons'. Mr. Tom Seddon is in very good heart. He has sold one of his pictures to Lord Grosvenor. He showed me a sketch for another of his commissions. It is a sort of halt in the desert at the hour of prayer. He is going again to the East to paint a picture at Damascus. His brother, the architect, has received a commission to restore Llandaff Cathedral, so he is in Wales. They all seem very happy, and send lots of kind messages to you."

ANNA MARY HOWITT TO HER SISTER MARGARET.

"*March* 13, 1856.—The petition about married women's property has already been announced in Parliament. It is spoken of as the petition of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Anna Jameson, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Gaskell, &c. The London signatures are within a small number of three thousand. Westminster are two thousand. Various little incidents of interes-

have occurred, such as a very old lady on her death-bed, who asked to be allowed to put her name to the petition, and thus wrote her signature for the last time. Yesterday evening, as it was growing dusk, Octavia made her appearance, looking so bright and happy. She had been taking her Ragged School children a walk in the Highgate fields; and dismissing them, came here. She helped mother to paste the signature sheets, which have all been sent in to-day."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*March* 17, 1856.—Sir Erskine Perry says that, contrary to his expectation, the petition was received very respectfully in the House of Commons, without a sneer or a smile. Lord Brougham made a capital little speech in the Lords on presenting the petition, paying Mrs. Jameson and our mother each a very nice compliment, to which there was a 'Hear, hear.' He especially called Lord Lyndhurst's attention to the importance of the question. It will be capital if, through this women's petition, the law gets amended." *

On December 19, 1856, we learnt with regret the death, at Cairo, of the gifted young artist, Thomas Seddon; and on the Christmas Day, Holman Hunt called to consult with Anna Mary about her little memoir of his deceased friend.

Our daughter had, both by her pen and pencil, taken her place amongst the successful artists and writers of the day, when, in the spring of 1856, a severe private censure of one of her oil-paintings by a king among critics so crushed her sensitive nature as to make her yield to her bias for the supernatural, and withdraw from the ordinary arena of the fine arts. After her marriage in 1859 to her contemporary and friend from childhood, Alaric Alfred, the only son of our valued associates, Mr. and Mrs. Watts, they both jointly pursued psychological studies.

In the spring of 1856 we had become acquainted with several most ardent and honest spirit mediums. It seemed right to

* The only change brought about by the petition was in the law of marriage and divorce.

my husband and myself, under the circumstances, to see and try to understand the true nature of those phenomena in which our new acquaintance so firmly believed. In the month of April I was therefore invited to a *séance* at Professor De Morgan's, and was much astonished and affected by communications purporting to come to me from my dear son Claude. With constant prayer for enlightenment and guidance, we experimented at home. The teachings that seemed given to us from the spirit-world were often akin to those of the Gospel; at other times were more obviously emanations of evil. The system was clearly open to much abuse. I felt thankful for the assurance thus gained of an invisible world, but resolved to neglect none of my common duties for spiritualism.

CHAPTER XII.

1857—1866.

The Hermitage being doomed to destruction, we quitted it in 1857 for another house at Highgate, pleasantly situated higher up on the same ascent, and called West Hill Lodge. It stood back, facing its old-fashioned sloping garden, which was hidden from the high-road by a thick screen of clipped lime-trees, whilst it possessed from the flat accessible roof a magnificent survey of London and its environs. It was to us a pleasant and attractive abode, yet we willingly vacated it for months at a time; and it afforded Florence Nightingale, worn and weary in the service of her country, a peaceful resting-place during the spring and early summer of 1859. My husband's life of free, pleasant, healthy adventure in Australia had stimulated his innate love of nature; and, although a sexagenarian, made him henceforth always ready to start off to the mountains, the seaside, or the Continent, fulfilling, wherever it might be, his literary occupations in the quiet and refreshment of fine scenery. It appears to me a delightful, most privileged existence that we were thus perpetually permitted to enjoy God's glorious works on earth, as a foretaste, I humbly trust, of still more sublime ones in Heaven.

From 1858 a series of sojourns in Carnarvonshire began—thus realising an earlier wish of mine—and Wales, interluded by visits to various parts of England, France, Switzerland, and Germany, remained, until we reached Italy and Tyrol, our chief source of rural profit and delight. The Chester and Carnarvon Railway had already brought along the sea-coast of North Wales an influx of tourists and wealthy settlers,

demanding and introducing the necessities of advanced civilisation. This tended to develop the resources of the beautiful land, whose valleys and mountain-sides are inhabited by an isolated people, proud of their traditions, history, literature, and language, and jealously guarding themselves as much as possible from the introduction of new customs.

We sympathised with our "Saxon" friends and acquaintances in their desire practically to ameliorate the condition and

WEST HILL LODGE.

remove the prejudices of their Cambrian neighbours; with the latter, in their passionate love of their old language—the last remnant left them of their cherished nationality—and in their strong religious aspirations. We familiarised ourselves with their distinct habits and customs, and their belief in second-sight, good and bad omens, presentiments, and apparitions.

In October, 1859, Anna Mary became the wife of Alaric

Alfred Watts. By this marriage we gained a most excellent son; the ties of intimacy with our old friends, his parents, were drawn closer; and we continued to enjoy constant personal intercourse with our daughter, for her husband settled near us.

In the spring of 1860 my husband, Margaret, Sister Elizabeth—for the faithful caretaker of my children had become a member of an Anglican sisterhood—and I stayed at Well House, Niton, just within the fringe of beauty and picturesqueness which borders the south-east side of the Isle of Wight.

In our rambles under the clematis-festooned cliff, on the rocky, broken meadow-ground, and by the sea-driven woods, we were occasionally accompanied by Sydney Dobell, who, suffering from rheumatism of the heart, had passed the winter in the island. He idolised nature after a microscopic fashion; hunted among a million primroses for one flower that combined in the hue and shape of petals and stem the perfection of seven; rapturously studied the tints of the sparrows' backs, assuring us no two sparrows were alike; and descanted on the varied shades of grey in the stone walls. Yet even this fatiguing minuteness of observation trained the eye to perceive the marvellous perfection, beauty, grace, and diversity of colour and form in the tiny handiworks of the Almighty Creator.

On Saturday, April 21, having heard from Charlton that he was coming down that day to speak with us on business, and should walk from Cowes, we met him three miles from Niton, on the Newport road. The same evening, when going with him to Black Gang, and returning by the shore, we were much affected by learning his desire shortly to emigrate to New Zealand, as an opening had just occurred for his settling with some beloved and highly-valued friends of ours in the province of Canterbury. The quiet content and delight with which his mind rested on the plan showed it to be the occupation he yearned after. We had prayerfully to weigh the proposal over and over again through the long hours of the night before we could accept the idea. By the morning his father and I both felt it to be right, and that it would be blessed.

Charlton, we resolved in our minds was a born naturalist,

and possessed every taste and quality needful for a settler in the wilds. As a quaint child, he had made the most extraordinary disclosures about his pet bees, guinea-pigs, and bantams. At fourteen he had especially enjoyed the voyage to Australia, for the sake of the whales, the mollemoke he caught, and the little fly-catcher, which out at sea had spent one day on deck.

Notwithstanding his deep human affections, he was never alarmed by the solitude of the Bush. He was never fatigued, never discouraged—the harder the life the better. On his return from Australia, with his customary industrious, uncomplaining spirit, he had made himself useful, for upwards of five years, in London commerce. But indefatigable in his exertions, he was silently nourishing the hope of eventually emigrating, and had kept himself in training. Besides daily threading the grimy, thronged streets on business, he walked to and from the City, laboured in the early morning or evening hours of summer in his large kitchen-garden; in winter chopped wood, learnt to make his own clothes, and never, if he could avoid it, slept in a bed, but on the floor, rolled in a blanket or his opossum rug. Yet there was no exclusive regard to his own advantage, for he was always helping, in a practical way, his fellow-creatures. Thus, as we reviewed his innate tastes, his industry, self-denial, and steadfastness of purpose, we were forced, albeit with a pang, to share his conviction that it was right for him to go.

In the summer he studied farming in Lincolnshire with some kind relatives, who reported him "a desperate worker, up at five to milk, never a moment idle, and talking to the children in such an amusing manner, that they hung about him like burrs."

He sailed in November, 1860, and after arriving at Christchurch, encountered, equally with our friends, unexpected difficulties and disappointments. Still affecting all primitive modes, and wishful to redeem a neglected property in a bay near Lyttelton, he dwelt for some time in a slab-hut on the slope of a clearing by a mountain torrent; surrounded by a happy family of cats, dogs, and bipeds, for he had acquired the Maori faculty of calling about him the native birds. He wrote to me in December, 1861, that, "though he did not express much, he thought constantly of us, and liked to

imagine what we each were about, as he cleared the bush-land, set potatoes, and made butter. Altogether it was very pleasant."

He was, in fact, enchanted with the sublime mountain and forest scenery, and the different varieties of animal and vegetable life in New Zealand, the Switzerland of the Pacific. It so happened that the solid, hard-working qualities he displayed, and his freedom from all colonial vices, had been observed by members of the Provincial Government, and in August, 1862, he received, to his surprise, a summons to Government House on important business. It was to engage him to command an expedition to examine the rivers Hurunui and Taramakau, in the northern part of the Canterbury province, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they contained gold. He hesitated to accept the congenial offer, for "What if he made a mess of it?" until urged to do so by clear-sighted friends.

In September he began following up the Hurunui, one of the innumerable rivers flowing directly east or west from the lofty central chain of Alps which traverses the Middle Island from north to south. These streams, owing to the great fall into the sea, have a most rapid current, which will often sweep away a man, where the water is not more than two feet deep. Charlton, therefore, to assist wayfarers, erected flags as signals at all passable fords, and huts for shelter along the horse-track, which he cut from the head of the river through the hitherto undisturbed bush over a saddle of the central range.

He next pursued the Taramakau through dense forest to the western beach; coming upon intimations of gold just at the expiration of the three months allotted to the expedition. With the exception of a fortnight, rain or snow had fallen daily, making camping out very cold, and the men, less inured than their leader to exposure and drudgery, refused to exceed the term. The exploration had, however, been conducted with so much energy and perseverance under great difficulties, that on his return to Christchurch he was selected as the most fitting person to take charge of an expedition to open up communication between the Canterbury plains and the newly discovered gold and coal district on the west coast; especially as the road which he had made led more than half-way thither.

This duty was faithfully performed under constant hardships and discouragements. But a few miles remained to be cut, when, at the end of June, 1863, after personally rescuing other pioneers and wanderers from drowning and starvation in that watery, inhospitable forest region, Charlton with two of his men, went down in the deep waters of solitary Lake Brunner; a fatal accident which deprived the Government of a valued servant, and saddened the hearts of all who knew him.

What a mingled skein of sorrow and joy is human life! A month after the crushing intelligence reached us from New Zealand of Charlton's sudden removal, at the age of twenty-five, we were cheered by the news of our son Alfred's happy prospects in Australia. For years we had followed his movements with the deepest anxiety; in 1859, as he successfully executed an arduous journey to the district of Lake Torrens, where, in an arid region of parched deserts, bare, broken, flat-topped hills, dry watercourses, and soda-springs, whose waters effervesced with tartaric acid, he, his men, and horses, were consumed with thirst; in 1860, as he opened up for the Victorian Government the fine mountainous district of Gippsland, which included the profitable gold-field of the Crooked River; and in 1861, when heading the Government relief party intended to render assistance to the missing discoverer, Robert O'Hara Burke.

Here I must pause to remind the reader that Mr. Burke, an Irish gentleman, furnished with the best-supplied exploring expedition which ever issued from a colonial capital, had been appointed by Victoria to accomplish the great task of traversing the entire Australian continent from south to north. After long suspense, news had reached the Victorian Government that, impeded by the very ample outfit, and by the dissensions and disobedience of his officers and men, Burke had from stage to stage dropped behind him, by fragments, detachments of his men, camels, horses, and supplies; and from Cooper's Creek, taking with him an under-officer, Wills, and two men, Gray and King, had pushed on for the Gulf of Carpentaria, and had not since been heard of.

On September 13, 1861, Alfred and his large party came to Burke's depôt at Cooper's Creek, and found papers buried in the *cache*, informing them that Burke and Wills, after reaching the Gulf of Carpentaria on February 11, returned on April 22,

and were terribly disappointed to find themselves (although after date) abandoned by those whom they had left in charge of the depôt. A search which was immediately commenced for the missing explorers, ended in the discovery of the sole survivor, King—a melancholy object, wasted to a shadow, who had been living for upwards of two months with a friendly tribe of aborigines. Weakness, or overjoy at his rescue, made conversation with him difficult, but he was at length able to explain the course of events.

Gray, who had been accused of shamming illness by his companions, had died of exhaustion on the return journey. The impetuous Burke, after reaching Cooper's Creek, and when, being without provisions, their strength gave way, taking the narrator with him, had made a desperate attempt to push on for aid to the cattle-station at Mount Hopeless. He left the gentle, submissive Wills behind, with a supply of nardoo-seed, which, pounded into flour and cooked as porridge, afforded a slight nourishment. Burke, succumbing in the effort, told King when he was dying to put his pistol in his right hand, and leave him unburied as he lay. After obeying the injunction, the surviver returned to Wills, whom he found a corpse, with the wooden bowl near him in which he had prepared his last meal of nardoo, and of which, poor fellow, he had written it was not "unpleasant starvation."

Wills breathed his last in a native hut erected on a sand-bank, and King had carefully covered the remains with sand; but as Alfred discovered they had been disturbed, probably by dogs, he carefully reinterred all the bones that could be found, read 1 Corinthians xv. over them, and cut an inscription on an adjacent gum-tree. He found Burke's skeleton in a little hollow, lying face upwards in a bed of tall, dead marsh-mallows, and shaded by a clump of box-trees; under it a spoon, and at its side the loaded and capped revolver. He consigned it to the earth, wrapped in the British flag, and cut an inscription on a box-tree to indicate the spot.

We next heard of our son being employed, in 1862, by command of the Victorian Government, to bring the bones of the two ill-fated explorers to Melbourne for public interment. He returned with his sacred charge through South Australia, and although impeded for many weeks by rain and floods, in the

summer month of December safely reached Adelaide. There he received an enthusiastic welcome from the citizens, and enjoyed the hospitality of Judge Boothby. Under his roof "Howitt the Explorer" felt singularly at home; and learnt to appreciate, during a fortnight of public demonstrations, whirl, and excitement, the grace and domestic virtues of his future wife. Ministers of State, and crowding thousands, attended the remains of Burke and Wills, to the strains of the Dead March in "Saul," first to the barracks, where they were temporarily deposited, thence to the steamer *Havillah*, which conveyed them to Melbourne. In that city they were buried, with pomp and solemnity, on January 21, 1863.

It was the joyful intelligence of Alfred's approaching union with Maria Boothby, and his settled post under Government in his favourite district, Gippsland, which had, the following December, so much soothed us in our bereavement. A happy and most useful future seemed in store for him; and this promise, under a merciful Providence, has hitherto been fulfilled.

A few passages taken from the family correspondence will now sufficiently denote the manner of life led at West Hill Lodge.

MARY HOWITT TO HER DAUGHTER MARGARET.

"*May* 23, 1861.—On Sunday your father and I went to the Batemans', of Clapton, as a farewell visit to them at The Elms. Then, when they were gone to chapel, we went to the Freiligraths', and had a very nice call. I am quite charmed with Kätchen, now in her sixteenth year, a sweet, artless, lively young creature, a blending of the girl and the woman. I want to make her acquainted with your cousins; they would be delighted to know her.

"On Monday your father, Annie, Alfred, and I went to a very grand evening 'At Home' at Mrs. Milner Gibson's. Such a crush, such a jam of carriages in the street, such a crowd on the pavement to see the arrivals! Everybody, almost, was there. Gentlemen in ribbons and stars; ladies blazing in diamonds, in silks that would stand on end, and gossamer dresses like spider-webs; ambassadors white and black. Yes, black; for he of Hayti was there. We saw actually almost

everybody we knew—the Dickenses, Thackeray, literary people without end, and lots of Members of Parliament. The M——s were there; and when I saw Emily, with the same face that I had known so well of old, I felt, notwithstanding her estrangement from us, a great kindness spring up in my heart towards her. I went to her and offered her my hand; but with concentrated scorn and contempt she turned away, saying, 'No, she would not shake hands with me.' I have sometimes thought, when praying 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us,' that I never had such to forgive, for all are kind and good to me. I walked quietly away, and thought that here at least was one to be forgiven.* In writing don't speak of this, because it would be very painful to your father to know what had occurred."

MRS. ALFRED WATTS TO HER SISTER.

"*June* 10, 1861.—Yesterday Adelaide Procter was with us for the afternoon and evening—the second time that she has been to see us lately. I like her as much as I like her poetry. I mean to bring her and Julia L—— acquainted, for they are quite sisters. Miss Procter believes all that is most holy and wonderful in spiritualism, for all fervent Catholics, more or less, experience the same. This has brought us very near in the spirit. Many of the most wonderful teachings which I have received spiritually, I find, are received by the most introverted Catholics. Is it not interesting? She and Julia are made to know each other."

MARY HOWITT TO HER YOUNGER DAUGHTER.

"*June* 20, 1861.—We went to a great pre-Raphaelite crush on Friday evening. Their pictures covered the walls, and their sketch-books the tables. The uncrinolined women, with their wild hair which was very beautiful, their picturesque dresses and rich colouring, looked like figures out of the pre-Raphaelite pictures. It was very curious. I think of it now like some hot, struggling dream, in which the gorgeous and fantastic forms moved slowly about. They seemed all so young and

* The lady, who was then labouring under a misapprehension, later evinced a spirit of conciliation.

kindred to each other, that I felt as if I were out of my place, though I admired them all, and really enjoyed looking over Dante Rossetti's huge sketch-book.

"On Saturday afternoon the Hon. Mrs. C—— came to inquire of me about spiritualism as we understand it, because from the religious point of view she can alone accept it. She stayed about three hours. She is seeking for an inner life, for a closer communion with the Saviour, than she finds in the outward forms of the Church of England. She begged that the Marchioness of Londonderry might come also, and hear what we had to say on the same important subject. It was arranged, therefore, that she was to come on Tuesday, I thinking that if it was our dear Lord's will that these great ladies came to such a poor little fountain as myself, He would supply the water, and therefore I left all in His hands.

"On Tuesday I was so tired that I could do nothing but read Mdlle. Bremer's work preparatory to translation. In the afternoon Lady Londonderry came. I had to tell her of our higher experiences and teachings, all of which seemed to interest her. Her eyes filled with tears as she looked at Annie's drawings. She knew her 'Art Student,' and was evidently a lover of art. She stayed about two hours. She was leaving for the Continent the next day, but asked to be allowed, on her return, to come again, and also that a friend of hers, a priest, might come and have some talk with us."

"*July* 10, 1861.—Annie and Adelaide Procter had a very pleasant and most interesting visit, the day before yesterday, to Julia, at Hampton Court. Julia was ill, and suffering, but she and Adelaide made in the spirit a wonderful compact of love and unity. I fancy great good will grow out of this visit.

"Adelaide Procter gave Annie many beautiful and touching particulars of Mrs. Browning's death. She did not appear to suffer much, and became quite conscious before her departure. She spoke to her husband very calmly of the beautiful land to which she was going, and which she already saw. Everybody is especially sorry for her little boy, who has never been away from his mother's side. I cannot myself doubt but that her loving spirit will be permitted to watch over him now, with even greater yearning and affection than before."

To Charlton Howitt, in New Zealand.

"*March* 12, 1862.—We spent recently a very pleasant evening at Dr. Blatherwick's, with our neighbours, Lord and Lady Dufferin. You know who they are. He is one of the Queen's equerries, and a great favourite at Court; and she—his mother—is the sister of the Hon. Mrs. Norton and the Duchess of Somerset, who was the Queen of Love and Beauty at the Eglinton tournament. They are most agreeable, with all that charming ease and grace of manner which belongs to their class. She was very merry about their gipsying frolic on Bookham Common, when they encountered your father, and got put into a book.* She says that Lord Dufferin, who was then about eleven, was dressed up as a little gipsy girl; but your father did not see him. She persists that he gave them eighteenpence. He says 'no'; but she says 'yes.' So how it was I cannot tell. Lord Dufferin interested us very much by telling us about his travels in Nubia and amongst the Druses. Still more so about the discoveries of his friend Cyril Graham, who has come upon the most wonderful cities in some remote deserts on this side the Euphrates. They are so immensely old that nothing is known of them, and they are shunned by the Arabs as haunted. Some Arabs told him about a vast city called 'The White City,' built by the daughter of the King of the Panthers. After much persuasion he induced some Arabs to accompany him to the place. Far, far away, many days' journey in the desert, they came upon what, in the distance, looked like a low range of white hills. It was the walls of 'The White City.' All was apparently in perfect preservation. The gates in the walls stood half-open—huge white stone gates on their ponderous stone hinges, as if the inhabitants had only just passed out of them. It was the same with the substantial white stone houses. But there have been no dwellers there for thousands of years.

"One of the most beautiful features in Lord Dufferin's character is his attachment to his mother. He has unbounded admiration for her, and she, a lovely, most gifted woman, has the same for him. He told us that when he came of age his mother wrote to him some very beautiful lines; and as he wished

* The incident is given in the "Rural Life in England," under the heading "Gipsies of Fashion" (p. 191).

to show his love and respect for her, and in order to do honour to these verses, he determined to build a tower on his Irish estate to contain them. Accordingly he built at Clandeboye what he calls 'Helen's Tower.' To make it still more worthy, he asked Tennyson to give him an inscription for it. Tennyson did so by return of post. He repeated these lines to us. I am sorry I can remember but four of them, which, if not literally these, are very like them:—

> "Helen's Tower, here I stand,
> Dominant over sea and land.
> Son's love built me, and I hold
> Mother's love engraved in gold."

"Then it goes on to say that the tower, being only 'stone and lime,' would perish by the hand of Time, but mother's love was immortal."

To Charlton Howitt.

"*Pen-y-Bryn, May* 23, 1862.—Here we are again in Wales; and I shall get Annie, who is coming to us, to make a sketch of this nice old place for you.

"I am glad to tell you that Miss Meteyard, who always behaves so nobly to her relatives, is getting on in the world. It is really most pleasant to think of her enjoying a little sunshine after all the shadows which she has had in her life. We have been instrumental in her obtaining £1,000 for her biography of Wedgwood. The MSS. from which she is writing it have been lent her by a gentleman of Liverpool, who met with them in a very curious way. They had been sold as refuse-paper to a marine store-dealer, who had an attic full of them. He could do nothing with a great portion of them, as they were not suited to sell to butter-and-cheese-men. They proved to be the private papers, ledgers, and journals of Wedgwood, the great genius of the Staffordshire Potteries. They were invaluable, yet to the marine store-dealer they were rubbish, and he was glad to part with them for a small sum."

Pen-y-Bryn, which we were occupying during the early summer of 1862, was a very old, dilapidated, but picturesque,

ivy-covered farm-house, standing on a pleasant knoll, facing the Menai Straits and Angelsey, with wooded mountains at the back.

Our landlord, Mr. Jones, was a tenant farmer, and a widower with a grown-up son. Winifred, their middle-aged cook and housekeeper, was good-tempered, loquacious, Welsh to the backbone, with bright, brown eyes, a keen intellect, and very

PEN-Y-BRYN.

communicative. Until Mrs. Jones's death, she told us, she had been housekeeper at the Castle Hotel, Conway, where she left two hundred tongues in pickle. By the by, it was a mistake to call Pen-y-Bryn the identical palace of the princes of North Wales, that had stood on the round green mound by the village ; or to say that from the topmost window, now partially closed, in the old tower, Llewellyn had shown his faithless wife the body of her Black William hanging on a tree in

the garden. No; the present house was built in the French style by one of King Henry VIII.'s agents, who had dealings with France.

Winifred was an industrious reader of her weekly Welsh paper, and a long way ahead of us in politics. The revised code of education had just come into operation, and she feared its effect on the Welsh schools. "In a debate in Parliament," she remarked, "the member for Bangor—shame on him!—had set light by the Welsh tongue, but her paper had given him an excellent dressing. Then there was 'Essays and Reviews,' one of the seven writers being the Rev. Dr. Rowland Williams, a Welshman. She wondered would he be suspended. She, too, found the Bible admitted of great differences of interpretation; she nevertheless stuck by the miracles, but did not push the supernatural so far as to believe in apparitions. King David had settled the point when he said he should go to his dead child, but it would not return to him. Still less did she pin her faith on the *knockers* who were said to be heard in these parts wherever treasure was hidden. She was, however, no sceptic, as every Welsh reader might see in her printed essay on 'Time, the Creature of God.'"

Returning on this occasion to Aber, after an absence of four years, we perceived that if the Welsh are capable of long resentment, they are equally so of long gratitude. As we were desirous of hiring a horse, two young men named Roberts begged us to "accept the use of their pony for some days, out of respect." Asking an explanation, the brothers said, "They would take no money for several excursions, because we had earlier shown sympathy when their cow died, and had been in the habit of talking to their old mother." I could cite other instances corroborating an assertion made to us by Dr. Norton, an experienced English physician settled in Wales, that "the Welsh are the most grateful people he ever knew."

An Englishman of high position, who did much to promote the progress of agriculture on his Welsh estates, and to infuse into the kindly but lymphatic race a spirit of improvement, good management, and general alertness, had lately bought considerable property at Aber, including Pen-y-Bryn. He was not aware—so his new tenantry believed—of the head

gamekeeper encouraging an enormous increase of rabbits, which ate up the pasturage, until the cattle had to be driven from field to field in search of grazing ground. The rabbits were the keeper's perquisite, and he meant to kill them off for market before his master came for pheasant-shooting in autumn. From the end of June the cruel system began of catching the rabbits in toothed traps, which, after being set, were never visited under twenty-four hours.

Mr. Jones and his son, as tenants, were afraid to meddle with the proceedings of the keepers, although the latter set five traps, to the great danger of the shepherd-dogs and lambs in the paddock behind Pen-y-Bryn, where not a rabbit-hole was found. Nor was it long before we were suddenly awakened one midnight by the terrible howls of a dog, evidently caught in one of these traps. It proving impossible to rouse the Joneses, William threw on part of his dress, ran up the field, and released the victim, a handsome shepherd-dog and general favourite, which, though recognising its deliverer, snapped in its agony and bit his arm.

This misadventure brought matters to a climax so far as our stay at Aber was concerned, more especially as two of the under-keepers called on my husband to desire him to keep up his own little dog, Prin, a creature ignorant of game. He could not stand this injustice, so we quitted picturesque Pen-y-Bryn, which, if the truth must be told, was much infested with rats, and when shut up at night, considerably musty, fusty, and dry-rotty.

We went back, therefore, to another favourite haunt, Penmaenmawr, and took up our quarters in Plas Isa, a new house, loftily situated, where we had the unmarried sister of Charles Darwin for fellow-lodger, and where we enjoyed a glorious view of open sea, the fine promontory of the Great Orme's Head, rocky Puffin Island, and the flat, wooded shore of Anglesey.

Our stay at Pen-y-Bryn and the incident with the trap had the beneficial result of drawing public attention to the cruel system of trapping carried on in game-preserves. My husband, who had its abolition much at heart, wrote eloquent letters on the subject in the *Morning Star*, which was the principal cause, as stated by the Secretary, that the Committee of the Royal

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, offered a reward of £50 for an improved vermin-trap, to supersede the cruel ones generally used. One hundred models were sent in, and the Committee invited him to give them, with other competent judges, the advantage of his experience in the examination of these traps.

In this inspection, on May 24, 1864, he saw a great number of admirable inventions, but none likely to supersede the old rat-trap in use by millions all over Great Britain and Wales. Most of the inventions, such as the coffer-trap, the pit-fall, and weight-fall, had been in existence in some form for centuries, but none could compete in cheapness, lightness, and efficacy with the old rat-trap, which, easily set, fixed its steel fangs in the leg of any vermin, from a fox to a mouse, and though causing excruciating agony, preserved it alive. The publicity given by my husband's knowledge of the rabbit cruelties occasioned many humane and influential individuals, amongst them notably Charles Darwin and his wife, to work vigorously for the abolition of the system of torture, and on various estates it was promptly prohibited.

In the spring of 1864 our dear friend Barbara Leigh Smith, then Madame Bodichon, lent us her cottage, called Scalands Gate, near Robertsbridge. She had built it upon the plan of the old Sussex houses, in a style which must have prevailed at the time of the Conquest; and whilst making it quaint had also made it very comfortable. It stood on a hill in the midst of plantations, in a hop-growing district, pleasantly diversified with hill, dale, and wood. I never saw spring come out so beautifully as in those plantations in which that picturesque house is embosomed, nor shall I ever forget my delight in the beauty of the clustered pale yellow Banksia roses which grew on one wall, and now, I daresay, cover the entire side of the house. Writing to my daughter Margaret from Scalands Gate, April 9, 1864, I remark—

"On the platform at London Bridge Station I met dear Bessie Parkes. She was going to be at 'Brownes.' She was accompanied by the good old nurse who had attended her night and day through her illness. This illness was caused by her sorrow at Adelaide Procter's death. All that she had done for

months was with reference to this beloved friend. She went here and there to gather up information to impart to Adelaide, whose great solace in her long illness was being talked to. She could listen for hours, and in this manner forget her pain. She did not entirely keep her bed until a day or two before her departure. She sat up, wearing a pale blue jacket, with her hair beautifully arranged under a little cap. She looked scarcely changed by her sufferings; and a very short time before her decease she received from the biographer of the Curé d'Ars a little souvenir of the holy priest, with which she was enchanted."

And on May 8, 1864, I say of Scalands:—

"The whole landscape is now diversified with all that sweet variety of vernal greens, which, to my taste, is more beautiful than the richer tints of autumn. Then; the wonderful beauty of the earth covered with blue-bells, the budding woods, and above them the blue sky; only the earth is bluer than sky. How lovely the woods are! always reminding me of Dante Rossetti's colouring. The nightingales, blackbirds, thrushes, the shouting cuckoos, and little mole-crickets keep up an everlasting singing and chorusing in the air. I hear at this moment a loud-throated nightingale warbling forth from an amber-tinted oak-tree that rises from a sea of young birches, chestnuts, and horn-beams. Oh; it is delicious."

Aldborough, especially interesting as the home of the poet Crabbe, was visited in the autumn of the same year. In 1865 we went into Gloucestershire to stay at Pitchcombe, near our valued friends, Mr. and Mrs. Oldham, and then into France, Switzerland and Heidelberg; in the following year, after staying at Penmaenmawr, we quitted West Hill Lodge to settle permanently, as we supposed, in our favourite old neighbourhood of Esher, for we were still enamoured of its commons and fir woods.

CHAPTER XIII.

1866—1870.

We rented, in the autumn of 1866, the cottage of our friend Sister Elizabeth, in the parish of Claygate, near Esher. We altered and somewhat enlarged it, laid out an extensive flower and fruit garden, called our new home The Orchard, and imagined we should never rove again.

Fleeming Jenkin, the late lamented electrician, and his wife, two remarkably bright, clever young people, were amongst our fellow-parishioners; and universal regrets were mingled with warm congratulations when his acceptance of a professorship at Edinburgh deprived the neighbourhood of their society.

At first my husband and I luxuriated in our large garden. We trained our plants with the greatest love, and under the healthy influence of mother-earth, had neither of us felt better for years. Seeker, the gardener, though a crotchety old man, was an admirable coadjutor, mowing and sweeping the smooth lawn with untiring diligence. He implied great satisfaction at all the young birds being spared in the nests; and mentioned how, when one of his hens deserted some ducks' eggs, he hatched them himself in his bosom. Lord Bacon says: "God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures": and we believed him. But weeks and months passed on and we grew less satisfied. Perhaps, after all, it was a mistake to treat tenderly all those birds who swarmed in the big chestnut-tree by our chamber window, chattered from day-break, demolished the peas wholesale, and grew so audaciously familiar that, to quote Seeker, "he saw two wrens brow-beating

the kitten." Perhaps the manual labour, the burden of the garden, and other petty vexations troubled us because we were growing old.

To my elder daughter I write on my birthday, March 12, 1868:—"Oh! how I wish I might be re-born; might advance into a higher, better state! One seems so much to stop in the same state. But then one does not see the growth of the tree

THE ORCHARD.

or the flower, only from period to period that it has developed. So I suppose it is with the soul; it progresses towards the light with imperceptible advance. I hope it is so."

To the same.

"*March* 17, 1869.—I have vastly enjoyed Mr. Morris's poems; and thus it is a pleasure to me to think of him in his blue blouse and with his earnest face at 'The Firm,' and to feel that he is a great poet. I am glad that we had the fairy-tale tiles for the fireplaces from Morris & Co.; their connection

with this modern Chaucer gives them a new value and interest. Morris is not before Tennyson, but he stands very near him in the living reality of his old-world pictures, and in his exquisite painting of scenery ; the flowers, the grasses, the 'brown birds,' every individual object and feature in nature is so lovingly and so faithfully portrayed. Tennyson's poetry is the perfection of art and truth in art. Morris's is nature itself, rough at times, but quaint, fresh, and dewy beyond anything I ever saw or felt in language. I shall try to tell Mr. Morris what a joy and refreshment it has been to me."

To William Howitt.

"*Beckenham, Sunday afternoon, July* 4, 1869.—Louie and I went this morning to a very pleasant church at Shortlands, a new locality sprung up in a lovely woodland district about two or three miles off, really delightful, and where Mrs. Craik has built her beautiful new house. I extremely enjoyed both the drive and the service in the little church.

"Last evening I was greatly interested by a call on our relatives from young Mr. James Macdonnell. He wonderfully attracted me, because he is up in every question of the day, and gave me a most hopeful idea of the better class of young men in this younger generation. Every reform that you, dear William, ever desired or worked for seems to be the object for which they are striving. He told me of the marvellous spirit of reform in every shape to which many of the Oxford undergraduates are devoting themselves—the abolition of primogeniture, and the separation of Church and State among the rest. He said that the influence of Friends' doctrines and opinions was at this time very great—that it was operating amongst these Oxford men. He seemed to know a great deal about Friends' books, and of them as an ancient people. We live in our quiet corner, and know nothing of what is going on in the world."

To Mrs. Alfred Watts.

"*Beckenham, July* 9, 1869.—Your Aunt Anna and I had a very nice call on Mrs. Craik in her new house. It was her

first open afternoon and of course a good number of people were there. The house, which is, I suppose, of the time of Henry VII., is perfect, within and without. You can see that to the architect, who is a young man, it has been a genuine work of love. He has followed one uniform plan, and therefore everything is consistent, down to the rather thick dull glass in the windows, which Mrs. Craik likes, because there is no glare of light. I can imagine nothing pleasanter than building such a house and furnishing it."

To William Howitt.

"*Mayfield, near Ashbourne, Aug.* 25, 1869.—All is bright and peaceful here, and I wish you could now have joined Margaret and me, instead of later in Wales, and thus have seen how truly Christian a life our dear young relatives are leading, heard all their views, and all their experience in co-operation, of which they are warm supporters, and discussed with them social and political questions, in which you and they think alike.

"The other evening the Rev. Alfred Ainger, the Reader of the Temple, was here; well versed in all the literature and topics of the day, most courteous and pleasant; and just off to Heidelberg, to which place he said your writings first introduced him.

"Yesterday evening we were at 'Swinscoe wakes;' that is to say, at an entertainment of tea, a penny-reading, and music given on the occasion of the wakes in that primitive, high-lying Staffordshire village, which, after a long ascent from this idyllic spot, lies in quite another climate and region, with stone walls and bare hill-tops.

"Mr. Okeover, he being the landowner of the district, was present with his wife, her sister and brother, Lord Waterpark, three of their little daughters, and the French governess; a most interesting and excellent set of people. Of course, Mr. and Mrs. George Mackarness, from Ilam, were also there, for we were invited by them. I always feel a great charm in this clerical-county life: the pious and refined dwellers of the parsonage and the hall trying to benefit in all ways their people, and to elevate them by cheerful means. Hence this entertainment was made as pleasant as it could be; the rich

mingling with the poor, simple folks in the most beautiful manner.

"Truly there is to me something most fascinating in the lives and homes of some of these clergy. You know what Ilam is, with its surrounding hills, woods, model village, its peaceful church and affluent hall and vicarage. Equally beautiful and perfect is the clerical home, school, and church of Denstone. On one hand stands the church, always open, in the midst of a lawn-like graveyard planted with evergreens, and kept shorn with the mowing-machine; and on the other the parsonage and its garden, a true paradise, and all around the most peaceful, pastoral Dove scenery. I never felt such a sense of divine calm as I did at Denstone, since those Sundays (in 1859) when we were at Thorpe, and we went over to service at Ilam. I do, of a truth, believe that in such places we are granted a perception of Heaven."

To Mrs. Alfred Watts.

"*Penmaenmawr, Oct.* 1, 1869.—I write at the Pater's dictation the following:—'There has been a great excitement amongst us to-day. This morning Mr. George Mackarness went with his brother, the rector of Honiton, to bathe. On their way they called for their letters; and the rector of Honiton, opening his in the bathing-machine, found one was from Gladstone wishing to make him Bishop of Oxford. After breakfast the brothers, John and George Mackarness, started off to discuss the proposal on a walk round the Great Orme's Head. Mrs. George Mackarness came to us, and we celebrated her brother-in-law's promotion by an afternoon's excursion together to Aber.

"'On the Penmaenmawr platform, as we were just getting into the train, all in the midst of a crowd of tourists, going and coming, an elderly clergyman burst out of a carriage, followed by two stylish young ladies. Mrs. Mackarness caught sight of him, and there was a cordial greeting. He was on his way to Ty-Mawr to call on the rector of Honiton and his brother. There was hardly time for explanation, as our train went off with us, leaving him in a state of bewildered consternation.

"'We found it to be the horse-fair at Aber, which you

remember. The approach to the village was crowded with stalls and all kinds of stall trumpery. In the midst of a lot of *Taffies* and *toffies* the smiling visage of Mrs. Birley was visible. She was accompanied by little Fanny and the two South American children. She gave us an enthusiastic reception, conducting us to the Mill Cottage, which looked really lovely, with roses and creepers right up to the eaves.

"'On our return, at the Aber station there happened to be two little black ponies, which had been sold at the fair, and were going over to Ireland. They had had nothing to eat and nothing to drink. Mrs. Mackarness and your mother insisted, therefore, upon their having both water and hay, for which they paid a shilling. The poor little things were so frightened that they would neither eat nor drink. The hay, however, was put into the truck with the ponies by a gentleman; and the purchasers hoped that they would consume it between Aber and Holyhead. At Penmaenmawr there was the same clergyman and the two pretty young ladies, who, after a bootless errand, were now in a great hurry, of course, to find seats in the train. The guard whistled impatiently, but for all that the clergyman rushed forward to shake hands with "Mistress Mary Howitt," exclaiming, "I, too, am of Ukseter!" Again the whistle, and we fearing he would lose his train, he was hurried into the nearest carriage, and whirled away, a mass of wonderment, friendship, and cordiality.'"

Penmaenmawr, where we have stayed until the hills were sublimely white, had never lost its stimulating effect on me. How I loved the rugged sea-washed mountain—the natural beacon and name-giver of the district—which, overshadowing the long, stony village, is being blasted, undermined, and hewn into blocks, to be shot down long tramways to the jetty, and then borne slowly through the water in little vessels to England! How I respected the grave, earnest quarrymen, clad in buff moleskin waistcoats and trousers, similar in colour to the outer coating of the rock, and in blue and white striped shirts of the same tone as its freshly-hewn inside; often with splendid faces of the rough, stony kind, and hair and beards like rock-growths of the gold brown hue of late autumn ferns and heather! Men of fortitude and piety these miners, who to the

utmost of their ability support the temperance movement, their schools, chapels, and ministers; the latter belonging to their own class, and often dating their spiritual vocation from early work-days in the quarries! How deeply, too, was I thrilled and affected by the grand, inspirational sound and the rhythmical cadence in the minor-key of the Welsh praying and preaching in the chapels!

Very gratifying were the courteous attentions of English and native residents, the occupants of pleasant villas and cottages studded over a fertile region in the lap of the hills. Very enlivening, also, did we find the intercourse with the little community of visitors, which often numbered bishops, deans, and their families, and who, brought together in rambles and picnics by the ready offices of bright, energetic Miss Lloyd Jones, parted after a few weeks' acquaintance with mutual good wishes.

I cannot make this slight survey of our Welsh experiences without calling to mind the beautiful home of an interesting and amiable family. Mr. Sandbach, of Liverpool, whose second wife is a Welsh lady, after purchasing Hafodunos, an extensive, high-lying estate in Denbighshire, finding the tenants half-starved, owing to their rude, inefficient agriculture, speedily bettered their circumstances by employing the men in draining, road-making, enclosing, planting, and building. He himself heartily enjoyed the superintendence of his many improvements, which included the erection of a beautiful church, excellent farm-houses and cottages, and his own mansion, constructed with plenty of gables and a lofty tower by Gilbert Scott. The hall stands on a terrace overlooking a most charming glen, where tulip-trees, great magnolias, hemlocks, and other pines from America mix with native oaks and beeches; where ferns from all parts of Great Britain, Ireland, Switzerland and New Zealand grow with curious hardy plants from the Continent, and a winding walk leads to the old kitchen-gardens, with their clipped yew-hedges. The interior of the house is in exquisite taste; no paint is allowed, the woodwork and the furniture being of pitch-pine, red cedar, or dark bullace from Demerara; whilst the capitals of the columns leading to and on the grand staircase are deftly carved with roses, lilies, snowdrops, and other British flowers.

The first Mrs. Sandbach was a poetess, and by birth a Miss Roscoe, of Liverpool. Her portrait, finely and classically chiselled full-length in bas-relief by Gibson, adorns the vestibule to the room of statuary. This is specially devoted to the works of the same great sculptor and Royal Academician, and contains the fine group of "The Hunter and his Dog," the "Aurora," together with the busts and medallions of the Sandbach family. Gibson, the son of a landscape-gardener at Conway, had been befriended and directed in his art-studies by Mr. Roscoe, the author of "Leo the Tenth," who frequently invited him to Allerton Hall, and placed its literary and artistic treasures at his service; and when the poor student had become eminent in Rome, the connection was still maintained by the relatives of the early patron.

I recall a visit to the kind owners of Hafodunos in the autumn of 1866. Agreeable county neighbours drive over for afternoon tea; and in the drawing-room, opening on to the terrace, gay with masses of sweet-scented flowers, a noted Welsh painter, quiet, elderly Penry Williams, very modestly exhibits his portfolio of charming Italian landscapes and figures. He speaks of getting back to Rome before the winter comes on, for he expects the Italians will soon be down on the Eternal City, and destroy the antique and picturesque to make way for modern railway stations and Government buildings.

We visited Hafodunos, and, indeed, North Wales, for the last time in the autumn of 1869.

WILLIAM HOWITT TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER.

"*The Orchard, Jan.* 14, 1870.—Many, many happy returns of the day to-morrow! You have had a good many now, and have given us many happy hours. Many changes have occurred since the days when I carried you, a little creature, on my back over the fields from Nottingham to Heanor, and many of our contemporaries have gone out of the world, so that it seems a part of a former life; but pleasant to remember, for one line of affection has run unbroken through the whole. I trust we may for years continue to love each other in this world, and then continue to look back on the happy past from

a more happy present. It has been a great boon of our lives that we have had so grand a reassurance of all the old promises of the world to come; the world of reunions and rediscoveries of those who seemed lost; a world of realities and realisations, of re-overtakings and rejoicings! What a Friends' meeting! —not in silence, but amid the welcomes of all our beloved and the sublimest sense of that Eternity achieved, which on earth had been a poetic dream, a mystic speculation, a mingled vision of clouds and glories and darkness.

"With all the queernesses of spiritualism and spiritualists, this dispensation has been to us *the* fact of our earth-pilgrimage. Where our forefathers have sailed through fogs and tempests after the lost Atlantis, we have reached land; solid ground, with the great highway visible before us, with the pinnacles of the Heavenly Jerusalem glittering on the Mountains of Life."

MARY HOWITT TO THE SAME.

"*The Orchard, the Eve of my St. Anna's Day.*—You must have a few loving words from me on the auspicious day of your birth. That is a formal expression, but as it means especially happy, it is right, for it was a fortunate and a happy day which gave you to me as my dear daughter and friend. What an age it seems since you were a little child, and used to sit with me in the Nottingham drawing-room, and we read the Gospels together, and I used to read you my poems, often written from thoughts suggested by you! Some of those Sunday evening readings remain most livingly in my mind as little bits of Heaven, when illumination seemed almost to come down from above to us. I remember how 'Thomas of Torres,' in 'The Seven Temptations,' was the fruit of our reading together the parable of the man who built the barns and laid up the treasure, and then his soul was called away. I wonder whether you remember those times, and how you illustrated 'The Seven Temptations,' with heads of all the characters. Many other heads you designed, amongst them a Judas, which I thought marvellous. How distant, yet how beautiful, tender, and peculiar are the memories of those times! May God, in His mercy, sanctify the present and all future time on earth to

us by gentle, loving deeds, and by our ever coming nearer and nearer to Him!"

My husband and I wanted to see Italy before we died, so we let The Orchard for twelve months to some desirable tenants from Lady Day, 1870. With a prayer in our hearts that the Divine Spirit might accompany us, we quitted our home in the evening of March 24, and proceeded to London to pay farewell visits preparatory to our exodus.

MARY HOWITT TO HER ELDER DAUGHTER, FROM BECKENHAM.

"*April* 3, 1870.—I hope, whenever you can, you will come and see our dear relatives. It will be a joy to them and a refreshment to you. There is a holy spirit of domestic affection in the house; all are so good and kind. Your aunt seems feeble, but looks better in the face. Mr. James Macdonell and his sister arrived by the same train as we did. The evening was very pleasant, and your father was interested in Mr. Macdonell as a fitting representative of the new age. Dora Greenwell sent me by him her volume of poems and the most affectionate message, 'wishing to see me above all women in England.' I am some way sorry she should feel thus, especially as she lunches here next Tuesday. You will understand my shrinking sense of gratitude. It is always affecting to me to see how much love one gets. Oh! if one did but deserve it more."

"*Tuesday, April* 5, 1870.—Miss Dora Greenwell and Mr. Macdonell came to lunch. We found her very agreeable. Later in the afternoon she went up to town with William and myself. I was very sorry to part with my beloved ones at Beckenham. May the merciful Lord preserve them!"

We started on April 13 for Switzerland and Italy, anticipating, with the rapid flight of time, soon to find ourselves back in old, much beloved England, and in the society of our cherished relatives and friends. But this was not to be.

CHAPTER XIV.

1870 - 1871.

Accompanied by the eldest daughter of our friend, Mr. William Bodkin, of Highgate, and by Emily Burtt, a great-niece of my husband's, he, Margaret, and I crossed from England to Belgium. There we visited the green, quiet field of Waterloo, and were joined in gay, flourishing Brussels by our warm-hearted friends, Walter Weldon, F.R.S., the indefatigable projector of most valuable chemical discoveries, his wife and their gifted little son, Raphael. They had purposely paid a flying visit to the Belgian capital once more to see us.

We were soon in Switzerland, where it was horrible to remember the Seven Dials, Bethnal Green, and all the scores of square miles of such places in London and other overcrowded centres, for we saw the peasantry in their cottages amid their fields and gardens, with their children playing amongst green grass, pleasant trees, and flowers. In Switzerland, and in most parts of the Continent, if the lower orders are poor their destitution is ameliorated by the enjoyment of fresh air, the comely face of Nature, and the absence of those violent contrasts of splendour and squalor, of superabundance and destitution, that meet us on all hands in England.

Whilst staying at Brunnen, on the Lake of the Four Cantons, we visited the Convent of Ingenbohl, one of the houses founded by the indefatigable efforts of Father Theodosius Florentini, a Capuchin monk, priest and professor of theology, who died in 1865. In a letter to Mrs. Alfred Watts, describing the incident, William writes:—

"I am now reading the history of all the places of pilgrimage in Switzerland, What an extraordinary thing is Roman Catholicism! The system is one of the sublimest schemes of priestcraft and spiritual domination that was ever conceived. At the top all is rotten, but at the bottom God, who overrules all things, has caused it to strike its roots into the soil of the common humanity, and send up shoots and crops of an active, a holy, and an indefatigable beneficence such as present Protestantism knows nothing of. Everywhere Catholic women are instructing, collecting orphans from the streets and abodes of death, working for and employing the poor, tending the sick and the contagiously diseased in the palace or the poorest hut, and going about with the simple air and the friendly smile, as if they were only doing the most ordinary work, and felt themselves but unprofitable servants.

"When Florence Nightingale went forth to nurse the wounded soldiers in the Crimea, she achieved only a most commonplace deed, for the Catholic women of all ranks had been doing it everywhere for ages. That was not the merit of the thing. The greatness and vital merit of it was that she introduced the good Samaritan of Catholicism to the proud Levite of Protestantism, and induced him to 'go and do likewise.' It was as splendid a triumph over prejudice and pharisaic ignorance as ever was won by man or woman, and has not yet borne all its destined fruits."

One evening, during our stay at Brunnen, we went into a remote valley with the great mountains round it, through the most exquisite pasture-fields and under blossoming fruit-trees, on and on into an ever deeper, stiller, lovelier region, till at length we came to a solitary chapel. Its walls were white as snow, with a dark red, picturesque little spire, and on the front a fresco picture of St. Francis Xavier healing the sick. A young peasant girl had just gone in to trim the lamp before the altar, and now stood in the dim twilight of the church, with a sort of silent reverence, as we entered. The interior walls were hung round with pictures and tablets, testimonies of Divine help; many of the incidents being represented by rude oil paintings, under which was the little narrative of help or

cure. Grotesque they might be, but, to my mind, the faith which prompted them was not absurd.

This little chapel, the scene in which it stood, the soft twilight which filled it, the young peasant girl, who in leaving the chapel pointed out to us the holy water, affected me very deeply. I did not let anybody see me, but coming out of the chapel I dipped my finger into the holy water and crossed myself; praying that God would give me the right faith—a faith as sincere as governed the poor peasant hearts that have recorded His mercies to them.

At the beginning of July the Swiss felt no further anxiety than that rain should come to feed the corn and perfect the wonderful promise of the vintage. Then disquieting rumours arose that the candidature, favoured by Prussia, of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern to the Spanish throne would cause a rupture between France and Germany. My husband, who believed his English papers, cherished the hope that peace would be maintained. We proceeded, on July 16, in very sultry weather, to Zürich, and deplored in its vicinity the increasingly parched aspect of the soil and the shrivelled crops, but still dreaded no sudden social blight from war. We took up our quarters in an old-fashioned *pension* in the suburb of Fluntern, above Zürich. At midnight came the much-desired rain, pelting down amid vivid lightning, with but little thunder, yet attended by a tramping of feet and a curious movement in the country road outside. Then followed a loud knocking at the street door. It proved truly a rude awakening to us, for now we learnt that war was actually proclaimed by France to Prussia, and that the Swiss Confederation having ordered the active force of the militia to the frontier, our landlord, with other householders, was required to lodge for the night soldiers arrived from a distance.

The next day, a Sunday, we saw on the Zürich drill-ground the preparations for departure. A private distributed wallets to a line of his comrades. Young, sunburnt peasants, in regimentals, sat resting on their knapsacks, or strapped the Swiss arms—the silver cross on the red field—to each other's coat-sleeves in a brotherly, helpful way, which would have extended from Prussia to France, and from France to Spain, if Europe were truly Christendom. In the evening the perpetual rub-a-

dub-dub of drums and the shrill sound of fifes ascended from the gas-lit city to us on the heights of Fluntern.

At this crisis we naturally pondered what we should do. We had no desire to retrace our steps to England. This proved fortunate, as there speedily arrived English and American tourists, madly fleeing, with or without their luggage, from the Rhinelands. We could not move on to Italy, which was itself preparing to rise. We determined, therefore, to await the issue in Switzerland; and presenting some letters of introduction to Zürich inhabitants, gained thereby a valued friend in Madame Daeniker.

With all our new acquaintance the war was, of course, the one absorbing topic. A nameless apprehension seemed to have settled on men's minds in Zürich; and one locksmith, we heard, worked night and day, making iron coffers to contain the money and valuables his customers wished to bury. My husband remarked to an artisan, who was seated under a tree, gazing down on the populous city and the lake, with its fringe of prosperous villages, "What a noble landscape! and how well, after the rain, the vines, corn, and potatoes look!"

"Yes," replied the man, gloomily; "only there's war!"

We visited the museum of the Antiquarian Society, containing remarkable lacustrine remains, collected by Dr. Keller, chiefly at Meilen, on the Lake of Zürich. The custodian, a little, dried-up old woman, seemed herself lacustrine, such knowledge had she of the pre-historic lake-inhabitants, and of each shrivelled, cindery apple, grain of wheat, scrap of fishing-net, or spear-head. Whilst we carefully inspected the model of a pile-dwelling, military music sounded without, and the street became suddenly alive with blue coats and bayonets. Tears filled the eyes of the aged woman as she watched this fresh battalion tramp by and cross the bridge, on its way to the frontier. "Better no war! Better no soldiers!" she cried, shaking her head. "Yet it's the same old story from the beginning. When Cain was wroth, he rose up and slew his brother Abel. The Lacustrines lived on piles in the lake, to be safe from their enemies; and in my time I have seen the French once in Switzerland, twice in Germany, and then driven back to Paris."

The Protestant population of Zürich deplored the war; but being persuaded that the Prussian rule was wise and good, conducive to morality, general education, and human advance, warmly espoused its cause. In fact, we found political refugees, such as Professors Kinkel and Behn Eschenburg, who had earlier been imprisoned by Prussia, now offering her their most loyal support. A tall, slim, elderly Dane, who was sanguine enough to anticipate that the outcome of the present campaign would be the avenging of his native land by Napoleon, was amongst the few individuals who remembered Prussia's former aggrandisement, and imputed the war to Bismarck. My husband and I first met him and his compact little wife in a wood. They were walking to and fro intently conversing in Danish; but whenever they crossed our path they made us low bows, which seemed very polite. We learnt later that they were vainly seeking for the wife's shawl, which had slipped off his arm.

The next Sunday they and we had simultaneously fled to the many vine-clad arbours of the *pension*-garden from the noise of dancing and singing in the *salle-à-manger*. They explained to us, in the course of conversation, that they were our fellow-boarders, but lived alone, as the husband, who was an author, named Müller—not a clergyman, as we had supposed from his black suit and white necktie—needed quiet for his literary labours. Telling them our name as an interchange of civility, they asked inquiringly, "What, William and Mary?" On the morrow we visited them in their cool little parlour, to facilitate, if possible, their homeward movements. The war frustrated their plan of revisiting Italy, where they had been on their wedding-tour thirty years earlier; and only anxious safely to reach Denmark, they proposed journeying through France to England, and crossing from Hull to Copenhagen. This led to the production of a great parchment, signed and sealed by Christian IX., King of Denmark, King of the Goths and Vandals, in which His Majesty claimed free passage for "Frederik Paludan Müller, Danish author, Knight of the Danebrog, &c."

We mentioned to our neighbours at the supper-table what a distinguished man lived below.

"What! the old Professor?—the old *Theolog*?" exclaimed

a weakly-chested Prussian medical student, who, unable to fight for his country, aided her cause by superintending the occupation of lint and bandage-making, daily carried on by the lady-boarders.

"What! Paludan Müller, who wrote the beautiful poem, 'At Vœre,' in which a child, puzzled with the strange mystery of existence, asks its mother what it is To Be?" demanded a fair-haired Norwegian, studying at the University.

"No other," we replied; and the next morning the courtly, gentle poet received a perfect ovation.

Frau Henriette Heine, the widow of Heinrich Heine's first cousin and fellow-student, was staying at the *pension*, and sympathised with France. Two middle-aged Jews and their wives, respectively from Carlsruhe and Baden-Baden, professing no sentiments of *patrie* or *Vaterland*, smiled and were quiescent about the war, which was driving most of the guests at the table frantic. The majority consisted of other Jews and refugees, presided over by a tall, stout, dark man in grey, also belonging to "the nation." He spoke most modern languages, had been much in England, had great concerns in Spain, important transactions in Germany, and twenty-three relatives in the Prussian army. Day and night he thought, spoke, and dreamt of the war; and, flaming with indignation, eloquently denounced Napoleon as the arch-troubler of the world.

In the general European excitement false rumours, of course, abounded. Thus, on Sunday morning, August 7, we were mysteriously followed out of doors by the *Knecht*. He was a big red-faced fellow, with curly hair, who went about with the sleeves of his pink shirt rolled up, revealing a pair of hairy arms, like those of Esau. Putting his finger to his nose, he dismally whispered, "Awful news! the French have massacred twenty thousand Germans, the Crown Prince among them!" Awful, indeed, if true. But at the *table d'hôte*, in the midst of a joyous hubbub, we were jubilantly greeted by the man in grey with—"Glorious victory! Great defeat of the French. The Crown Prince has led his troops with flying colours! Hurrah!"

The words "Prussians! Wörth! Victory! Wounded French! Fallen French!" echoed through the house while daylight lasted. When the church-clocks of Zürich had long

struck ten, and the *pension* had retired for the night, a lamp in the garden shed its light on the ruddy locks of the *Knecht*, who, now happily well-informed, see-sawing his sinewy arms up and down, held forth to a party of Zürich tradesmen, still lingering over their beer; and the everlasting chorus, in a high-pitched key, "Prussians! Wörth! Victory! Wounded French! Fallen French!" entered the room through the closed Venetian shutters.

On the morrow the rattle of vocal artillery, the rolling echo of cachinnation and of fun at the expense of France never ceased. We could picture the same simultaneous exultation in every hotel, inn, and coffee-house in Germany and the Protestant parts of Switzerland. We could still more vividly picture all the beautiful country from Saverne to Strasburg and Basel, which we had seen in April, peaceful, smiling, rich in growing crops and fruit-blossoms, backed by blue romantic-looking mountains, and full of happy, busy people, now devastated by fighting armies, and strewn with the bodies of the wounded and the dead.

When all was fair and affluent in nature around us, the purple grapes ripening and the golden grain garnered, came the news of the German victories at Metz. It was the sudden collapse of the great French campaign; just as the army of Xerxes had melted away like mist before that of Greece, or Sennacherib's disappeared before the avenging hosts of Israel.

There was now no longer any fear for Switzerland; and on August 22, the eve of our departure for Ragatz, we saw three soldiers, who had returned from the watch on the frontier and were billeted for the night on our landlord, smoking their pipes in peace and contentment. The vague possibility of Napoleon the Third avenging the wrongs of Denmark passed from the minds of the Paludan Müllers, when they and we learned at Ragatz on Saturday, September 3, the astounding intelligence that the Emperor had given himself up to King Wilhelm, and MacMahon surrendered with his entire army. On September 20, Napoleon's earlier advice to Cavour, "*Frappez vite et frappez fort*," was fully acted upon. Victor Emmanuel's troops entered Rome, and at the same time the astute abettor, disappointed in all his hopes, went into exile. The vicissitudes of war now

opened to the Paludan Müllers a safe passage home through Germany, and to us every facility for reaching Rome.

On entering Italy I was struck by beauty being essentially the law of nature. We spent the month of October at Bellagio, on the Lake of Como. The one drawback was the shut-up-ness everywhere. There were no fields, merely vineyards or the beautiful grounds of villas, one and all enclosed by high white walls. It is true that beauty was visible above these walls: wild tangles of vegetation among the olives and fig-trees of the vineyards: roses and creepers, now gloriously scarlet and golden, falling over the walls of palace gardens, cypresses towering aloft like spires, tall magnolias, oleanders, and myrtles—very forests of them. Of these you got glimpses, but nothing more, from the dusty high road, or the hot paved paths. Nevertheless, all was to me a series of glorious pictures, suggestive of Turner, of Leslie, of Leighton. Most lovely it was, but most tantalising; after the freedom of Switzerland, a great change, most depressing to my husband. He maintained that Italy is essentially the land of the painter, not of the poet, who, bird-like, requires the freedom of the fields and woods. There is truth in this. Across the lake, at the exquisite Villa Carlotta, I felt in a manner I had never done before the perfection of art founded upon and aided by the beautiful in nature—nature, which makes the very pellitory on the white wall a drapery of beauty, which turns every mildew and damp stain into delicate colouring, and lends a nameless, indescribable poetry to the very decay and neglect which meet you everywhere in Italy.

November 22 found us in Rome, and speedily established in our "own hired house," as St. Paul, the great teacher of the Gentiles, had been eighteen centuries earlier. We were located on the summit of one of the seven hills, at a corner of four converging streets, each visibly terminated by an historic monument: to the north by the Egyptian obelisk and piazza of Trinità de' Monte; to the south by the lofty campanile and basilica of St. Maria Maggiore, stretching across its ample and elevated piazza, marked by another noble obelisk. To the east we had the Porta Pia, and the still open breach through which the Italian troops, two months earlier, had entered Rome. They had, by this deed, broken down the lofty garden-

wall of the Buonaparte villa, trampled over and damaged the beautiful grounds, which we found gardeners putting in order. To the west, but a few paces from our door, extended the long side façade of the Quirinal Palace, abutting on Monte Cavallo, with its Egyptian obelisk and famous group of Castor and Pollux reining in their horses.

The keys of the Quirinal were still at the Vatican; the doors had, however, been opened by a picklock, and troops of workmen were busy inside pulling down and building up; whilst under the colonnade of the inner court were temporary heaps of old timber and wainscoting.

The preparations were made in the hope of the speedy advent of a reluctant and perplexed King, doomed to share with his *vis-à-vis* at the Vatican a capital that recalled merely papal or republican memories. The Emperor Constantine, on becoming Christian, had found it advisable to remove the seat of government to Constantinople; and through the long succeeding centuries, Rienzi, the French, and "Young Italy" had each proclaimed the patrimony of the Popes a republic, not a monarchy. The thought oppressed Victor Emmanuel; he dreaded to sleep in the violated home of a deprived Pontiff, who was still charming the faithful by the meekness and patience with which he bore his sorrows.

On December 22 Rome was officially declared the capital of Italy. Yet the arrival of the King was constantly postponed. Many of our acquaintance said, indeed, that he never would come. Silence and gloom prevailed There were no great Church functions, few strangers, and much discontent in the minds of hotel and lodging-house keepers. On Sunday, Christmas Day, it rained piteously; on Monday with increasing violence. On Wednesday the Tiber, having risen to a terrific height, most destructively inundated the lower parts of the city. On Friday the muddy, yellow waters had sufficiently subsided for people to be released from their terrible captivity; but wherever the flood had been, cellars and lower storeys were submerged. In the middle of the streets mud lay ankle-deep—thick, slimy mud, that adhered like ointment to everything it touched, and left a yellow stain behind. The scene of ruin was indescribable. In the Corso, grand plate-glass windows were obscured with mud, and panels of finely painted

doors bulged with water. Anxious looking shopkeepers and weary servants were splashed with the mud they were sweeping from within-doors on to the pavement. On Saturday, at four o'clock in the morning, we heard, as we lay in bed, a distant shout and a roar as of driving carriages. Up we jumped, and looking from our windows, saw, in a sudden illumination of Bengal light, the long-expected King, amid shouts of "*Evviva il Re!*" flash past in a state equipage, followed by other carriages and torches. It was the disaster of the flood that had brought him so suddenly; but after visiting the distressed portions of the city and leaving money for the sufferers, he departed the same night, New Year's Eve.

In February occurred the maddest Carnival that had been seen in Rome since 1848. Our niece and our young friend, after enjoying it amazingly, left the last day but one of the Carnival, under suitable escort, for England; and the evening before their departure, went with Margaret and some of our acquaintance, to drink at the Fountain of Trevi, that they might come back to Rome. In their absence we sent down our old woman-servant, Rosa, a peasant from Rimini, to the landlord, who dwelt below, with the request that the street-door might be left ajar, and the oil-lamp on the stairs not extinguished until the *signorine* returned.

What, then, was our surprise and horror, when Rosa rushed into the drawing-room, shrieking that the "*birbone*" (rascal) "of a landlord had *bastinaded* her," therewith pointing to the marks of a cane across her face. She was pursued by the perpetrator, a man of a melancholy countenance and black hair and eyes. He, livid with rage, was followed by his handsome young wife, in a great flutter. Our servant denounced them for claiming our charcoal ashes for their *bucato*—the buck or lye for their clothes to soak in; they, her, for shutting a door in their son's face. This, in their eyes, was a tremendous offence; nevertheless, we managed politely to get the couple back to their own premises. Rosa was beyond us. Screaming and weeping, she threw open a window, and shrieked her wrongs into the street. This led to the speedy arrival of two policemen, one of whom remained pacing up and down before the house, much to the surprise of the party returning from the Fountain of Trevi.

We were not wholly unprepared for this outburst of hot Italian temper on the part of our *padrone*. He had more than once, without the least provocation, suddenly appeared on the verge of a towering rage; then, conquering his passion, would send up flowers or newspapers, as if to remove any disagreeable impression. The morning after the assault he wrote a letter to my husband, "asking pardon for the scandal, but requiring us to dismiss our wicked servant, who was an offence to his excellent consort." As Rosa, notwithstanding her curious habit of drinking our lamp-oil like water, suited us admirably, and as enquiries in the neighbourhood confirmed our suspicions of our landlord's excitability, William appealed to the British Consul.

Mr. Severn, the artist, the devoted friend and nurse of Keats, held this post; and my husband, calling at the Consulate, found him occupied at his easel, in a studio approached through a suite of lofty rooms hung with paintings, and in person reminding him of Coleridge in the decline of life; the somewhat corpulent tendency, the black velvet waistcoat, a certain similarity of features, and the head slightly thrown back in talking. On hearing of the fray, he said—

"I've known Italians die in these furies, in what they call a *Rabbiatura*. It is best to cow such people, who are generally poltroons. Fifty years ago the Roman eating-houses were much worse than now. Dear Keats and I had such wretched dinners sent in, that he told me one morning 'he had hit on a plan for us to be better served.' I wondered what he meant to do, for I knew no Italian in those days, and Keats, though quick at learning, not enough to discuss the merits of a dinner. The *trattore* brought the food, as usual, in a basket. Keats lifted the lid, and perceiving at a glance the quality of the fare, without a word took each dish to the window and emptied it into the street. The cook never charged us for the dinner, and gave us a good one ever after.

"I did not forget that lesson. After poor, gentle, vivacious Keats was dead of his consumption, our *padrone*, fearing infection, burnt the furniture, for which he sent me in a tremendous bill. After it had been discharged, he summoned me a month later to pay for the broken crockery. On going to the house where we had dwelt, at the right-hand corner of

the Spanish steps ascending to the Trinità de' Monte, he showed me on a table a pile of broken plates, cups, and saucers, which he must have ransacked the neighbourhood to collect. Feigning a great rage, with one fell swoop I dashed all the bits to the floor, and the affair was settled."

Mr. Severn effectually silenced our *padrone*, notwithstanding the ominous postscript to his final bill: "He meant to be legally indemnified for all the damage we had done—*chi rompe paga.*" This sentence, placarded at the time about Rome in pink, blue, and yellow, had greatly puzzled us. One reading of it was, whichever, King or Pope, broke the peace would have to pay. It might have some such covert meaning, just as, in 1873, the words in large letters, "*Abbasso Verdi,*" were no opprobrious term for the composer of *Il Trovatore* and other popular modern operas, but signified, "Down with *Vittorio Emanuele, Re d'Italia,*" the word Verdi being employed for an acrostic.

The conduct of our later landlords seemed swayed by combined feelings of liking for their tenants and self-interest. We never again met with such an instance of unbridled, fierce, and turbulent irascibility. But then this *padrone*, who has since been elevated to the rank of a *cavaliere* by the Italian Government, was notorious for his violence. When we were located in charming new quarters, the rector of a college, now a bishop in America, was charged with a message to us from an Italian priest, to the effect that, having dwelt above us, he should have personally expressed at the time his sympathy in our annoyance, but for the molestation it might have entailed on his landlord's family, who were the second-floor tenants of our *padrone*. My husband next read in his Roman newspaper that the female servant of the same *padrone*, having on one holiday exceeded her leave of absence, was accompanied back by a policeman, who threatened to punish her master if he attempted to maltreat her.

The good offices of Margaret Foley, the gifted, generous-hearted New-England sculptress, and her tender-spirited young friend, Lizzy H——, had procured us a much better home than we had earlier enjoyed. It was with these and some other valued friends that William and I celebrated our golden

wedding, on April 16, 1871, by a memorable excursion to Castel Fusano.

Starting from our dwelling in the Via di Porto Pinciana—so called from the closed gate where the blind Belisarius is said to have sat and begged—and passing through the Porta di San Paolo, which he rebuilt, we drove over the solitary Campagna, green with spring grass and leaves, for fifteen miles. Then, leaving to our right the ancient walls and castle of Ostia—a place so endeared to many devout souls from its pathetic association with St. Augustine and his dying mother—we proceeded a couple of miles to Prince Chigi's park, Castel Fusano. There, in one of the avenues of huge stone-pines, we deposited our wraps and provisions, and greeted by a nightingale and gathering masses of fragrant flowers, we wandered on for another mile to the Mediterranean.

No words can describe the beauty of the scene. A causeway, paved with blocks of lava, led from the back of the ancient castellated mansion, on its lawny meadows, between woods of arbutus, phillyrea, of flowering daphne, cistus, myrtle, and heath twenty feet high, carpeted with crimson cyclamens, and overshadowed by the silent ilex, cork and pine, to a somewhat desolate beach of shifting sands, held together by tufts of sea-wheat and the eringo, with its blue-green, thistle-like foliage. It was wonderful to be where, in all probability, the Christian philosopher, Minucius Felix, and his friend, Octavius, walked from "that very pleasant city, Ostia . . . . tracking the coast of the gently bending shore," and although, after a lapse of sixteen centuries, all now was solitary and deserted, yet, just as then, "the sea, always restless, even when the winds are lulled, came up on the shore with waves crisp and curling."

We had a merry collation in an avenue of stone-pines, near Prince Chigi's fine old casino; then, after wading to our waists through a sea of flowering asphodels, to gain a clear view of the Pontine Marshes, drove back, in a summer-like evening, to Rome.

It had been a fine April morning fifty years earlier when William and I, with our nearest relatives, walked to meeting, all the little town of Uttoxeter looking on. I wonder I did not feel very nervous. We had some of the Friends to dinner

—a better one than usual; if I remember rightly, a cook was engaged for the occasion from the White Hart. Then William and I, and all the young people, strolled in the garden and up to the Bank Closes, a nice little home walk. After our return rain fell. We had more Friends to tea—all those who had not been invited to dinner. Afterwards the sun came out, and we left in quite a splendid sunset. I remember so well how bright the evening was after the rain, and have often thought it was like our life—marked by April showers, with a lovely calm sunset. From the period of our arrival in Rome, I may truly say that the promise in Scripture, "At evening time it shall be light," was in our case fulfilled.

CHAPTER XV.

1871—1879.

Our tenants in England were desirous of continuing their lease of The Orchard, and we to stay on in Italy, where the climate had something so soothing, so exactly fitting to old age. I prized in Rome the kind, sympathetic friends given to us, the case of social existence, the poetry, classic grace, the peculiar and deep pathos diffused around; above all, the stirring and affecting historic memories; for every stone and monument spoke of famous classic or Christian deeds, of the blood of martyrs and the virtues of saints. It was a locality which led me to perceive how, in a manner, each person makes his own heaven or hell. To some of our intimate friends Rome was truly, in the words of Dante,

> "the holy place wherein
> Sits the successor of the greatest Peter;"

the centre of triumphant Christianity, sacred as Jerusalem until the Crucifixion. To others it held the position of pagan Rome to the early Christians—a centre of cruelty, abomination, and duplicity, its sanitary shortcomings being a type of its social condition. To me it was a city of habitation after long wanderings in the wilderness; to my husband—who did not unreservedly share my enthusiasm—it became, as well as to myself, the finishing-school of our earthly life.

In the June of 1871, accompanied by Miss Foley, we went for the summer to Tyrol, where we were quite providentially led, in the neighbourhood of Bruneck, to an old mansion called Mayr-am-Hof, which though evidencing

a slow decline, stood up, massive and grand, at the farther end of the gradually ascending village of Dietenheim. It was a long building, with lofty roof and dormer windows, plastered and painted, after the Palladian style, in effective designs to represent Grecian pilasters, circles, and other ornamentations, and protected by much fine ironwork that grated the windows or swelled out in jutting balconies. It had a back-yard and farm-buildings of no mean order, seen

MAYR-AM-HOF.

through a stately but somewhat ruinous entrance, conspicuously surmounted by a fresco, painted dull red and white, like the rest of the building. The subject, in harmony with the religious faith in Tyrol, represented the Virgin and Child attended by St. Joseph; a guardian angel and its human charge; St. John Nepomucen, protector against floods; and St. Florian, against fire.

We learnt from a tall young peasant, with a refined

countenance and the most self-possessed manners, that the place belonged to his father. The family merely occupied a portion, and the rest was empty. We expressed a desire to inspect the interior, and were courteously conducted upstairs through a great stone hall into a saloon of vast dimensions, with a fine embossed ceiling of stucco, and

ENTRANCE TO THE BACK-YARD.

lighted by eight windows. We were shown an adjoining room, wainscoted, having the character of an oratory; and recrossing the hall, a spacious chamber, possessing a long interior latticed casement, screened by an old-fashioned chintz curtain with a kneeling bench under it, and opening like

a squire's pew into the old chapel. We were taken, on the second floor, into three vacant rooms occupying the broad southern gable-front, the centre one having a balcony which commanded a splendid view up and down the Pusterthal.

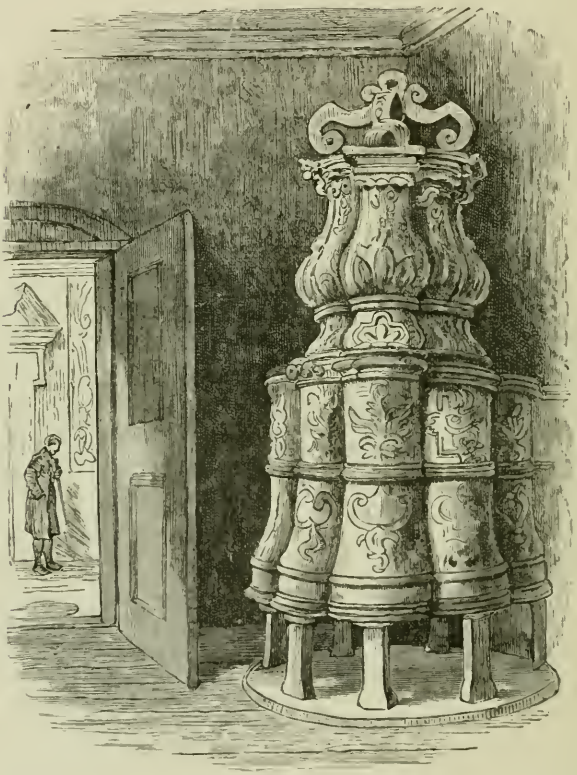
Although the rooms were almost bare, they were furnished with beautiful views, had noble proportions and well-scrubbed floors; and the whole place, from its uniqueness, space, and dignified decay, so appealed to our taste that we esteemed ourselves fortunate to be accepted as tenants. Our landlord, who

THE FRESCO.

had never let rooms before, was Anton Mutschlechner, best known as the "*Hof-bauer*," a spare man, in a brown home-spun jacket faced with green, unless it were some great Church festival, when he donned the long Noah's Ark coat in which he was married a quarter of a century before. He was a quiet disciplinarian, given to hard toil and pious meditation. In 1809 he had been a funny little Tyroler boy, whom the French officers then quartered in Mayr-am-Hof petted and caressed. They were otherwise terrible and alarming lodgers, who burnt cartloads of wood in the great stoves, damaging, cracking, and

ever after rendering unserviceable the elaborate pile of white faience in the saloon.

We vastly enjoyed our Robinson Crusoe life at Mayr-am-Hof, where a godly routine of prayer and labour hallowed the entire household. Margaret Foley, a born carpenter and



THE STOVE OF WHITE FAIENCE.

practical inventor, set to work, and so did my husband, and made us all sorts of capital contrivances. Thus, with fine weather out-of-doors and a roof over our heads, we lacked nothing. Behind the house a common gently sloped upwards, surmounted by an old crucifix and two lime-trees. There we sat, evening after evening, to watch the wonderful sunset after-

glow on a group of strange, rugged dolomite mountains. They filled up the eastern end of the valley, and became indescribably beautiful and strangely spiritual as they flushed crimson, melted into deep violet, faded to a ghastly grey, then were shrouded from view by the pall of night.

Substantial Mayr-am-Hof, so attractive to us in its venerable decay, grew from a retreat for a few weeks into our permanent summer home. Leaving hot weather and ripe cherries in Rome, we have hastened thither at the beginning of May to find the sparkling snow lying thick and low on the mountains: the trees leafless, but a green flush on the giant poplar, and the cherry-blossoms ready to burst forth. The fleeting hours, however, soon brought us sultry summer heat, interspersed with heavy thunderstorms. Then came calm, cloudless autumn days, when the fir-trees stood out black against the intense blue, fathomless sky, with here and there a mountain ash or a wild-cherry dyed gold or crimson; but all other foliage suggestive of July. Next came November, with gloomy heavens, withered scattered leaves, wild winds and rattling casements, making us thankful to cross the bare, brown, plain to the railway station, *en route* for benign and radiant Italy.

For several years we diversified the annual programme by spending the early summer in the country house of the deceased painter, Frederick Overbeck. It was situated on the volcanic heights of Rocca di Papa, 2,600 feet above the Mediterranean, which stretched out on our left hand. Below, sloped chestnut woods, and beyond them the vast Campagna, with Rome in the distance.

Resuming now the chronological thread, I write to my eldest daughter from Rome, November 5, 1871—

"Oh! if only Alfred and you were here I should be ready to say, 'Let Henry Chorley's words about us be true. Let us all live out our lives in this kindly and beautiful Italy, to which surely God has given all the charms of the earth.' As it is, however, I feel at times as if even gloomy England, with its drab atmosphere, would be pleasanter if one could only sit down by the fireside with you. But we will leave all to God,

for he will do that which is best for each of us; and we do not know, any one of us, what he designs by us or what he has in store for us. Please give my affectionate regards to Henry Chorley when you see him next; and you can tell him, if you like, that though I hold much of the old Catholic faith, and though I am convinced that within the walls of many convents many souls live in close communion with God, yet no one believes more firmly than I do in the anti-Christianity of the Papacy, and that we are watching with the intensest interest the progress of events, which will, we trust, bring about its downfall.

"I must now give you an idea, if I can, of our locality. Looking up the street, the piazza of the Trinità de' Monte immediately opens out before us, with the distant heights of Monte Mario, where the sun now sets, and the evening skies are beautiful. Just opposite to us is the old palace of some Queen of Poland, a rather dingy-looking place, with traces of grandeur about it. It forms the division between the Via Sistina and the Via Gregoriana, which unite in the piazza. Grand old painters have lived about here—Poussin, Claude Lorraine, Salvator Rosa. The old house of the Queen of Poland was built by the artists Taddeo and Federigo Zuccaro; and when Bartholdy, the Prussian Consul, lived in it, he employed Overbeck, Schadow, Veit, and Cornelius to cover the walls of an upper chamber with frescoes from the life of Joseph. These art-brethren of St. Luke also dwelt at one time near here, at the top of the Via St. Isidore, in the monastery of that name. It is an Irish Franciscan institution, and its church is dedicated both to St. Patrick and St. Isidore. Opposite to the monastery of St. Isidore is the little church of Maria Riparatrice, where candles are ever burning, and at all hours a nun kneels before the altar, her sky-blue and white robes flowing around her; an immovable figure, in uninterrupted prayer or adoration. It is a wonderful sight. Of course, there must be a relay of nuns for this severe service, but apparently it is ever the same—the same blue and white flowing garments, the same attitude."

"*January* 25, 1872.—We have been to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, to meet, at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Betts, Dr.

Manning and Dr. Davis, of the Religious Tract Society. They received us most kindly, Dr. Manning explaining that his mother was, in the very ancient Uttoxeter days, a schoolfellow of mine, Mary Bakewell, and that she often spoke of me as 'little Mary Botham, who used to sit upon a box and tell stories; in fact, romances without end.' Of this romancing I know nothing; though, from our dear father being anxious that we should have 'a guarded education,' Anna and I did sit on a big box near Mrs. Parker, and the other children generally on seats in the room. Of course, I remember Mary Bakewell; she was a big girl and very nice, one whom I admired, and of whom I retain a most distinct and pleasant remembrance. These two gentlemen next proceeded to business, requesting me from Dr. Macaulay to furnish a series of papers on Italy to the *Leisure Hour*.

"Yesterday afternoon Meggie and I drank coffee with Frau Hoffmann—such excellent coffee, that we smelt it before we reached the door; such delicious little cakes and bread, cold water, and fine linen. What a treat we had afterwards in looking over the multitudinous sketches and studies of Overbeck! Such exquisite bits of drapery, flowers, and foliage, drawn in pencil, just like yours, with such conscientious care and love—hundreds of them. It was a real feast of delight, and she so old-fashioned, living only in the memory of that '*lieber Vater*,' and wishing that Carluccio (her son Carl) would but work as hard as his grandfather. It poured with rain, but we sat with the window open, looking into the grand old Barberini gardens, with a great plaster-group of the Saviour blessing St. John, almost filling up the room behind us; and after the coffee-tray was removed, the table was covered with these studies and sketches of the blessed Overbeck.

"*March* 3, 1872.—One of the most interesting features here, to our mind, is the Scandinavian Society, comprising Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, and Finns. None of them are rich, the sculptor Jerichau and his noted wife, the painter, being the most so; the whole style of these foreigners is the purest simplicity, combined with culture and hospitality. Their love of the sunny South is, as you know, intense. They are devoted to art in its three branches, music, painting, and sculpture.

They associate amongst themselves, and Fredrika Bremer's cousin, Mdlle. Aline Bremer, from Finland, is a sort of aunt to many of them. Young Tegnér, the grandson of the great poet, and called Esaias, after him, belongs to this little community this winter."

"*Jan.* 22, 1873.—We are so interested in 'Ginx's Baby.' How clever it is! What a satire it is on the religion, legislation, and philanthropy of the age! God help us all, and send us a revelation of the true light! Something stronger than the Gospels and the Gospel-promises, and more tangible. I thought at one time that spiritualism was going to give us this; but it has so much shoddy and humbug about it that even such as we, who believe in it, reject its outer seeming. Yet perhaps its very ugliness and seeming untruths are but, as it were, the manger birth of the Saviour, a stumbling-block and an offence. You see, 'Ginx's Baby' has set me thinking. I look all round, and I perceive that everything is wrong, all out of joint, with an attempt, or it may be a *pretence*, to get right, and no good comes of it? The evil is so mighty, who is able to stand in the combat against it? The ghost of our *Journal* is called up before me. We got wrong: I see that as plainly as possible; but then there are so many things that make the best-intentioned get wrong, and that nothing sooner than a great success. God help the world! It is made up of poor creatures. Even the rich and powerful cannot stand firm against the temptations of riches and power."

"*March* 3, 1873.—There are so many sides to Truth, if people would only look at them. I am reading the 'Life of Père Besson,' that good, pure-lived Dominican artist. What a beautiful revelation it is of the higher class of the Catholic priesthood! No George Fox or John Wesley, no George Herbert or Jeremy Taylor, no Bunyan or Baxter, was, any of them, purer, truer, or more faithful followers of Christ. There are thousands of noble Christian Catholics. If it were not so, the Roman Catholic faith could not have survived to this day. If the Protestantism which is now being introduced into Rome by the sects were mild, tender, and loving

as the Spirit of Christ, it might worthily replace the evil it seeks to uproot; but the spirit of these little conventicles is, in my humble opinion, not what God will give the success of reformation and regeneration to. In the Protestant Episcopalian churches here, there is so evident an imitation of the outward ceremony of the Church of Rome, the officiating ministers calling themselves priests, that it seems to me offensive. I suppose the educational bias is strong in me; and though I love whatever is beautiful, and am sure that the beautiful belongs to Heaven, yet the more devotional part of my being is called forth by a simpler style of worship Yesterday, however, I went to the English Chapel to hear the Archbishop of Dublin (Trench) preach, and saw Emerson there. He has been, with his daughter, up the Nile. This evening we are to meet them at Miss Clarke's.

"55, *Via, Sistina, Jan.* 4, 1874.—This is the first time that I have written '74, for though I sent you a scrap on New Year's Day, I did not date it; and since then I have written no letters, though I have several yet on my conscience, and also on my heart, as I have been trying these last two days to put dear, good Mrs. Gould's annual report of her school for poor Italian children into a nice form, to wind up with a graceful 'begging clause,' which I find very hard work, and got so disgusted with it yesterday afternoon, that I laid it aside till to-morrow, when it *must* be done."

"*Jan.* 6, 1874.—When I had finished, to my no small relief, the report of her school for Mrs. Gould, I put on my best bonnet and best gloves, and set off in the first instance to call on those two excellent and agreeable women, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell and her sister. From them I went to Miss Brewster's afternoon reception; went in at the lower door of the Palazzo Albani, past the old fountain with the Gorgon's head grinning above it, up a winding staircase till I came to a door, out of which velvet-clad, perfumed ladies were coming; and so in through a couple of nicely furnished ante-rooms to the larger apartment, where she sat, in black velvet and an Indian scarf over her shoulders, receiving her visitors. I soon saw a nice white-headed gentleman of my

acquaintance, attached to the American Embassy, though himself an Italian. So we began to talk—he to tell me of the Roman college for ladies, which will be inaugurated to-day, with an Italian poetess, a very remarkable woman, Signora Fua Fusinato, at its head; exactly similar in character and advantages to the female colleges in England. It interested me greatly, yet not so much as to prevent my seeing what went on around.

"I observed a gentleman seated before a pretty, black Japanese screen near the fire. I was wondering who in the world he could be; for his face, scored with lines and markings, had a great play of expression, and he exhibited a considerable expansion of white shirt-front, a crimson silk kerchief tied round his neck, and the glitter of a heavy gold chain and of jewellery, when unexpectedly he was introduced to me as 'Mr. Miller.'

"'Joaquin Miller,' I instantly replied, understanding at once the character of the man. Although I had risen to leave, we sat down together. He said, 'The first people I wanted to see in Rome were Howitts; yes, I wanted to see *them*. I was taken, when in London, to look at the house they had once inhabited at Highgate—a pleasant house standing apart from the road.' Then he went on to tell me of a solitary American lady, married to a Frenchman in Rome, who had begged him to make her acquainted with 'Howitts.' He had her address folded up in his little purse, and seemed very anxious to do her this service. We spoke of his dear friends, the Rossettis. 'Dante,' he remarked, 'was a fine fellow—a true Saxon.' He was much interested by Rome, although he confessed ignorance of its history. The snowy Apennines, as he saw them from various points, charmed him beyond anything else.

"I asked where he was located. 'He had gone first to an hotel,' he replied; 'but it was so dear that he, a poor man, could not stand it, and he moved off.' He would not reveal his whereabouts, affirming he told no one. 'He lived among the plebeians, had a room with a brick floor, and a brazier to warm him. He cared nothing for fine furniture, but he loved the people.' 'The Italians,' I rejoined, 'were a good, kind hearted race.' He expressed pleasure in hearing me say so, as some of his friends prophesied he would be stabbed and robbed of his

rings and gold chains. I suggested it might be hardly wise to exhibit such tempting objects to the very poor. To this he replied, 'He had lived amongst the poor and the so-called wicked without ever being robbed of a cent.; the only den of thieves he knew was hotels. He had never locked or bolted a door in self-defence, and should not do it in Rome.' Then he expatiated on his life as a boy, his sorrows and wild adventures—'Poor father, who was so unfortunate, and mother, who was so good'—his being stolen by the Indians, but never being a chief amongst them, as commonly reported; his journeys in Nebraska and down the Wabash, with much more, giving me glimpses of a romantic existence, in keeping with his queer flexible countenance and crimson neckerchief. His first name is really Cincinnatus, not Joaquin."

"*Jan.* 23.—We have Mr. George Mackarness, the newly-chosen Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, and our little friend Evelyn, now shot up into a young man, here in Rome. As the Bishop possesses quite a reverential love for the old painter, Overbeck, we have arranged that he goes over the Monastery of St. Isidore, where Overbeck and his art-brethren led such poetical, devoted, half-monkish lives. Fra Ippolito, a lay-brother, and himself a humble artist, equally reveres the hallowed memory of Overbeck. He will welcome our friend and take him to the Superior. Meggie and I saw last summer, before leaving Rome, as much of the monastery as women are permitted to see. The Bishop will now describe to us the cells once occupied by the band of artists, and the rest of the sacred interior."

"*Sunday morning.*—I have been to the English Chapel to hear the new Bishop preach. He took as his text, 'Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.' The sermon transported me to Ilam, its exquisite church and its village congregation."

"*Jan.* 31, 1874.—The excursion planned for the Bishop of Argyll and Evelyn to Rocca di Papa turned out quite a success. The sun shone, the glorious landscape displayed all its manifold charms. Everybody was in good spirits. First came the walk up Monte Cavo, and the cordial reception given Carl

Hoffmann and his male companions by the friendly Passionist monks. Then down through the woods to the chapel of the Madonna della Tufa, where the hermit was so long saying prayers for all the party that they thought they must leave him to finish by himself. So down through the quaint, queer volcanic village to Casa Overbeck, in sight of the most glorious sunset. Next the brilliant after-glow, gorgeous over the Mediterranean; and so across the Campagna, in the clearest, brightest moonlight, and back in Rome by seven o'clock. It was a perfect day: they all say so."

WILLIAM HOWITT TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER.

"*Jan.* 25, 1875.—Mrs. Gould is going to bring out a book written by different people, to be printed at her new school-press. Adolphus Trollope and his wife, and Mr. Marsh, the American Minister to the Quirinal, have all promised contributions. Mrs. Marsh hopes to get something from Gladstone; and I dare say there will be a good many things from American authors. Your mother is going to write an introduction, narrating Mrs. Gould's efforts in Rome to educate the children of the poor. I have written my contribution, called 'Progressive Steps of Popular Education, and a Pioneer Working-School,' which is that of Captain Brenton, the martyr of the juvenile outcasts of London.

"Garibaldi arrived in Rome yesterday afternoon. He was drawn by the people in triumph to his lodgings. They were wild to have a speech from him, and clamoured with their ten thousand voices. He came on the balcony and simply said, '*Giovanotti! Buona notte!*' and so retired."

MARY HOWITT TO HER ELDER DAUGHTER.

"*Mayr-am-Hof, Sept.* 15, 1875.—We had a delightful excursion to Taufers with Josiah Gilbert, his sister, and Mrs. Angas. Everything was looking its best. Mr. Gilbert knows all the country, and had been there before, but he wanted his companions to see the old castle, standing up grandly, with its background of glacial mountains. At the castle, however, we found every door locked. The people were all out at work in

the fields; so we prowled about, and finding one wainscoted room open, with its old benches round the walls, there sat and 'had high discourse,' as Mr. Gilbert said; we talked a good deal of nonsense, your father being as merry as the rest. We then slowly walked back again to the inn, where our dinner had been ordered. In going up to the castle Mr. Gilbert and I had conversed together; and my heart not only sympathised, but had been filled with joyful thanksgiving that sorrow such as he had experienced could so beautify and elevate a life.

"It was altogether a season of friendly intercourse; and we arranged in driving back how we were to wind up with a right pleasant evening. So we had arranged; but hardly had we reached home, when, behold! a carriage stopped at the gate, and out stepped a grey-bearded man, with a most sad countenance. It was no other than poor, broken-hearted Dr. Gould, come hither from Perugia to find comfort from us if he could; his wife dead only about ten days, and he brought down to the brink of the grave, as it were. Here he was, and when he was not expected, and when the mood of the whole house was rejoicing! However, there was nothing for it but to receive him kindly."

"55, *Via Sistina, Jan.* 12, 1876.—What the fate of Mrs. Gould's school will be in the end seems now a curious question. I think your father has told you of the wicked theft and dishonesty of some of the people left in charge of her school by Mrs. Gould; more particularly of a young woman whom she had educated to have care of the *Kindergarten*, and in whom she and her husband had great confidence. This teacher has most basely repaid their faith and trust. She is now gone off, and the school and the Home, greatly diminished, are in the hands of a Waldensian minister and his wife. They have taken charge of the work for a month; but a serious difficulty has occurred. One child, a boy of about fourteen, refused to go to the Waldensian church, and left the Home. This made a commotion. He was a favourite pupil of poor Mrs. Gould's, and her husband took up the matter warmly. A public meeting had been appointed and invitations sent out to everybody interested in the subject, to consider the propriety of the Home and school being placed in the hands of the Waldenses.

Then occurred the bother of the papal boy taking himself off, and a very strong party, in consequence, showed themselves in opposition to the Waldenses. This was the Mazzinian party. Madame Mario and an Englishman, a wealthy Jew, named Nathan, declared themselves ready to rescue these poor children from the persecuting hands of the narrow sectarian Waldenses and make this a great Mazzini school and printing-press. Mr. Trollope appeared at the meeting as their advocate."

"*Albano, March* 4, 1876.—We yesterday had a charming little outing with Mr. Young of Kelly. We drove to Rocca di Papa, and went up to the old Overbeck villa. I was so glad to have another peep at the pleasant place, and to see again my favourite picture by Overbeck, of himself, his wife, and little Alphonse; the portrait, too, of Pforr, his dear art-brother, in a sort of Raphaelesque dress, and a cat rubbing against his elbow; also the little old painting of 'Shulamite and Mary.' I looked at these three small pictures—all of which belong to such a lovely part of Overbeck's life, and which are so intimately connected with the time when Meggie and I were there alone—and the hallowed past came back again. I wonder, when we are in the other life, whether bits of our earthly experience will come back to us with the same sweet, tender reality and interest.

"Everybody hopes that Mrs. Gould's school is now definitely taken by the Waldenses; though there is no doubt that they are rather narrow in their religious creed and life."

"55, *Via Sistina, March* 27, 1876.—Last evening we spent, with the Youngs, at Peggy's. Mr. Young then told your father that it was a cause of concern to him that Garibaldi's two little girls, about nine and ten, were being brought up in a very rude and careless way; and that, as he knew those in Scotland who would gladly find the money for them to be carefully educated, if their father would only consent to the plan, he wished the proposal could be made to Garibaldi in some way which would ensure his acceptance of it. Mr. Young also wished your father to go with him to the General, and with this good object in view, he felt he could not refuse. The first thing this morning, therefore, he went to call on a friend

of Garibaldi's, to ask how and when it would be possible to see him, and whether there was a likelihood of his accepting the offer. But the individual was in bed; so your father left a note, and I hope we shall have an answer before long.

"It seems that it is Mr. Young himself who wishes to provide for these children, and has arranged with a Scotch lady to undertake the management of them."

"*March* 29, 1876.—Garibaldi's friend said that Mr. Young had made a magnificent offer, but that, in fact, only one was Garibaldi's child, and the other was the child of the mother before Garibaldi took her. This threw a new light on the matter. Then came the great religious difficulty. It was not to be expected that Garibaldi, who hates priests of all sorts, and who does not believe in Christianity, I fancy, would be willing that his child should be brought up in the Scotch or any other Church; and, of course, Mr. Young could not engage to bring her up without any religion. The friend was very anxious that no cold water should be thrown on the scheme, wishing Garibaldi to have the offer. More revelations of the domestic relations were, however, made; and Mr. Young considered it quite necessary to let the scheme lie over for reflection, saying that he must write to the Scotch lady and acquaint her with the facts. I should think the proposition will evaporate."

To Mrs. Todhunter.

"55, *Via Sistina, Rome, Dec.* 20, 1876.—On Monday William entered his eighty-fifth year, and it was altogether a most pleasant day to us all. The weather, however, was not very fine; therefore we did not make the little excursion which was intended to the Tre Fontane, the convent erected on the spot on which it is believed that St. Paul suffered martyrdom. But it was not in honour of St. Paul that we purposed to go there on the 18th, but to see the good Trappist Brothers, some of whom are rather friendly acquaintances of my husband's, and always make him and those who accompany him heartily welcome. They are great growers of the eucalypti of all kinds, and he has furnished them with a good

deal of seed, which our Alfred has collected for him in his mountain district and elsewhere in Australia. Every now and then, therefore, when we want a pleasant little holiday, we drive over to the Tre Fontane, see the plantations of eucalyptus-trees, have a talk with the friendly Trappists—who are allowed to talk, certainly, when strangers visit them, however silent they may be at other times—and receive from them at parting a small draught of their eucalyptus liqueur.

To Mrs. Alfred Watts.

"*Palm Sunday, March* 25, 1877.—This is a Sunday which I remember so well in your Munich life, when you took a long country ramble; the scenery you described always comes back to me on Palm Sunday. With Palm Sunday, too, you commence your narrative of the great Christian tragedy of Ammergau; all of which is sweetly engraven on my memory. In Rome it is a great day at St. Peter's, even in these times of non-celebration; and if all things were consonant therewith I should have gone to that basilica to-day and seen the commemoration of the Lord's entry into Jerusalem. It is to some but a formal affair; to me it is a venerable relic, and I like those things: the procession of the priests outside the closed church-door; then the sub-deacon knocking at the door with the staff of the cross; its being opened, and the procession entering, singing, '*Ingrediente Domino in sanctam civitatem.*' It pleases my imagination, at all events. And the blessing of the palms; and their distribution, the big ones to the officiating clergy and other dignitaries, and lastly the little ones and the broken branches of olive given to the people. The whole is a memory of old, reverent things. It is typical of a higher, grander ceremonial, which is, I dare say, taking place spiritually all round us; and not in Rome alone, but throughout the world: Christ's Spirit poured out and His gifts distributed to hundreds of thousands, though none may know of it but themselves and the Divine Donor.

"Yesterday, in the afternoon, I went out to try to find people who would take tickets for Madame Ristori's reading on Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the 'Gould Memorial

School.' I had not at all a successful crusade. None were inclined to put their hands in their pockets, excepting dear Margaret Gillies, on whom I called; and after that went no farther. She was just finishing her picture, and was worried at the last, and wanted to go to good Mr. Glennie to borrow a sketch of distant scenery in the neighbourhood of Rome; the bad weather not permitting her to go out sketching for herself. When her things were all put aside and left for their Sunday rest, we took a little carriage and drove to the Glennies', down into the very centre of Rome; and had such a cordial reception, such a nice call: tea made for us, and dear Margaret given the pick of his rich portfolios for a bit of Latin or Volscian mountain, blue and dreamy in its sunny distance. Then, enriched with two most serviceable sketches, and charmed with their genuine kindness, we went down their many stairs, to find there had been a deluge of rain; and I bethought myself anxiously of the father and Meggie, gone to gather flowers in the beautiful Borghese.

"Here I found them, very cheerful, but somewhat wet. This, however, was speedily rectified, and we sat down to enjoy your welcome letter. We all wish you a most pleasant and happy time with the Cowper-Temples at Broadlands. I hope you will remain with them and Sister Elizabeth over Easter Day. There are so many sacred, sorrowful anniversaries before that day comes. What a right thing it is to keep them with befitting reverence! I wish we had been brought up in a faith that had these holy observances. What a mistake Friends made in regarding nothing but First Day, and that in such a dead manner! I am too old now to begin; yet I do seem to feel a very great want of higher religious life in myself. I would, it seems to me, give anything for a sense of the Divine life within me. I hope, therefore, amongst the good people of Broadlands, that you and dear Alfred will know a strong influx of love and wisdom.

"Remember me most kindly to the Cowper-Temples, for whom I have a great love and regard. They are amongst the angels of God now on earth, who celebrate the second coming of their Lord. Oh, that we might all be of that glorious band! How I long to feel myself recognised by Him! I do not as yet. But I love all His children, wherever I recognise them;

and the Cowper-Temples are of the number. Our love to dear Eliza. She is one of the Lord's servants and dear children."

To Miss Leigh Smith.

"*Dietenheim, Oct.* 26, 1877.—We have lately had a very sad and anxious time, and have so still. Our poor Peggy returned from Innichen in the same ailing condition. She was better one day, and severely suffering the next; until this day fortnight, when she was taken with congestion of the brain; in fact, a stroke of paralysis. The Bruneck physician regarded her condition as very serious, and ordered us to write to any near friends or relatives she might have, and that, if she had outward affairs to settle, it might be done. But dear Peggy had made her will, and we were amongst her nearest friends. Happily the most sad effects of the attack abated in a few days. Her sufferings, however, from the root of the malady being an affection of the spinal cord, are inconceivable; and she has a pain in the head, making her, at its worst, wish for death rather than life. Indeed, her constant prayer to be taken, if consistent with God's will, wrings our hearts. Truly her patience and endurance of this awful agony are wonderful and most touching. In this condition she cannot be removed to Rome. We have, therefore, decided to go from here to Meran for the winter. That good Dr. von Messing, whom we mentioned to you when here, and whose wife you saw, will be there to receive her professionally. We have been fortunate to get some very comfortable rooms where William, Meggie, and I were three years ago, when we went to Meran for a short time. One of the great comforts to us in this season of sorrow and anxiety has been the kindness of the Sisters of Charity here, who have, one of them, come each alternate night to sit up with our poor patient; Meggie and I, between us, taking the other."

To Mrs. Alfred Watts.

"*Meran, Nov.* 16, 1877.—Our dear sufferer has many alternations of better and worse. She begins to look very like that touching sketch of Keats in his last illness, which you know so well; the face thin and the eyes large, but with such

a meek, patient, pathetic expression; and she is so gentle and affectionate, so like an obedient, loving child. The final parting with her will be a sad, sad sorrow.

"It is a most beautiful morning, the mountain-summits shining out like alabaster, and lower down in this ever-varied valley the autumnal colouring of the trees yet remains. It is most exquisitely beautiful. I wonder whether Alfred and you will ever visit Meran. I hope you may. If this is to be Peggy's last resting-place, it will ever be sacred to us; so I think in some future time you will be here. The peculiar landscape is much more striking and beautiful at this season than in spring, when all is green.

"You will be glad to know that our little apartment in Rome, which I feared might be despised, and so hang on our hands, is now let. Bishop Tozer and his sister have taken it, and entered upon it yesterday. It is very pleasant to us to know that such extremely good people are occupying the place, which, humble as it is, has been our happy Roman home for five winters. Is not the dear Heavenly Father good to us? I hardly knew how sufficiently to give thanks yesterday, when the news came."

"*Friday, Dec.* 7, 1877.—All is over. Very peaceful. But we are very sad."

MARY HOWITT TO THE SAME.

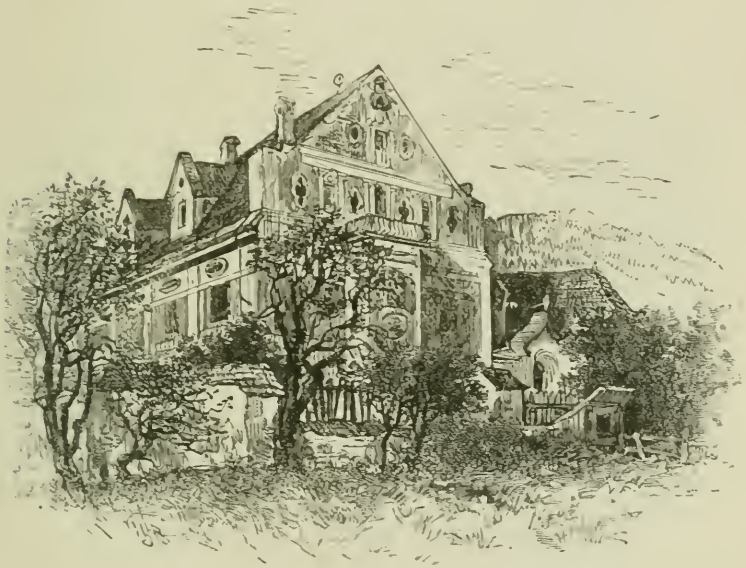
"*Meran, Feb.* 23, 1878.—Day after day races on, and no sooner has a week begun than it is ended. Yet how full of events is the time! Just looking at ourselves, month by month, ever since we came here, some occurrence has gone near to our hearts or awakened our interest to the highest degree. On December 7 Peggy died; on January 9 Victor Emmanuel died; on February 7 the Pope died; and through it all lay the terror of war; the uncertainty what the nations would do. Of course, with us it is a mingling of important world interests and our individual petty concerns; yet all is interwoven into our daily lives, forming a strange, startling, momentous epoch. The European agitation seems now terminating very peacefully; God over all,

and bringing mankind, I trust, into the harmony of peace and good-will. We have taken a deep interest in the election of a new Pope; knowing, too, how curiously and uncomfortably the Cardinals have been immured in the cells temporarily contrived for the purpose in the Vatican. On Thursday afternoon, as your Father and Meggie were taking their walk, he, I believe, was wondering how the Cardinals were getting on, and whether they had nearly brought their work to a conclusion; when Meggie, lifting up her eyes to the lofty church-tower just then come into sight, exclaimed, 'The Pope is elected! See there the white and yellow flag with the cross-keys and the papal mitre!' So it was; where the black mourning flag for Pius the Ninth had hung, now was reared aloft the flag of rejoicing proclaiming the fact. Your father was almost as excited as Meggie. Away they went to the Post, to hear who was elected; but before they reached it they saw a placard at the street-corner announcing that Cardinal Pecci was the new Pope—was Leo XIII. Now, you must know that Pecci was the very prelate whom your father would have chosen; a right good man, whose life you will be sure to have read before this. Home they came full of the good news; and Meggie, bidding me put a shawl over my shoulders, hurried me off into a verandah at the back of the house in sight of the church-tower, and bade me look up and see. There it was, the white and yellow flag; and best of all, Cardinal Pecci elected Pope!"

WILLIAM HOWITT TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER.

"*Rome, April* 28, 1878.—The weather here is quite summer. This morning, as I was on the Pincio, the gardeners and custodians saluted me very smilingly. Their greeting was the result of my telling them the other day that the female swan, which had begun laying, and had but a scrap of a nest on the ground, near the hut by the little lake, wanted more straw; that swans made huge nests, and unless she had more straw the eggs might spoil, which would be a pity. The next time I went, I saw she had got and appropriated her straw. They all know me well by sight, but now they think that I am a cute old fellow, who takes an interest in their affairs, and are amazingly civil."

My husband, with his unworldly nature, led the same unsophisticated life in Rome as in the quiet surroundings of Dietenheim. In the mornings, when children of all nationalities, under the surveillance of attendants, played in the broad sunlit paths of the Pincian hill; and in the afternoons, when a gay, fashionable throng drove, strolled, and listened by hundreds to the music, he walked alone, unless joined by some sociable acquaintance. He admired the fan-palms standing out clear in the sunshine, whilst snow was still visible on the Alban and



MAYR-AM-HOF FROM KITCHEN-GARDEN.

Sabine ranges; noted the beds of roses, bay, and laurustinus, full of life and vigour; listened to the pleasant, familiar warbling of the little tit-mice; observed the arrival of the chiff-chaff a month earlier than in England. He spied out in the thick bushy boughs of the pines, cedars, and evergreens many goldfinches, some warblers, and a grand old blackbird that sang in good English; and canaries, some intensely yellow, others of a greenish hue, from mixing, he supposed, with linnets. To its death he was familiar with the stealthy Pincian cat.

At Mayr-am-Hof one of the main attractions to my husband was his gardening. He carried it on in a field allotment, and in the former baronial kitchen-garden, which, neglected for half-a-century, was divided from the mansion and farm-buildings by the road and a rude old wall surmounted by a fence, long unrepaired. It was a strip of terrace-garden, containing a primitive shed for bees and some unpruned fruit-trees with straggling naked branches. In the sloping orchard below better specimens, however, lingered on, and tradition distinguished

THE CLOSED ENTRANCE-GATE.

one apple tree as having, by its fine growth and prolificness, called forth the admiration of the Empress Maria Theresa.

William indefatigably dug with his English spade—a unique and expensive tool in Tyrol, which is the land of clumsy husbandry—planted, tied up, watered, and cut off dead boughs or leaves. I enjoyed sitting near him, reading, knitting, and in the summer of 1876 working at a huge cabbage-net intended as a protection against the legions of butterflies.

A little tawny owl sojourned for a series of summers in a cavity of the venerable poplar, now defaced by decay, which raises its massive trunk outside the closed entrance-gate. It slept by day, but became briskly sociable on the approach of night. It would then diligently converse with my husband in the gloaming, persistently answering his hoot with a mono-

THE UPPER HALL.

tonous cry, that had an alert gravity about it bordering on the ridiculous.

A host of confiding swallows inhabited the eaves of the house, warbling in the early morning on the ironwork of the balconies, skimming in and out of the open windows, and, as the season advanced, bringing their young into the upper corridor, to

essay from the top of the old cartoons of sacred subjects, or from the cornice, and pediments, the art of flying.

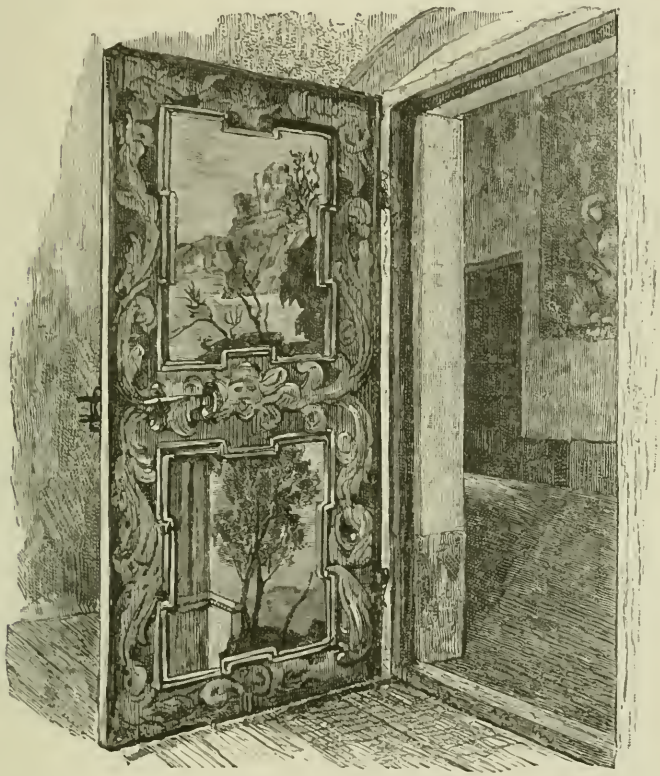
This upper hall assumed by degrees the character of a plainly furnished ante-room, where we could dine, or the servants sit at their needlework. Indeed, that portion of the house which we rented had gained gradually a more clothed appearance,

PEEP INTO SALOON.

from our bringing inexpensive carpets and draperies from Rome, or buying them in Tyrol; and engaging a carpenter to make chairs, tables, and cupboards after our design; our landlord, the *Hofbauer*, giving the wood. When curtains excluded the glare of the sun from the three-windowed recess in the saloon, I beguiled many hours there, in the attempt faithfully

to reproduce with my needle on crash the apple-blossom of the orchard, the crocus of the meadow, the crimson carnation—almost the national emblem in Tyrol—and other flowers of the locality.

The *Hofbauer*, perceiving our love of the old place, and being desirous to show his regard and retain us as his tenants, acted



ONE OF THE OLD DOORS.

contrary to his firmly-rooted antipathy to innovations and needless expenditure, and began signalising our arrival by a series of surprises, that on more than one occasion filled us with blank dismay. He replaced old hexagonal panes by modern square ones, stencilled the walls of the saloon to imitate a first-class waiting-room in a Tyrolese railway station, and had the

dull green panels and gold mouldings of the doors coarsely painted over to represent satin-wood and mahogany, and the finely-wrought ironwork of the locks obliterated. It was a real injury—something that grated on one's nerves and set one's teeth on edge. It was all the more painful from being a worse than useless effort on his part to please.

Fortunately, a few old doors in a side corridor, with classic subjects painted in distemper on the panels, and arabesques on the frames, much faded by time, but having a stamp of ancient grandeur that suited the physiognomy of the house, had been overlooked. We pleaded their merits, and they remained. Thus has experience taught us never to desire signs of care and improvement about the weather-stained old place.

Our quiet industry at Dietenheim was at times most agreeably diversified by the visits of valued friends. Hither, amongst others, came on a second visit, in the summer of 1878, Miss Freeman Clarke, bringing with her the result of much patient wanderings about Italy and even Tyrol, in her collection of exquisite pen-and-ink drawings of the various scenes of Dante's exile. She had long been a resident in Rome, and closely associated with our life there, but was then bound for a new home in Georgia. We wished her God-speed with sorrowful hearts, for we knew, in all probability, we should not meet on earth again. It never entered our minds that such would be the case with another welcome guest who left us at the same time. This was the large-hearted, nobly-endowed young writer, James Macdonell, the husband of my niece, Annie Harrison. His lucid, rapid thoughts, expressed in easy, polished language, had charmed and enlivened our little domestic circle.

CHAPTER XVI.

1879—1882.

During the last sev' years of my husband's life we occupied small but pleasant quarters in the Via Sistina, close to his favourite Pincio. The back windows looked across a little garden of luxuriant southern vegetation, filled with scattered fragments of old Roman friezes and statues, to the frescoed walls of the house in the Via Gregoriana, which had been occupied for many years by our old friend, the American actress, Miss Charlotte Cushman. Above its quaint tiled roof and picturesque *loggia*, we surveyed the slopes of the Janiculum and rejoiced in those brilliant sunsets which Claude Lorraine had loved to paint from his near-lying studio windows; until, alas! Miss Cushman having long since returned to America, and her Roman dwelling passing into other hands, it was transmogrified by the addition of two storeys and a flat roof, which blocked out our long stretch of the Janiculum ridge, dotted with stone-pines, and prominently terminated to the right by the mighty dome of St. Peter's.

I have always desired to retain each precious thread of friendship, never letting it wholly slip through my fingers, although it may be years since I held it first. This made me most highly estimate our residing in Rome, whither all roads seemed truly to tend, bringing us in contact with an infinite variety of old friends and acquaintances. Each season we felt more at home in the great centre of learning, art, and religion, notwithstanding the ruthless spoliation carried on under the guise of needful advance; and in the annually changing society of winter visitors we always found ourselves meeting earlier associates.

After the temporal downfall of the Pope, or of "Mastai Ferretti," as a plain man-Friend of our acquaintance deemed it right to call him, the Evangelical bodies were eager to show their sympathy and interest with Rome, from the belief that her political situation must impel her to seek the alliance and support of Protestants; and it was to me like a strange resuscitation to behold intelligent, highly-cultivated Quakers, whose forefathers were connected with my earliest recollections and family traditions, walking amid the original scenes of those engravings by Piranesi, which had so deeply stirred my youthful imagination.

There were other Evangelical Christians, more or less in unity with Friends, who included a visit to Pius the Ninth in their Roman sojourn, and even went up the Scala Santa on their knees. There were others who, for conscience sake, went even farther. We had a very pleasant call in the spring of 1876 from the widow of John Bright's youngest brother, Samuel, accompanied by Thomas Richardson, of Jarrow, author of "The Future of the Society of Friends," and Edward Robson, of Sunderland; and she told us that, of the four Quaker brothers, the Lucases, three had gone over to Popery; that some of their sons were now priests; and that Samuel Lucas, editor of the *Morning Star*, was the only one who remained a Protestant.

My husband's life-long advocacy of peace principles brought us in contact, in November, 1873, with Mr. Dudley Field, Mr. Richard, M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil, and other gentlemen selected to promote international arbitration instead of war. Mr. Richard had, I believe, earlier carried the resolution in Parliament by an accident; for had there been an ordinary house, it would have been negatived by a large majority. His having so done, however, and thereupon receiving an address in support of his views, signed by a million working-men in Great Britain, made a profound impression on the Continent. In Rome, Mancini, Professor of International Law, carried the motion unanimously in the Chamber of Deputies. Mr. Richard and his colleagues were cordially welcomed by the citizens; and an enterprising milliner, turning the sentiment of the moment to the advantage of her trade, introduced the *Chapeau Richard*, or Arbitration Bonnet. It was of soft grey silk, fastened on

one side by a dove of oxidised silver with an olive-branch in its beak.

Although William and I never cared for dinners or late evening parties, and avoided so-called "society," with its petty jealousies and struggles for precedence, we thoroughly appreciated that agreeable interchange of heart and mind with friends and neighbours which yields present delight and fills the memory with enduring satisfaction. Possessing no predilection for the Church of England, we yet highly esteemed many of its ministers, and were on excellent terms with the clergy in charge of the English Chapel in Rome. Thus, on our first arrival we had agreeable intercourse with the then chaplain, Mr. Shadwell, and his family. I next remember Mr. Grant holding the same post. He was from Yorkshire, and full of goodheartedness and true human sympathies. There were, besides, two younger clergymen—one a desperate Radical, who took to my husband as holding the same views; the other a smooth-faced Ritualist, full of self-control and devotion, who remains in my mind as a young evangelist. From my heart can never be effaced the impression made by the Christ-like minister of the Gospel, the Rev. Somerset Burtchaell, who, more than a missionary to the Jews in the Ghetto, was a universal peace-maker. We mourned much his premature death, which occurred in Jerusalem. The Rev. Henry Wasse, the present chaplain, came from solitary, remote Axe Edge, in Derbyshire. He knew the Mackarnesses and other friends of ours.

Here I would record that the concourse of English visitors to Rome brought, in the Easter of 1871, the incumbent of the village church which I had attended when we dwelt at The Orchard; a guileless character, whose one thought was how faithfully to do his duty, both to God and man. It was quite a joy to us that he came. The next spring we met again, at first accidentally on the Spanish steps, the Unitarian minister, Dr. Sadler, and his wife; he whose thoughtful, poetic sermons had soothed and stirred my mind when we dwelt at Clapton and St. John's Wood. How pleased were we to see once more, and that in Rome, our old acquaintance of Nottingham, Philip Bailey, the author of "Festus," who had come with his wife from their island home in Guernsey for a six weeks' tour in

Italy. In March, 1873, the gentle and refined Mr. Edward Clifford and his sister were in the Eternal City. They sang together beautiful hymns and spoke much with us of Broadlands and Sister Elizabeth.* And at the same time arrived Sir William FitzHerbert, from his stately and retired home in Derbyshire. In 1876, at Christmas, Professor Boyd Dawkins quite captivated us by his lively descriptions of his exploits in old bone-caves. In the spring of 1879 came our literary co-worker and much-esteemed friend, the deservedly popular author, Dr. Samuel Smiles, and his wife, ever his true helpmate. We also found among the established residents the Countess Gigliucci, with whom, when Clara Novello, we had enjoyed travelling many years earlier.

Among the numerous Americans whom we had the pleasure of meeting were, in the season of 1870—71, the two clever daughters of the philosopher, Amos Bronson Alcott. The one, Louisa, who already had attained celebrity by her "Old-fashioned Girl" and "Little Women," found time, amid much sight-seeing and company, to write in Rome her "Little Men": the other, May, meanwhile devoting herself to landscape-painting. Moncure Conway, when preparing his lectures on the "Natural History of the Devil," for delivery at the Royal Institution, paid a flying visit to Rome in the spring of 1872. He supposed that Rome must offer him rich contributions for his demonology, but, if I remember rightly, in this he was disappointed. 1873 brought the Bayard Taylors. He was changed since last we met from a handsome young bachelor, of slender person and equally slender means, into a powerfully built middle-aged man, evidently enjoying the good things of this life, and that best earthly reward, a sensible, agreeable wife. In February, 1874, Mrs. Adeline D. Whitney stayed, with her husband and daughter, at the Hôtel de la Paix. She was in person, manner, and conversation just what the author of "The Gayworthys" and other good, womanly books ought to be. The following winter came the Pattons, both clever and guileless, she the same sweet singer as the Abby Hutchinson of thirty years earlier; and Walton, the son of our Quaker correspondent, Daniel Ricketson, of New

* Mr. Clifford has since personally rendered signal service to the late Father Damien, apostle of the lepers, in Molokai.

Bedford—he had something amazingly fresh and attractive about him! And although we have never been granted the privilege of seeing face to face the home-abiding poet Whittier, the bond of sympathy and mutual regard was drawn closer in Rome by kindly messengers bringing us his verbal and written greetings.

In our valued friend, the mother of Mr. Osborne Morgan, we had an agreeable link with Scandinavia and North Wales, as she had spent many years of her youth in Sweden, and took a keen interest in all pertaining thereto. On one occasion, when she was calling on me, charming Anna Hjerta—now Madame Retzius, of Stockholm—a beautiful specimen of a Swedish woman, entered. It proved, in conversation, that her mother and Mrs. Morgan had been friends in their youth. This further led to Anna's mentioning that her mother was closely related to the unfortunate Karl Wilhelm Jerusalem, whose suicide was the cause of Goethe publishing his romance, "The sorrows of Young Werther"; an act which had caused the Jerusalems much just indignation.

Madame Jerichau, the clever painter of portraits and *genre*, who was likewise present, remarked, turning to Mademoiselle Hjerta, "It is curious. You are a direct link with Werther, and I am an indirect link with the heroine, Lotte; for when I was first in Rome, in my young days, Kestner, the then *chargé d'affaires* for Hanover, and who was her son, wanted to marry me."

Mrs. Morgan and her two daughters constantly wintered in Rome; and the Sandbaches came one season. Mr. Penry Williams, whose fifty years of residence in Rome was festively celebrated, much to the hero's surprise, by some appreciative friends in December, 1876, dwelt at 42, Piazza Mignanelli, surrounded by his admirable sketches and glowing oil-paintings of Italy and her *Contadini*, which he showed in his accustomed quiet, unobtrusive way. Miss Rhoda Broughton may also be classed in the Welsh list, from her residence in the Principality with her married sister, who accompanied her to Rome in the early part of 1874.

In Rome our connection with the antipodes was brought prominently before us. Not only Mr. G. W. Rusden, of Melbourne, but other Australians just arrived from Naples or

Brindisi on their way to England, dropped in to see us. An accidental visit, moreover, to the studio of a sculptor named Summers made us acquainted with the artist of the monument erected by the Victorian Government to Burke and Wills, and which commemorates in statuary the offices performed by our son.

In the spring of 1877 we had the joy of welcoming our faithful friend, Miss Margaret Gillies, whose affectionate and enthusiastic nature luxuriated in a sojourn at Rome. It was a time of exquisite happiness mingled with pain, for our beloved and gifted friend, Margaret Foley, was then already treading the Valley of the Shadow of Death in sickness, weariness, and agony, which were to end, the following December, in death.

The friendship of Baron and Baroness von Hoffmann was a great blessing to this poor sufferer and ourselves, and cast a golden effulgence over my husband's closing hours. He delighted to wander with them, in familiar converse, about the extensive grounds of their beautiful home, which possesses the grandest view of Rome that I can recall. It embraces much of the imperial city, the cupola of St. Peter's, the vast Campagna, with its engirdling mountains; a landscape scattered over far and wide with ancient aqueducts, dull red and ivied walls, ruins, temples, churches, monasteries, presenting an epitome, as it were, of classic and Christian Rome. Old box-hedges, or rather walls, neatly clipped, bound the gardens, alleys, and approaches to the mansion, and send forth in the sun their peculiar odour. Ancient statues of old Romans, broken friezes, torsos, and sarcophagi, all genuinely pagan and characteristic spoils of the soil, flank the sunny terraces and the dark avenue of wide-spreading ilexes; whilst an old stone seat embowered in luxuriant foliage, and facing Monte Cavo, marks the spot where, according to the inscription, the apostle of Rome, kind St. Philip Neri, "conversed with his disciples on the things of God."

Scenes are these of beauty and plenty; nay more, of awe-inspiring devotion. On this self-same Cœlian Hill, the very pearl of Rome to English Christians, St. Gregory, from his home and monastery, sent to our heathen forefathers, through St. Augustine, faith, baptism, and Holy Writ. Here, in other

hallowed precincts, hearts have bled and prayed, and hands have worked for Britain. It is a locality once possessing the house of the Christian lady, Cyriaca, in whose portico the deacon Laurence distributed alms; and still possessing the rude retreat of the great abolitionist of slavery, St. John de Matha—a locality, in fact, where, from the time the sacred grove of the Camenæ skirted the hill, saints have left their impress. As I think of this my soul echoes the melodious verses of my friend, Madame Belloc, commemorative of the Cœlian Hill.

The last visit my husband ever paid was to his favourite associates on this Cœlian Hill in January, 1879. He appeared quite well up to the middle of the month, when he caught a cold that brought on bronchitis. He had, however, unconsciously to himself and others, been suffering for some months from a valvular disease of the heart, which the bronchial attack revealed. On Monday afternoon, March 3, 1879, he expired.

MRS. ALFRED WATTS TO MADAME BODICHON.

"55, *Via Sistina, Rome, March* 9, 1879.—I am deeply grateful to our Heavenly Father for the marvellous manner in which He has comforted and sustained our darling mother through these long weeks of greatest anxiety; and now, in the first sharp surprise of her bereavement, her peace of mind, her joy in the belief in my father's peace and joy are marvellous to behold. Indeed, we all feel a strength, nay, even, strange as it may sound, an inward joy, which is not of this earth.

"My father bade us in departing to *rejoice with him*, not to mourn, and we seem to lie in the reflex of his bright hope. He met the approach of death with the same brave heart that he had ever shown throughout his career. His intellect was bright to the very end, and his whole spirit merged into intense love—love to God, love to man, love to all created things. The innermost tenderness of a most tender heart bloomed forth and exhaled itself in a perfume as of Heaven itself.

"He sent his love and his blessing to all his friends; so I give you your share. We all felt very much indeed your writing that kind letter yourself. God bless you, dear Barbara,

and may all lovely days of old be transfigured again into yet better days. God's hand is for ever outstretched, and there is no end to His bountiful gifts and heavenly outpourings to all the creatures who love Him. He may transform us, but the transformations are only into lovelier, more subtle, and exquisite forms. And our days end not here."

THE SAME TO MISS MARGARET GILLIES.

"*Rome, March* 10, 1879.—When Mr. Duncan was here my beloved father was sick unto death; but we knew that you would so take it to heart that we dared not then let you know. Dear Octavia, too, came; and how sweet and noble-hearted she is! She knew, and said she would break the news to you. We are aware what a severing of an old, old friendship this must seem to you. Yet it is but a seeming! Love is an immortal creature, Time and Death render her stronger and grander; and only when we enter behind the veil may we see how glorious she has become through trial and pain.

"When dear Alfred and I arrived here three weeks ago yesterday, we found our beloved father looking but little changed in his countenance; only a shade thinner and paler in the face. But so ethereal-looking! He was very quiet. He was not permitted by the doctor to speak much. He was sitting in the dining-room, in his easy-chair, propped up with pillows. He wore his crimson-lined, dark-blue dressing-gown and a little black silk cap.

"A fearful hemorrhage had come on when the bronchial symptoms had lessened, and it was the fact of this hemorrhage, and the news sent us by Meggie of the heart being affected, that made Alfred and me set off at an hour's notice. What a journey we had! And how all seemed a terrible yet beautiful dream as we rushed across France and Italy! Italy always has, some way, been to me the *ideality of grief;* and she put on her robe of plaintive beauty to greet us on that journey. I scarcely expected to see my father alive. But how much consolation, how much store of golden memories, were to be given us during the fortnight that we were all blended into one heart and soul, as it were, in this crucible of suffering Love!

"I found my beloved mother wonderfully calm and sustained, and my dear father love, meekness, and patience; the servants, good, fat Louisa, and that faithful Gaetano—you know them—most devoted. My father inspired the strongest esteem in a wide circle of friends. All sought to minister to him and my mother. Indeed, during this time we all feel that ours has been a very banquet of love. Prayers went up daily both here, in Tyrol, and in England; most tender fervent prayers for him. I believe that very many Catholics prayed for him, and even had Masses said for him in some of the churches here. A very cloud of prayer, like incense, was always ascending; and the prayers had their fulfilment, in the tenderest state of mind, in his gradually relaxing hold upon this outer sphere, in his yearning for the higher life, in a perfectly internal state of peace, and in the gentle termination of a sickness which might have been terrible both from length and intensity.

"This day week—Monday, March 3—at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon—we all round him, good Dr. Nevin having been to see him, and having read with deep feeling the 'Prayers for the Sick'—the end came! It came fully expected by us all, longed for by him. He must in some mysterious manner have had an intimation of the very hour of his departure, because, asking some one to tell him the hour, and learning that it was one o'clock—'Only one!' he exclaimed in a tone as if greatly disappointed. 'Then I have yet some hours to struggle!' His breathing was much oppressed; and after blessing us all—'all his friends, and all the world!'—and bidding Dr. Nevin good-bye, he did not speak again, except to say rapidly and with a joyful sort of impatience, 'Lift up my hands! Lift up my hands.' This my mother and I did, standing, as we were, one on each side of his bed. His hands were heavy and cold like marble. His eyes were closed. Death had set his seal upon the beloved white face.

"Two days after this, with every honour that his friends in Rome could show to his mortal remains, he was laid in one of the sunniest of spots in that most beautiful of all burial-places, the Protestant cemetery here—'that place,' as Shelley said, 'to make one in love with death.' His dear chrysalis reposes, beneath heaped-up garlands, near to the grave of Gibson. You know the spot, and can picture it all. There was a

beautiful service, arranged by kind Dr. Nevin for the occasion; and the choir from the American Church was present, singing lovely hymns in the mortuary chapel, and then over the grave. Every one sought to do his memory honour. Again, I say, we can only bless and praise God; praise in the beginning and praise in the ending.

"Is it not singular that precisely at the same hour and upon the self-same day, at the old home of his childhood in England, my father's younger and last-surviving brother, Francis, long an invalid, passed away? They have become, so to speak, twins in the new birth."

My beloved husband was wont to say, "There was no cause to lament such exits. The ripe fruit must drop, and now and then a night's frost severs the young fruit too from the tree." Most true! for on March 2, consequently the preceding day, our much-prized young kinsman, James Macdonell, was snatched away by death, at the commencement of a most promising literary career.

Mr. Augustus Hare, now so indelibly associated in literature with Rome, attended, with other sympathisers, my husband's mortal remains to their last resting-place in the cypress-shaded Campo Santo, the strangers' burial-ground, which, just within the circle of mighty Rome, is guarded by the ancient tower-crested walls of Aurelian and the blackened white marble pyramid of Caius Cestius.

The old Romans, amidst the funeral games of gladiators, solemnly bore, with inverted torches, the ashes of their beloved to sepulture on the Appian Way. It seems to me I have in these pages led the reader, stage by stage, to the tombs of my departed. It must be so in the reminiscences of a very old woman, who has survived the majority of her kindred and contemporaries. Yet is not the life of each one of us a Via Appia from the cradle to the grave? Well for us when we have not to ask, as Peter had of Him he met on that sacred way, "*Domine quo vadis?*"

To Miss Margaret Gillies.

"*April* 13, 1879.—Dear Octavia and Miss Yorke are very

comfortably settled near us, and yesterday Miranda arrived; therefore Meggie and I went over in the evening to welcome her. They all seemed so happy and bright that we were drawn into their cheerful spirit, and told our bits of experience of Roman life; and everything seemed to take a comic turn. But oh! when we got out of the house into the street, coming home, we felt as if we must cry, not laugh; and so I have felt all day. I cannot bear having people here, we so sadly miss dear William, and all his pleasant, interesting stories, and the sympathy he had in everything that went on round us. You do not know, and yet I am sure you do, how deeply I feel my loss. But I will try not to dwell upon it.

"You have thought very often and affectionately of us and our return to England. I shall never now, so far as I can see, desire to return there as a home; for since William's mortal remains are laid in the beautiful cemetery here, there is a space reserved for me by his side, and I wish to die in Rome.

To Mrs. Alfred Watts.

"86, *Via Sistina, May* 12, 1879.—I think we shall be very comfortable in these spacious lodgings for the remaining fortnight of our stay. This house, you know, is exactly opposite our old home, and we have flitted across the street to-day. There are great goings on at the Vatican in the creation of the new Cardinals. It makes quite an excitement in the clerical world. We only get very passing glimpses of the important proceedings. For instance, about two hours ago, after leaving No. 55 for the last time, just as we stepped out of the street-door we had the edification of seeing a very sombre-looking carriage-and-pair drive up. It brought back Dr. Newman from the Vatican. That most interesting old man, on alighting, tenderly embraced another son of St. Philip, one of his attendants from England, and who, in the Oratorian black cassock and white collar, had been standing for some time on the pavement, evidently awaiting his return. Then they passed lovingly together under the large arched entrance just below No. 55; for Newman is located in our close neighbourhood, in the house where Signor Vertunni, the landscape-

painter, lives. I have a great desire to hear him; only he will not preach anywhere; at least, so it is said.

"Now I shall leave my writing and take the pamphlet on 'Buddhism in China,' and read by the fire, for it is so cold, with the rain falling, falling, and our little apartment opposite standing quite dismantled."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*Rome, May* 21, 1879.—I have lent Mrs. Terry the Buddhist pamphlet. She, too, takes an interest in the subject, as her son, Marion Crawford, a young fellow brought up at Oxford, has somewhat suddenly turned his attention to Sanscrit, for which he found in himself a great capacity. He has now gone to Bombay, and he writes to his mother about the wonderful wisdom and the pure morality of the Zend-Avesta; and how, when people understand what the teaching of that theology is, boys and young men will not be corrupted by the immorality of classical learning and literature, to which so many years are devoted. Now, when Mrs. Terry brings it back, I shall have the extract from your letter for her. But, dear Annie, I want to ask whether you think the children of Israel being carried into captivity to Babylon upwards of five hundred years before the Christian era might not indoctrinate those Eastern sages with the wisdom which God gave through the Israelitish prophets, taking with them the grand prophecies of Christ, the Son of a Virgin, the Prince of Peace, &c. The recluses and hermits of the Buddhist faith are but an earlier version of the hermits of the Thebaid. I suppose all this has been worked out and made clear by some of the many minds which are now turned to these subjects."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*Meran, June* 12, 1879.—I thank you very much for the touching little intimations of the spirit-world which you sent me. I wonder very much whether good Catholics would accept anything of the kind. Would Father——, for instance, sanction dear Julia having tokens of love and recognition from her spirit-mother? We know they recognise such tokens

when they come to their saints; yet they regard them as snares of the Evil One when they come to those outside the pale of their Church. We are just now reading Cardinal Newman's 'Callista,' a lovely, pure, and noble story of the early Christian times."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*Dietenheim, July* 15, 1879.—Now let me thank you for your kind appreciation of 'The Seven Temptations.' I am so glad that in re-perusing it you found it good. The publication of that book was such a painful blow to me, or rather to my authorly pride and conceit, that I never really got over it. Nobody, reader or critic, seemed at the time to think anything of it, excepting Mr. W. J. Fox, who gave a most kind review of it in the *Monthly Repository*. It was called in the *Literary Gazette* 'blasphemous,' and everywhere, as I remember, rather scoffed at. I have never had the heart to read the book since. If it be a good book, then I am thankful, for it will be recognised in Heaven; and the writing of it was a delightful enthusiasm of poetic fervour and of hope. But, dearest, it has all been discipline. I do not complain; it has been good for me. I was very ambitious in those days; and I am glad to think that I had my disappointments and my crucifixions."

TO MADAME BODICHON.

"*Dietenheim, Sept.* 2, 1879.—You, dear Barbara, belong to those peculiar old times which live in my memory and my heart like the sweet poetry of life, which one must not expect to continue on to old age. But how bright and lovely it is in memory! And the sorrows and disappointments of later life never dim it.

"We are come, you see, to our old summer home, where eight summers in dear William's companionship had been so happily spent. Some of our friends wondered at it; but there was no home to us like this, where he had been so happy, and where remained only tender and lovely memories of him.

"We stayed, by the way, at Meran, where there is an excellent physician. As I was out of health, we thought it best to

see him first; and we have decided now to spend the coming winter there, instead of returning to Rome; thus, if I am spared, avoiding the long journeys to and fro."

To Mrs. Alfred Watts.

"*Dietenheim, Sept.* 26, 1879.—No heavenly intimations come to me as yet; and I feel so painfully that I am unworthy. I formerly shut my heart against spiritualism. I even said to your dear father, 'Don't come to me after death, for I should disbelieve you. I should remember the false, deceiving spirits that have come, and reject even you as false.' How bitterly I repent it now! I have asked in prayer that my sins might go beforehand to judgment; and I think all have been brought to my remembrance, from the very days of my childhood; and I seek for repentance, and pray for a sign of acceptance. If I were a Catholic I should ask counsel from my confessor. But God, if he would condescend so far, could do more for me than man. I will not trouble you with these things. Only, the remembrance of the past, and of my own perverseness and my own shortcomings, presses heavily upon me at times. If one could only live up to one's mercies: Day by day see how unspeakably great they are; such a gracious supply for all our wants; such a surrounding us with good people; such a making of our daily path not only easy, but pleasant. Surely, surely all this can be nothing else but an evidence of the love of God! Yes, it is so, I know. But then I want something more. I want the knowledge in myself that I am accepted. I longed for this in the early days of spiritualism. I heard of the new life that had come to Mrs. C——, and almost envied her the blessing. I wish, now, that we had gone on accepting what came, without criticising and carping. Then perhaps a fuller measure had been given to me at last. Your father, though he rejected much, yet held fast by that which was the mainstay and foundation of all true faith—confidence in Christ Jesus and the nearness of the spiritual world. What a blessing it was! I seem to be complaining. In truth, I am not. I am only telling you how I am seeking, as it were, to recover lost ground, and praying in my poor, feeble way for a sign of acceptance."

"*Meran, Nov.* 29, 1879.—To-day dear Julia's present, the 'Life of Ozanam,' has come. I have been reading it this afternoon. It is quite a comfort to me to find him a Catholic. Faber has spoiled me for any religious reading of the Protestant type, however good it may be. Two such works have recently been sent to me. I have read them conscientiously; but they do not seem to me to have the true unction of spiritual life in them. In this we shall find it.

"If you should happen to see Christina Rossetti, please to give my kind regards to her. I saw a little poem of hers, some two or three years ago, which uttered, as it were, a cry out of my own heart—to be delivered from *Self.* It was the whole cry of an earnest soul embodied in a few words; a wonderful little outburst of prayer. I think it was in an American magazine, or perhaps *Good Words;* I was so sorry I did not copy it."

To Miss Julia Leaf.

"*Meran, April* 8, 1880.—I wonder whether Annie has told you about a project, which seems to have grown up in a wonderful way of itself, or as if invisible hands had been arranging it, that we should have a little home of our own '*im heiligen Land Tirol.*' This really is a very great mercy, seeing that Tyrol is so beautiful, the air so pure and fresh, the climate so beneficial to health, and the people, taken as a whole, very honest and devout. Our little nest of love, which we shall call 'Marienruhe,' will be perched on a hill with beautiful views, surrounded by a small garden."

To Mrs. Alfred Watts.

"*Schloss Pallaus, Brixen, June* 13, 1880.—What a great pleasure we had in your letter and its interesting details! For my part, I am fully persuaded that not the smallest work of love shall fail, in God's time, of its accomplishment; and that whilst we are mere bunglers in this school of life, our training here, with the Divine blessing, will fit us to produce in that great hereafter marvels of beauty to the glory of God.

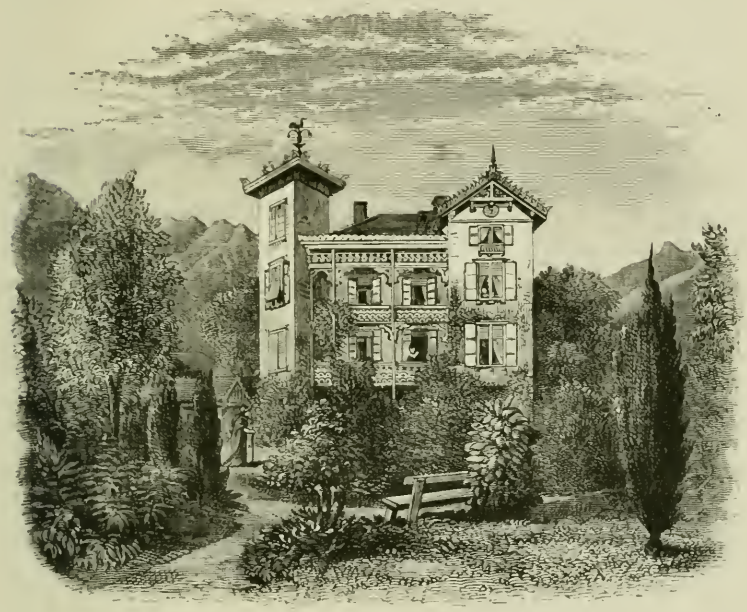
"You are right in supposing that we are spending a delightful time with Baron and Baroness Ernst von Schönberg. They and Meggie have now gone a walk; and I am resting in the blue sitting-room, which adjoins my bedroom. If I step out on the balcony, I see the fresco on the wall above, depicted in a bold style in red. It runs along the upper portion of the western front. The subject is a tournament, the figures a great deal larger than life, very bold and grand. The castle, which is under the protection of the Archangel Michael, was built in 1492; so it is old, but has no ghosts. At the present time the large blue iris, with its broad blue-green leaves, which is planted on every space of the indented parapets, is now in full bloom, making the battlements a garland of natural beauty, encircling the old stronghold. I never saw anything like it before; and you would admire it as much as I do."

"*Meran, Dec.* 27, 1880.—Your letters of the 23rd and the 24th came together this morning, both of them bringing news of deaths very different from each other, yet each affecting us deeply. Dearest Julia! what can we say of her removal that you have not already said? It is a glorious change for her. We cannot imagine one greater from that long, weary bed of suffering, that long, living crucifixion, to the glory, the peace, the fulness of existence into which she has entered, and that not as a temporary thing, not as a simple variety and relaxation, but as a perfect state for ever and ever. No more suffering, no more grief, no more change, unless it be into a higher state of blessedness. Happy Julia! We must rejoice for her; and though she is removed from her dear earthly friends, yet many among them feel that she does not lie under the green sod, but is of a truth in the blue heavens of God's life and love, and sooner or later will be amongst the St. Philips and the St. Cecilias, with whom she was so kindred on earth. What a blessed faith is that of the good sincere Catholic, to whom the glorious other world is only next door!

"We have felt an astonishment, a sort of awe almost, in hearing of the death of George Eliot. What a wonderful change, too, for her! What can the discovery of yet con-

tinued life be to those who had not believed in it? Oh, how strange it is!"

"*Schloss Pallaus, July* 5, 1881.—Here are we, so far on our way to Dietenheim, lodged like two princesses, and in the midst of kindness. Besides ourselves are two lady-visitors. One is French, the other an American, whom we and your dear father knew in Rome. She is a *pervert*, with whom he had



MARIENRUHE.

what seemed to me at the time a hot controversy on the Catholic faith and people turning to it, and which, I had feared, must have offended her. She says, 'No, not at all!' and that she respected his fervour. She says, moreover, that it was my translation of Herder's holy legend—

'Among green, pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and the Child,'

in my 'Seven Temptations,' which first, when she was quite young, inclined her heart to the Catholic faith; and that in this way I may be considered the cause of her *perversion*. After we leave comes, this week, Lady Herbert. Our dear friends, Count and Countess Hompesch, are spending the summer, with their two little boys, Pius and Paul, at an adjacent villa in this hamlet of Sarns."

On May 26, 1880, at Obermais, Meran, I had laid the first stone of the house represented in the woodcut. It commands on its four sides the most rich and varied landscapes.

To Mrs. Alfred Watts.

"*Marienruhe, March* 16, 1882.—It is perfect summer weather, without a cloud from week's end to week's end. All you say about my low fits is true; and if it were not that I am so afraid of laying the flattering unction to my soul, as if the Heavenly Father might be satisfied with me because I do my best, I really could have great peace of mind, and even joy, in the sense of the continued Divine goodness; only I know that God's sun shines on the unjust as well as the just. Then I know of a certainty that I have not deserved the blessings with which every passing day is stored, and that, like Dives, I may be receiving my good things in this life. I often try to comfort myself with these lines of Cowper's:—

'Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings.'

"Now, if I really were not afraid of the unsurpassed peace and happiness of my outward life, I might bask, as it were, in continued sunshine, rejoicing ever. But then I know myself; I know the awful shortcomings, the actual sin of my long life; and so I get very sad, wanting an assurance of salvation, of forgiveness."

"*Marienruhe, April* 14, 1882.—You will have had my letter by this time showing you that the sad news of your dearest

VIEW FROM MARIENRUHE (LOOKING WEST).

aunt's great illness had reached us. We must now look for the end. Oh! it is very sorrowful. Yet how beautiful, how full of love and good works her dear life has been! One's heart naturally clings so to beloved relatives on earth, who have been ever ready to speak words of love and tenderness. My dear, dear sister and true friend, may it only please our Lord to make me as fully prepared for the great future when my hour comes! Your dearest aunt found a place of rest for her soul, an anchor for her faith, in the Church of England, which was all-sufficient for her. This seems to me a great privilege, even though that which satisfied her never could satisfy me. I am so thankful for her."

"*April* 15, 1882.—The sad tidings has reached us. I cannot as yet realise that your dear aunt Anna has gone. Then I have such an entire confidence in her happiness, in her well-being, that I cannot feel heart-broken. She was so cheerful, taking such a tender interest in that which interested others, watching with such keen delight the coming out of spring buds and blossoms. She enjoyed reading modern books of a sweet religious tendency, not overflowing with the teaching of creeds. Thus, one of her last letters was so full of that charming book, 'Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox,' also of 'John Inglesant.' Her mind had not become old, her heart had never become chilled. I know that my life is poorer now that she is gone; but I will not murmur. I will do my endeavour to follow in her track; to take hold, as it were, of the Saviour's hand—then I shall be safe."

CHAPTER XVII.

1882—1888.

Turning now to some private notes for the year 1882, we find it ushered in on January 1st with her prayer :—

> " Of outward pleasure, wealth or ease, dear Lord,
> I do not ask increase,
> I only ask, with Thee a sweet accord,
> And that the end be peace.",

After some months occur the following entries :—

"*May* 12.—Received a note from the Countess Hompesch that her cousin, Father Ceslas de Robiano, would come with them to afternoon tea. He is a Dominican, who, by order of his superiors, remains on in Berlin, where their monastery has been suppressed. He has suffered no little in the *Culturkampf*. The Hompesches and Father de Robiano duly came. I was deeply impressed by him. I spoke of my great desire for baptism. I hope I did not say too much."

"*May* 14, *Sunday*.—Father Ceslas called in the evening. I again spoke with him of baptism; wishing I could have a direct message from God, that an angel could come and tell me what He would have me to do.

"To this the Dominican replied, 'God speaks by His messengers, saying, "He that heareth you, heareth Me. He that despises you, despises Me." But you would be right in demanding from a stranger his credentials. Mine are the Cross of Christ on my forehead, and the words He uttered to me at my ordination, "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." I come from God, and with all the weight and authority of the Catholic Church.'

"I spoke of the great difficulty I had concerning the honour paid to the Virgin Mary, though I should like to love her; and he answered, 'The hatred of the Blessed Virgin in the world is the fulfilment of the Divine Word: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." Why, in Berlin, where I am known, the street-boys, poor little fellows! run after me, crying out to annoy me, "Hail Mary!"'

"He took out his breviary, opened it, and asked, 'May I read you a little prayer which a dear friend of mine, Père Besson, gave me at a very critical moment of my life?'

"I expressed pleasure and surprise that he should have known Père Besson.

"'Ah!' he replied, with emotion, 'he was my dear friend —my brother. He was with me when I took the habit.'

"The prayer of the Dominican artist was written in French, Father de Robiano's native tongue, for he is a Belgian. He read it very slowly, translating it into English:—'O Jesus, my Saviour, the only physician of my soul, I fling myself with all my weakness and misery into Thy ever-open arms. Humiliated as I am by the sight of myself, I know perfectly well that I am both ignorant and much mistaken about myself. Thou, who seest in very truth, look mercifully on me. Lay Thy healing hand on my wounds. Pour the salutary life-giving balm of Thy love into my heart. Do for me what I have not the courage to do for myself. Save me in spite of myself. May I be Thine; wholly Thine, and at all cost Thine: in humiliation, in poverty, in suffering, in self-abnegation Thine: Thine in the way Thou knowest to be most fitting, in order that thereby Thou mightest be now and ever mine. Thou art my Master, my Lord, my Saviour, my God. I am Thy poor little creature, dependent alone on Thy merciful charity, O Jesus, my only hope.'

"After this the question of baptism was decided, and even the day fixed—May 26."

"*May* 15.—Very pleasant letter from Australia. All are well; and my dear eldest grandchild, Charlton, was to sail on May 4 for Europe."

"*May* 19.—Father Ceslas came this morning. I question if I learned much, but the conversation was interesting. I told him I should never know what to say in my self-defence when a Catholic. He advised me 'to leave it to God. He always did so, especially before magistrates; and in Prussia he had been taken up five times.' In my case it will never be so bad. No one will take me before magistrates."

"*May* 22.—We talked together on Everlasting Punishment. I said it was dreadful to imagine millions of souls burning in torments for ever. Then Father Ceslas exclaimed, 'Who said there were millions of souls? Who knows how many souls wilfully reject God at the last? I remember when my brother and I were studying law, a dear friend of ours studied with us. He had an intense perception of the holiness of God. He was ever thinking that if God was so pure, so just, He could never pass over the least sin. He kept pondering and pondering whether there were many or few saved; with his estimation of the Divine Holiness he kept reducing and reducing the number, so that they grew fewer and fewer each time we met. At length my brother, who was a generous soul, could bear this restriction of God's mercy no longer. Up he rose in righteous indignation, crying, "I tell you, Heaven is full of scoundrels, murderers, fools, and blasphemers!"'

"I yield to the doctrine of Everlasting Punishment; trusting all to the wisdom of God, which is far beyond my poor comprehension. I know He is merciful, and that all He does is right."

"*May* 25.—The permission arrives from Trent for my baptism in the private chapel, arranged for the convenience of Father de Robiano's brother-in-law and sister, Count and Countess Franz Stolberg-Wernigerode, in Schloss Rametz, where they are staying. I shall have to read the profession of faith in the Tridentine form, commonly called the Creed of Pope Pius IV. It is all right, though it seemed to me a little sweeping."

"*May* 26, 1882.—A very important day to me. I became a member of the Church of Rome: I hope and trust directly of

Christ. It was all very beautiful. Ernst von Schönberg was with me; and the act was performed in the midst of a heavenly human family. Went later with Ernst and returned thanks in the little church of St. Valentine."

I write to my elder daughter from

"*Marienruhe, June* 16, 1882.—Dear Charlton is here. He is a quiet, well-bred, self-possessed youth; a water-drinker, and never smokes. He is all we can desire. This must satisfy you for to-day."

To Miss Leigh Smith.

"*Marienruhe, Oct.* 6, 1882.—We thank you for so kindly sending us the *Graphic*, and afterwards the *Illustrated News*. We are interested in every incident of your brother Ben's voyage to Franz Joseph Land, the loss of his ship, and the return of the explorer and his crew from Nova Zembla. We were glad to have a peep of them in their hut on Cape Flora. But above all were we thankful to see that the brave man himself was so little changed; that, notwithstanding the sufferings and hardships, it was just the same calm, thoughtful face that I remember thirty or more years ago. I have always felt toward Barbara, Ben, and you as to none other of our friends, as if in some mysterious way you were kindred to us.

"Of course, dear Nannie, you have heard of the awful visitation of water which has come down upon poor old Tyrol and the north of Italy. The misery, ruin, destruction, and general devastation of hundreds of districts up in the mountains is what nobody can conceive but those who have been shut up there and cannot get away. Then, think of all those towns, Verona, Trent, Bozen, Brixen, and poor old Bruneck, which has, perhaps, lost more houses than any other place."

To Mrs. Todhunter.

"*Oct.* 13, 1882.—How kind you have been in feeling anxiety about us at Meran! But it has been mercifully spared; for, excepting the breaking up of the railway and overflowing of the river in the broad valley which extends on to Bozen, destroying vineyards and orchards, the town itself, and all its

surrounding hills, with their numerous villages, have been quite uninjured. Beyond this broad valley, which no doubt in primeval times was a lake, all is ruin, desolation, loss, and misery inconceivable. Our poor Pusterthal, so peaceful and flourishing, like the once-beautiful region surrounding Trent and Verona, is now a scene of devastation.

"The whole year has been abnormal in some respects; so much wet, and so unusually cold; at least, it was so in Pusterthal. There was snow on the mountains, even in July, fresh fallen, so cold was the weather, with rain in the lower country. The summer harvests were got in with difficulty; the later crops must be all lost. The destruction of bridges, mills, dwellings, almost entire villages, is so appalling and heart-rending that one knows not how relief is to come, nor even hope; because rain still continues; for, though it may clear up and there be two fine days, electric clouds gather and two days of rain certainly follow.

To Mrs. Gaunt.

"*Nov.* 8, 1882.—We are very thankful just now for dry weather, as we have had about ten days without rain; and some of them very brilliant, belonging to the true character of Meran. The end of October was awful; three days and nights of incessant rain, which again produced floods, and every provisional means to amend the former devastation was again destroyed, carried away before the raging waters, and much more ruin and damage produced than earlier. People in some places were in despair. The military, who had in the first instance been so helpful, had been withdrawn from most of these quarters, and so the population, doing what they could single-handed, left the rest to chance.

"In Bruneck, the cemetery was overflowed and the dead carried out of their graves; the burial-vaults of families, which had been built as if to last for centuries, were washed away, almost like houses of cards. Some families, at the first alarm of danger, removed their dead. It has been truly an awful time. Dr. James Young, of Kelly, the discoverer of paraffine, has sent me £100 for the relief of the inundated. May our dear Lord bless him for it! The Austrian Govern-

ment, which is not rich, has sent large relief. But this second flood has destroyed the work which the Government grant enabled the various local authorities to effect."

To Mrs. Alfred Watts.

"*Schloss Pallaus, Brixen, Feb.* 13, 1883.—We have arrived here quite safely after a most prosperous journey; looking, however, with extreme and sorrowful interest at the dreadful havoc caused by the inundations, which has transformed the once-smiling, although grand valley of the Eisack into a gloomy, desolate defile. Baron Schönberg was waiting for his guests at the Brixen railway station, with various conveyances, and we drove by quite a new route to Pallaus; the bridge over the Eisack having been swept away. We came here into Alpine scenery, for within the last few days snow has fallen here abundantly; yet, the wind being in the south, the air is quite mild."

"*Pallaus, Feb.* 15, 1883.—We went yesterday on our Confirmation errand to the Prince-Bishop of Brixen. It was all very beautiful and solemn, but not at all sad. I, the old, old woman, Mrs. W——, and Alice—three generations, as it were—received the rite. The ceremony was in the private chapel of the palace, and when it was over the Bishop received us all in one of his grand yet simply-furnished old rooms. The party consisted of Ernst and Bessie von Schönberg, Mr. and Mrs. W——, Alice, Meggie, and myself, Dr. Mitterrutzner, Director of the Brixen Gymnasium, Father Paul, and Mr. Basil Wilberforce. It is a pleasure to us that Alfred saw Mr. Wilberforce, whom we consider one of our especial friends. Although the weather had been for several days misty and cloudy, the sun was by this time shining. As I was driving with Bessie out of the court of the Bishop's palace, the letter-bag was put into the carriage, and a most kind, affectionate letter from my dear Australian children was handed me. It seemed to come like a recognition of approval and satisfaction from a Power higher than merely earthly contrivance. What a warm, loving reply I shall send by the next mail!"

"*Feb.* 25, 1883.—The whole of the little journey to Brixen and back, with its varied details, was so completely one beautiful succession of harmonious links of love, that nothing could have been more perfect. Nothing, too, that I ever experienced or hoped for is so sweet, tender, and real as what I now feel in my soul. Give thanks for me that there are times, but only now and then, just now and then, when I feel the reality of the spiritual life, and even its nearness, with such intense love and gratitude to the Lord that I could almost weep for joy."

"*Easter-Sunday, March* 25, 1883.—A Happy Alleluia to you! This is the paschal greeting which friend gives friend here in Catholic Tyrol.

"I have been with Meggie and Alice to the parish church this morning, to High Mass. It was very beautiful and stately. The church was quite full, even the aisles, with praying men, women, and children—those dear little observant children, some not above five years old, all attention, and kneeling with small clasped hands. Then the rapt silence and devotion of such an assembly. At the more solemn portions of the service, when all regard the Lord as present, and every man, woman, and child is kneeling, there is not a sound, not a head turned as with curiosity to look about. It was this morning as silent as if nobody was there. This, I think, is the most wonderful feature of Catholic devotion. I, who am so sensitive to outward influences, find this mute attention of all around me most comfortable. Well, having said this much, and again offered dear Alfred and you my salutation of a Happy Alleluia, I will proceed to the next joyful subject, to Raphael Weldon's wedding, which was in the best style of taste; and both bride and bridegroom very remarkable young people. She, with her Girton honours, has a rank in intellectual culture equal to one-half, at least, of the men who leave our universities."

"*April* 6, 1883.—Let me go back to the day before yesterday, when we had our London guests. Mr. Woodall remained at home with me, answering all my questions about everything

in the political and public world that we are interested in. Of course, he answered and explained all from his point of view, looking at everything with much more favourable inferences and opinions than we probably should. He does not fear Fenian malice and revenge. It is only an epidemic in Ireland, he thinks, such as occurs again and again, and then passes away. He likewise thinks well of the Salvation Army. The results of its labours in the Potteries seem wonderful. He has presided at its meetings, and upholds it warmly.

"Well, all the time Mr. Woodall was indoctrinating my mind on these subjects, Meggie and Alice were in the town with genial Mr. Harry Furniss, who was photographing; not 'versing or prosing it,' but 'picturesquing it everywhere.' They showed him the old Burg, the town-house of Margaret Maultasch, with all its quaint old furniture, with which he was delighted. They stopped old men, old women, children, everything that was effective, posed them, got up groups instanter; all were photographed, and people were delighted. It was the merriest, most amusing morning. He has joined this Royal Commission of Inquiry into Technical Education, not at their expense, but his own, and gives a most amusing account of the very hard work it has been to him. They posted on, and he wanted to stay; and they said, 'Now look, Furniss, here is a magnificent scene for you. Take it all into your mind, make notes of it, and you'll have a splendid picture!' But that is not what he wants, but rather what he has been doing in Meran this morning: getting true little bits of picturesqueness that abound here, and which could never be imagined. We wanted him to stay a day or two with us, as he found Meran such a peculiarly pictorial place, and then catch up his companions farther on the tour; but he thought it wisest not to part from them.

"The secretary of the Commission is Mr. Gilbert Redgrave, whose father I had the pleasure of meeting at Liverpool many years ago. He has kindly sent me word through Mr. Woodall that my 'Steadfast Gabriel' influenced his early career.

"Yesterday came one of the most beautiful and affecting letters I ever read. It was a farewell from the Bishop of Argyll, now lying hopelessly ill at Brighton. Reflecting on the very pleasant, friendly intercourse which subsisted for so

many years, we feel this grief still more acutely. I am sorry to conclude with so sad a topic."

"*Dietenheim, July* 22, 1883.—We have been to church at the Ursulines'; Anton driving us, as he always does on Sunday mornings. While we are at Mass he fetches our letters, which we then have the pleasure of reading. In yours of to-day you speak of the death of our *Hofbauer's* brother. Your prayer for the dear old soul is quite Catholic; the usual words being, 'Eternal rest give to him, O Lord. Let perpetual light shine upon him. May he rest in peace!' This, I truly believe, will be Onkel Johann's state. How your father and we all respected him! He was seventy-nine years of age, yet his eyes to the last were those of a young man. I never saw such an old face. He had been no reader; he worked with his hands and knew many prayers by heart. He would hold his rosary in his hard, withered old hands, and live over with the Blessed Virgin the entire life of her Son, as he watched the cows in the fields, and seemed to be standing in vacant idleness there. Many peasants, especially women and children, have wonderfully precious times in the solitary pastures, when tending their cows and sheep. Very much teaching can be acquired out of the rosary. I never shall forget the countenance of a youth of perhaps eighteen who knelt by me one Sunday in the Ursuline church last summer. He was an Italian, a navvy, or something of that kind, sunburnt, and with coarse and hard young hands. The rosary was round them, and the beads passed slowly through the clasped fingers. He never saw me; he never stirred. His countenance was beautiful; his soul was with Mary and her Divine Son, God Himself. You can understand how I could not help praying that his prayers might be heard and his soul's devotion be accepted."

In the summer of 1884 my beloved daughter Annie, unknowing it, came to Dietenheim to die. With no revelation of the approaching parting, she and I were wont to sit, at her favourite hour of sunset, on the upper balcony of Mayr-am-Hof, where she read to me "The Idylls of the King," or "The Holy Grail" and "The Passing of Arthur," and finished her water-

colour sketch of the quiet village street. It was a fair and familiar scene, through which, a few evenings later, the mourning inhabitants carried her to her final resting-place in God's Acre. They bore her under the quaint old archway of the village church to her grave next to that of poor Onkel Johann, when, in the hush of nature, the evening glow illumined the mountain-tops and twilight spread over the valley and lower slopes.

On the common above both the churchyard and Mayr-am-

ARCHWAY OF THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Hof, near the old crucifix, where we have all so often sat to enjoy the sunset, a granite seat for the wayfarers had been erected. It was often visited by her in the beautiful closing hours of her pure and devoted life. It was a memento to her beloved father from our generous friend, Walter Weldon, who has also gone to his rest and his reward.

It now merely remains to conclude this narrative with some chief and closing incidents, which are duly chronicled in the following extracts from letters.

To Mrs. Gaunt.

"*Meran, May* 27, 1885.—We have had an unusually cold and broken sort of winter and spring here. Just now, within the last week, the first settled and true Meran weather has set in. Nevertheless endless grandees and royalties have been here;

THE CRUCIFIX ON THE COMMON.

and notably the Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, brother of the Empress of Austria, and his lovely young Duchess, an Infanta of Portugal. That which makes them especially admirable and estimable is, that he, having naturally a talent for surgery and an intense interest in diseases of the eyes, has devoted his life for some years to the cure of the blind,

principally of cataract. He has a hospital for the purpose situated near his palace at Tegernsee. Being himself out of health, he came for change of air to Meran; but the fame of his healing-power having preceded him, the blind soon presented themselves: and he, unable to resist their appeal, saw them and began to operate on them. Others came, and still more and more, from all parts of Tyrol, old and young, mothers with their children, tens, twenties, till at last two thousand in all have come to him. On two hundred he has operated, and nearly always successfully. Even old men who have been blind for ten and fifteen years have left the Meran hospital seeing; two wards there having been set aside for his use.

"His assistant surgeon, and even the gracious young Duchess herself, worked with him; she often holding the hands of the poor patients, speaking words of kind encouragement to them, and giving the instruments to her husband as he needed them. Anything more angelic or Christlike than this cannot be imagined. Alice, who has been in the habit of giving her services in the Meran hospital, has been the eye-witness of these proceedings; and every evening we have had the privilege of assisting her to prepare the bandages for the next day's use. This and other circumstances which are not worth mentioning have made us all personally acquainted with these excellent people; so that the sweet young Duchess, her three little daughters, and her lady-in-waiting have all become our friends, and given quite a grace and beauty to Marienruhe. Such an instance of pure Christian love as that exercised by this royal couple has never before been known in Meran. Yesterday they left, with the blessings of all following them.

"Yesterday, also, we parted with some dear Australian relatives, whom till the week before we had never seen, and who charmed us by their intelligence, freshness of spirit, and simplicity of taste and manner of life."

To Mrs. W——.

"*Meran, Dec.* 6, 1885.—We have recently had some most welcome visitors, who came for a week to Meran—Octavia Hill's sister, Gertrude, and her husband, Charles Lewes, the

son of the well-known writer and the biographer of Goethe. You would have greatly enjoyed, as we did, Mr. and Mrs. Lewes's society. They are very bright, taking an active part in all good and useful efforts for human improvement and well-being. They and her sister Octavia have been working very hard this last summer to obtain for the northern side of London that fine addition to Hampstead Heath, Parliament Hill, with its adjoining land. This was a scheme which we also, when living at Highgate, coveted for the public, and for which my dear husband laboured, but feared it would never be obtained. Now, however, through unremitting efforts and unlooked-for help, it seems likely to be accomplished. All this good news our friends brought us, which caused us, as you will understand, a great rejoicing."

To Mrs. Oldham.

"*Dietenheim, Sept.* 4, 1886:—We are having here a very fine summer. The harvest seems to be well got in, and the peasant-people are all advancing into a state of great expectation and excitement in prospect of five days of magnificent military manœuvres which take place here in the middle of this month in the presence of the Emperor of Austria and his entire staff. He has never been to Bruneck for forty-two years, and then only for one night, on a journey he was making, as a boy, with his two little brothers, Carl Ludwig and Maximilian, under the charge of their tutor, and when there seemed no chance of his ever being Emperor. Military manœuvres of one kind or another take place here every autumn; but those this year will surpass in importance all preceding ones. Twice this old Mayr-am-Hof, which is a conspicuous object on this side the valley, has been made the special point of attack by one party, and consequently of defence by the other; so if now, in this imperial inspection of the troops, it is used for the same purpose, it will give us an especial interest in at least one day's work.

"We have been reading with enjoyment Mr. Froude's 'Oceana.' We much approve of his very strong desire that our colonies should, like good, faithful, well-trained children, be staunch in love and service to old Mother England. How

deeply we feel on this subject I cannot tell you; and I hope and trust that you join strongly in this truly English sentiment.

"I am quite a fixture to the house, as I cannot walk any distance. Still, before I had this bad cold I spent a portion of each day out of doors, sitting under the wide-spreading trees by the old closed gateway, which you will find in this September number of *Good Words*—as drawn by dear Annie—in the last chapter of the 'Reminiscences.'"

The "bad cold" developed into a most serious illness, but on September 24, Margaret Howitt is happily able to write to Miss Leigh Smith:—

"I cannot let another day pass without telling you how much better my mother is. The doctor now speaks quite hopefully; and although, in her present weak condition, there seems little likelihood of an immediate return to Meran, we can now dare to hope that we may take her back before the cold weather sets in.

"We have had the Emperor Franz Joseph and four Archdukes in Bruneck from last Thursday night until Tuesday afternoon. On Tuesday morning, he, his relatives, and the military suite watched the sham-fighting for two hours from the fields belonging to Mayr-am-Hof and from the crucifix just above on the common. He allowed the villagers to stand with him to see the manœuvres, and our cook and housemaid being of the company, returned indoors quite enchanted; Josefa pronouncing it 'the treat of a lifetime.' They and Anton, moreover, had the gratification of hearing the Emperor admire the outside of Mayr-am-Hof, which was made festive with flags of the Austrian and Tyrolean colours. He spoke of the house to an aide-de-camp as '*grossartig*.' The Pusterthalers are doubly loyal, from the sympathy and the substantial aid given them by their sovereign at the time of the floods. Knowing, therefore, his liking for costume, they put on wonderful old attire belonging to their forefathers, to appear before him last Sunday on the shooting-ground. We can see the spot, with its belt of fir-trees across the meadows; and the weather being as brilliant as the uniforms and the peasant-costumes, the glimpses gained

at the distance resembled some wonderful ballet. Had my mother only been well, it would have been a charming episode. She will, however, enjoy hearing of it when she is better."

MARY HOWITT TO THE SAME.

"*Marienruhe, Oct.* 23, 1886.—Restored to health by the loving mercy of God, I wish gratefully and affectionately to acknowledge your many kind letters of inquiry and sympathy throughout my late illness. I had no pain, and I have heard that old people often pass away without any suffering. However, I know well that I was very ill; that a medical man came regularly to see me; that a dear, kind Sister of Charity attended me in the night, allowing Margaret or Alice to rest. But oh! how can I tell you the sweet calm all this time? for I felt assured that I was about to pass away into the other life, which seemed to me perfectly natural.

"I wonder, dear Nannie, whether you and Isabella are acquainted with that little work of Cardinal Newman's, 'The Dream of Gerontius.' It is a great favourite of mine, and I know all its incidents perfectly. If you know it you will remember where the dying man says—

> 'I fain would sleep;
> The pain has wearied me. . . . Into Thy hands,
> O Lord, into Thy hands.' . . .

At that passage one understands that the soul leaves the body. I felt that I was at that stage after I had received what is called 'Extreme Unction,' a solemn, but beautiful occasion. It seemed to me—only please to remember that I am not sure whether I was in the full possession of my mind, for it is all to me like a wonderful, sweet dream—that I closed my eyes after it to sleep, but not, as Gerontius, to wake in the other life, but rather gradually by soft degrees to full consciousness and returning health, and an abiding peace of mind. I was there—old Mary Howitt again—just myself. If that short illness had not reduced me almost to skin and bone, with scarcely ability to turn myself in bed, I should have thought it a dream or some sort of strange delusion. I am thankful to

know it was real. I assuredly believe that the wonderful power of Catholic prayer, not for my life, but for the fulfilment of God's will, whether I were to live or die, prevailed, and that for some purpose or other I was raised up again. This seems arrogant, does it not? I feel it so; and yet it is to me so wonderful. And I like you to know how marvellously the dear Lord has dealt with me; and what an angel, what a true Sister of Mercy, night and day, was Alice by my bed."

To Mrs. Gaunt.

"*March* 21, 1887.—It was just like you not to forget my birthday; and I think that altogether it was one of the pleasantest possible for an old woman. It seemed as if nobody forgot me, either near or remote; and with quantities of flowers and plants, which will continue ornaments to our rooms and lovely memorials quite into summer or later. Your dear sweet violets from my husband's grave will be amongst the fragrant realities for years to come; longer, no doubt, than I shall be here to treasure them.

We have an immense love of Rome, which will remain with us as long as we live. In fact, it is very seriously in our mind to spend the coming late autumn and winter in Rome, to go off to the old city, whether for life or death, and where, dear friend, I have a home."

To Margaret Howitt, at Rome.

"*Marienruhe, June* 21, 1887.—Another day is over now; that the longest, and our Queen's Jubilee. I wonder how they have gone on in London and all over England. Our Union Jack is up, and makes a great show. I rose in good time and went to Mass in the parish church. On my way back, when passing over the Roman bridge, there was Father Paul coming up the opposite path under the trees, looking pale and suffering. He has been ill and confined to his bed, but being able to say Mass this morning, he, a Tyroler Benedictine, remembered our Queen's Jubilee, and made it his intention. He was now walking up to Marienruhe. I could tell him somewhat of the

great doings in London; the Queen intending to go through it all like a Queen.

"Count and Countess Hompesch and our other friends and neighbours, are most kind in looking in upon me. Dear Ernst, too, has been over. He spent part of Friday with me, and we had a charming time together.

"Ernst and I both hope that you and Alice have been able to see Father Douglas. May the blessed Angels be with you! Have no anxiety about me; only give thanks for the old mother and grandmother."

To Mrs. Gaunt.

"*Marienruhe, July* 15, 1887.—Yes, dear friend, what a pity it is that you are not going this year to Rome, instead of last; at least for us! It will be, as you may naturally suppose, a very interesting winter to be there, and many of our friends will be there also, which will be particularly agreeable. Margaret and Alice seem to me to have managed their business very speedily and satisfactorily, for we shall again be in the old familiar and beloved neighbourhood, just by the Pincio. Fortunately, too, the spirit of new Rome has not penetrated into that neighbourhood as ruthlessly as elsewhere, so that in one way it is almost like going home again.

"I am, as I think you are aware, very fond of Yorkshire, and have a particular regard and love for all the Yorkshire people I have known and proudly call my friends. Therefore it has been a real pleasure to us to become acquainted with Mr. John Lupton and his family from Leeds. The publication of my 'Reminiscences' in *Good Words*, and Miss Linskill's contributions to the same periodical, had led to her and my corresponding, and our becoming much interested in each other. She was travelling on the Continent with her friends the Luptons; and as they came to Meran, we of course saw them while here. We were delighted to have them; and what a great deal of talk we had! How nobly Christian, original, pure, manly and good were all his views of life! You will know of them, if you do not know them personally. So much for one of the visits we have had this summer in our little Marienruhe."

To Miss Constantia Clifford.

"*Meran, Aug.* 26, 1887.—We now can count only a few weeks longer at Marienruhe. However, we shall be, with the Divine blessing, at Rome, and that will be all right. But I confess that to me, old as I am, and now so little accustomed to take any journeys, it seems rather like a great undertaking."

To another Intimate Friend.

"*Sept.* 14, 1887.—We had Mass in our Marienruhe chapel yesterday morning, and shall again have it next Tuesday, which will be our last. Rather sad it seems to me. Perhaps altogether my last here, for though I am as well as usual, and in some respects perhaps better, yet everything, as far as I am concerned, is done with that feeling. Though I seem to write rather dismally, we are all in good heart."

To Father Paul Perkmann, O.S.B.

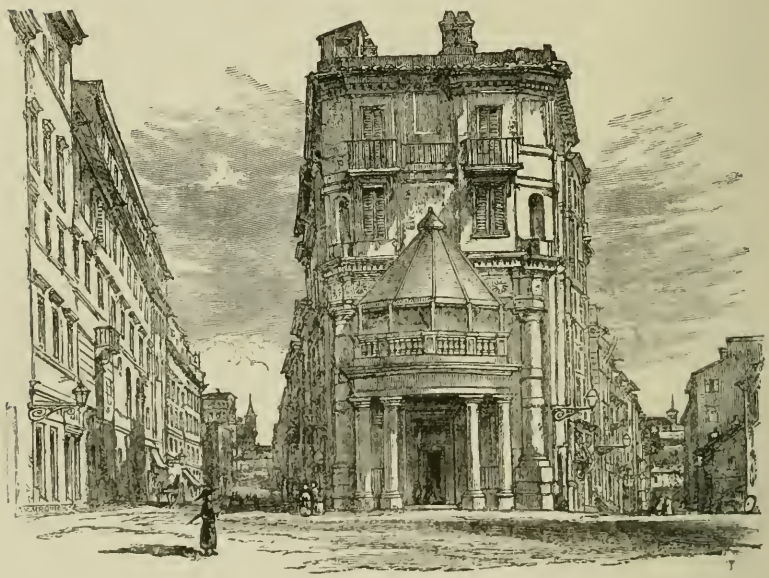
"38, *Via Gregoriana, Oct.* 9, 1887.—I send you a few lines to prove to you how kindly your prayers, and those of others, have been answered for us, in the fullest sense. The journey was good throughout. Our apartment is most comfortable.

"If you could only be spirited here this moment, and sit with me, the sun shining in deliciously, and on the opposite side of the old Via Gregoriana no new building, but a bit of an old garden, with lemon-trees appearing over the wall and blue sky above, you would not think it unpleasant. Thus we feel we have much to be thankful for. I as yet have not been to Mass, but it is a comfort to me in the early morning to hear the bell of St. Andrea delle Fratte signalising the action of the sacred office, so that I can spiritually be present."

To Mrs. Gaunt.

"*Rome, Oct.* 10, 1887.—We are in what was Miss Charlotte Cushman's Roman home, and our dear friends, Nannie Leigh Smith and Isabella Blythe, are coming at the beginning of next month to be inmates of the same old house.

"Now let me thank you with my whole heart for so kindly sending us this very interesting life of Rossetti, whom we saw frequently when we lived at the quaint and picturesque little Hermitage. We also saw a good deal of Miss Siddall. She was very delicate, and had certainly a marvellous influence on Rossetti; though I never could believe she possessed the artistic genius which he ascribed to her, for what she produced had no originality in it. Still, she was, in her way,



VIA SISTINA AND VIA GREGORIANA, ROME.

an interesting woman, and his love for her like a passionate romantic Italian story. But it is altogether a strange, melancholy history. Of his later pictures I know nothing. The last of his which I saw was a short time before we left England, at his house in Chelsea, where I went with my eldest daughter to call on him. He was painting beautiful women, it seemed to me, and nothing else, in gardens of roses. His rooms were piled up with heaps of blue and white china, heaps and heaps of it on the tables, and even on the floor."

To the Same.

"*Nov.* 14, 1887.—It does me good to hear that genial-hearted man, Dr. Vardon, speak of you. This kind physician, his wife, and little children occupy, as you know, the highest apartment in this house; and below the Vardons come Miss Leigh Smith and Miss Blythe, now our dear house-mates."

"What a most sad case is this of the poor Crown Prince of Germany! Anything more sorrowful I cannot conceive. At the same time, I cannot help feeling that a blessing will come out of it. So solemn a warning must have its purpose. I am sure the entire Catholic world prays for him, and that God's will may be done by this affliction and in all ways. This seems a very grave ending to my letter, but Margaret has just read me the last report of the case; and I write what I have felt upon it, and you probably have felt the same."

To Father Paul Perkmann, O.S.B.

"*Rome, Dec.* 9, 1887.—More rain has fallen for these last few weeks than Romans are accustomed to, and as St. Bibiana, the rain-bringer, now just passed, has come with it very much in her train, they say it will last for more than a month to come. This we are sorry for, as we are now beginning to think about the great English pilgrimage which is to arrive in the first week of the new year, and which even I, the old woman, desire to join, though probably I may not do so. But we none of us as yet have paid our respects to the Holy Father. You will wonder at this, probably. I almost wonder at it myself. But so much is going forward, and those very friends of ours whose advise and co-operation we desire—the von Schönbergs and Cliffords—are not yet here. So we wait till they come."

To Mrs. Gaunt.

"*Dec.* 21, 1887.—I can but wish you were here; for, though you are not a Catholic, you have a large heart and a poetical mind, and can feel the wonderful period this is for the thousands who are of this great Church. The national pilgrimages

taking place, and continuing in the New Year are each very interesting to us, but more especially those announced from England, Scotland, and Ireland. We have just had eighteen hundred pilgrims from France, rich and poor, men and women, chiefly of the artisan and peasant class, attended by priests, and all impelled by an earnest Catholic spirit. Then again another —eight hundred, I believe—from Hungary, also principally poor people, men and women in the national costumes, with grave, earnest, rather sad countenances, likewise attended by priests, and headed by a few of their nobility. It was really most affecting to see them; and so will it be as other races from all parts of Europe come, speaking their here unspoken languages, wearing their costumes, should such remain in their lands; yet all holding the same faith with the same living tenacity, and all looking up to St. Peter's, as the Jews in olden time to their Temple in Jerusalem.

"It is wonderful, dear friend, to think of this, and a great privilege to be here, and to witness something of it. I, at my age, can do no more, but I am thankful even for that. All this is page after page in the great history of the present day. Not less interesting and valuable to us is the fact that it brings us into personal intercourse with really great and good men whom otherwise we should have no chance of knowing. Then, too, we see the commencement of events and the first progress of great purposes which may before long develop into enduring blessings to the whole human race. It is, therefore, very interesting to be here now, when so much is going forward. You may say, 'But that is only in Catholic circles.' Very true; but these circles embrace the whole world.

"Rome has always been to us a sorrowful, as well as the dearest, place of residence we ever had. Here it was that our dear Peggy became one in our family; and here, day by day, we watched the progress of her fatal malady. My dear husband, who loved Rome, and felt it to be a happy home, here, like a tree losing its leaves in autumn, prepared calmly, if almost unconsciously, for the end. Here lie calmly his remains, awaiting, if God so will, for mine to be laid beside them. You, therefore, can understand why we do not have merry gatherings in Rome, only the visits of a few choice friends."

PRIVATE NOTES.

"*Jan.* 1, 1888.—

Grant me, dear Lord, for my life's term, I pray,
A threefold grace to sanctify each day.

Grace so to guide and to control my tongue,
That none by it may be misled or stung;
Grace to detach my mind from worldly snares,
From trivial talk, or worrying Martha-cares;
Grace in adoring love to take my seat
Like Mary, meek and silent at Thy feet.

"The above is my daily prayer for this year, as for the last. May the dear Lord be pleased to hear it, and mercifully grant it. Amen. This has been, in every sense of the word, a glorious and a blessed day. After the wet, dull weather we have been suffering from, the sun shone brilliantly. Margaret went to the Holy Father's Jubilee Mass in St. Peter's. The ceremony was magnificent, harmonious, with the blessing of the Lord over all. Alice also had a beautiful time at the Papal Mass."

"*Jan.* 9.—I am most anxious about myself for to-morrow. May the Blessed Virgin Mary pray for me! We receive our English deputation tickets. Mr. Clifford has most kindly arranged everything for us."

To FATHER PAUL PERKMANN, O.S.B.

"*Rome, Jan.* 11, 1888.—I cannot allow myself to have all the blessings and enjoyment which yesterday afforded me without endeavouring to make you, at least in part, a sharer. For no one, I believe, would bear me more sympathetically in mind during that eventful morning than yourself.

"It was a brilliant day, after wretchedly wet and dreary weather, just as if Heaven were in perfect harmony with the desires of the English pilgrims, to the number of about five hundred.

"Our friends, Mr. Alphonso and Miss Constantia Clifford, are here, you know, and this English deputation was under the conduct of their cousin, the Bishop of Clifton. Yesterday, Mr. Clifford, as a private chamberlain, was in attendance on the

Pope, it being considered in order that he, an Englishman, should be so on the occasion of the English deputation, at the head of which was, of course, the good Duke of Norfolk.

"But though on duty and very much occupied, he made time to receive us at the private entrance, where we could immediately ascend by a lift, without any fatigue, into a warm, comfortable ante-room. Here we could rest till the time came for the interview. Various distinguished personages, whose names, high in the Church, were familiar to us, were moving about; and every now and then Mr. Clifford introduced us to them. In a while we were moved on, advancing perhaps through five or six rooms, all of which interested me greatly, nothing striking me more than the wonderful simplicity of the apartments; all similar and wholly without ornament or costly show. At length we were in the room immediately adjoining and opening into the Throne-room, where, it now being ten o'clock, the Holy Father had received the Bishops of the deputation. Here we heard the low, calm voice of the Holy Father addressing the various delegates, who one after the other knelt before him. We were about fifty ladies and a few gentlemen, just the first detachment which had been admitted, as it would have been impossible to receive the full number at once; and we were so favoured as to be in this first detachment. I now discovered, with a little nervous trepidation, that *I*, your poor old penitent, was to be honoured by first receiving the blessing after the delegates. But, to my infinite surprise and thankfulness, though I did feel a little bit startled with a deep sense of my own unworthiness, I felt at the same time very calm and grateful, trusting that our dear Lord would indeed be with me. At length the moment came. Mr. Clifford and Mr. Hartwell Grissell were there, and I was within the doorway.

"I saw the Holy Father seated, not on a throne, but on a chair, a little raised above the level of the floor; and the English Bishops, in their violet silk cloaks, seated in two rows on either side of him. The gracious, most courteous Duke of Norfolk came forward and acknowledged us. This might last, perhaps, two minutes. Then Mr. Clifford led me forward to the Holy Father; Margaret, as my daughter, following with Miss Clifford. I never thought of myself. I was unconscious of everything. A serene happiness, almost joy, filled my whole

being as I at once found myself on my knees before the Vicar of Christ. My wish was to kiss his foot, but it was withdrawn and his hand given me. You may think with what fervour I kissed the ring. In the meantime he had been told my age and my late conversion. His hands were laid on my shoulders, and again and again his right hand in blessing on my head, whilst he spoke to me of Paradise.

"All this time I did not know whether I was in the body or not. I knew afterwards that I felt unspeakably happy, and with a sense of unwillingness to leave. How long it lasted—perhaps a minute or so—I know not; but I certainly was lifted into a high spiritual state of bliss, such as I never had experience of before, and which now fills me with astonishment and deep thankfulness to recall. I woke in the stillness of last night with the sense of it upon me. It is wonderful. I hope I may never lose it.

"On leaving the room I received from a monsignore in attendance, with the words that the Holy Father gave it me, a silver medal of himself in a small red case; a present which was made to others of the deputation.

"The Duke of Norfolk, after this, very kindly led me out by another way of exit; and thus we could return home immediately, descending in the lift by which we had ascended.

"Now, dear father, you have a long letter. But to you and to dear Father Ceslas I feel that I owe a debt which I can only repay by little offerings such as this. And it is not often that I have a chance of such a glorious, divine opportunity of thanksgiving."

The last Entries in Private Diary for 1888.

"*Jan.* 13.—A very fine day. The Cliffords drove with us to the Villa Celimontana, to call on the Archbishop of Prague, a most noble-looking man, extremely friendly and agreeable. Then we visited dear Lily; and all was charming. On our return, the Princess Löwenstein, her sister, the Countess Fünfkirchen, three of her daughters, and their cousin, a young Princess Liechtenstein, came. While they were with us Mr. Cox, of the *Tablet*, called."

"*Jan.* 14.—Have had my confession and a pleasant visit from Father Carey. Lord Selborne and Lady Sophia Palmer call; afterwards Lady Eyre and a friend of hers; and later Mr. Wedgwood."

"*Jan.* 15.—A fine day, but so cold I could not go to Holy Communion."

"*Jan.* 23.—Father Carey will administer Holy Communion to me in my room to-morrow morning. I hope and pray that it may be blessed to me, and that I may be made worthy to receive it. Baron Hoffman came."

My mother was at this time suffering from an attack of bronchitis, which at first confined her to the house; then, as she grew weaker, to her room; and finally to her bed. It seemed likely that the desire of her heart, to attend the Papal Jubilee and then to pass away in Rome, would be granted.

The last tie with this earth had been snapped when the Holy Father spoke to her of a near approach to Paradise. She longed to go, and yet was sorry to leave us. From that time her soul remained in a continuous state of prayer and thanksgiving; her heart and mind overflowing, as usual, with love and interest for all her surroundings. On Saturday night, January 28, she spoke of the total eclipse of the moon, commending the energy of an elderly lady of her acquaintance who had gone in the dark on the Pincio, if possible, to observe it. On the afternoon of the next day she received the last sacraments from the parish-priest of St. Andrea delle Fratte, with the assistance of Father Carey; and in so joyful and intelligent a manner as to astonish the lively young Italian server. He remarked to the parish-priest he could perceive no signs of approaching dissolution in the "Signora," and received for reply, "It was on account of her great age and by the advice of the physician."

Later the same evening Father Lockhart, a dear and intimate friend, came to see her. She spoke with him in rapture of the blessings she had received a few hours earlier. That night she conversed much with her beloved Isabella

Blythe, thanked Dr. Vardon and her devoted Alice Panton for their faithful, unflagging attentions, and repeated the customary evening prayers with her daughter. Then she composed herself to rest, and gently passed away in her sleep at ten minutes past three on Monday morning, January 30. She had nearly completed the eighty-ninth year of her age.

It happened, by a kind providence, that Father Luke Carey, who had spiritually aided and strengthened her since her arrival in Rome, was the Superior of St. Isidore, a monastery to which, for various reasons, she was greatly attached; and that the sons of St. Francis, rich in piety and innocence, and loving poverty for God's sake, could perform for her the last rites within its walls.

On the day of her death various of her friends visited her chamber and prayed by her mortal remains; and thither came, in the afternoon, Father Carey, with one of his Franciscan Brothers, to say their office. In this pious act they were joined by the Rev. Kenelm Vaughan, in whose "Work of Expiation" the deceased was deeply interested.

In the early morning of Tuesday, January 31, she was laid in her coffin. Serenely happy and youthful she then looked; her hands were crossed on her breast, and she reposed amongst flowers. Attended by the parochial clergy, Dr. Vardon, Mr. Marke, and a young Benedictine, she was borne from the Via Gregoriana past the convent of the *Reparatrici* nuns, where she had been wont to receive Holy Communion, to the collegiate church of St. Isidore, and consigned to the care of the Franciscans. Numerous Catholic and Protestant friends and acquaintances were assembled for the Requiem Mass, at which Father Carey was the celebrant.

The morning was wet; but in the afternoon, when the mourners returned to complete the burial, they found the church-doors wide open, and the sun streaming in upon the coffin and its wreaths of flowers; whilst some of the neighbouring poor, chiefly children, had turned into the church, and were kneeling on the pavement in prayer near the bier. The young seminarists of St. Isidore, Irish, German,

and Portuguese, in their brown gowns and sandalled feet, each holding a tall lighted taper, filed in long procession from the sacristy, and standing round the bier, headed by their Superior, chanted in a most heart-touching manner, first the *Libera me Domine,* and then, also in Latin, "May the angels conduct thee into Paradise; at thy coming may the martyrs receive thee and lead thee to Jerusalem, the holy city. May the angelic choir receive thee, and with Lazarus, once a beggar, mayst thou have eternal rest." At the end of the office, with their lights burning, they attended the coffin to the hearse waiting to convey it to the cemetery of Monte Testaccio. There, by permission of the Cardinal-Vicar of Rome, the mortal remains of Mary Howitt were reverently interred by those of her husband.

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